THE

FOREIGN

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Vorletzter Weltgang von Semilasso—Traum und Wachen. Aus den Papieren des Verstorbenen.* 3 Bände. Stuttgart, 1835. (Travels in Germany and France. By Prince Pückler-Muskau.)

2. *Conversations-Lexicon der neuesten Zeit und Literatur*, 1833, Voce "Pückler-Muskau."

WHEN Prince Pückler-Muskau published his celebrated Tour, which, as our readers will recollect, was most severely and mercilessly attacked by two of our most respectable and influential journals, we thought it our duty to stand forward as the champions of the much-reviled tourist, and to expose the narrowness of those English prejudices which had smarted sore under the sweeping and uncompromising criticisms of a free-spoken foreigner. But our estimate of the German Prince and his Tour was by no means so high, or expressed in such unqualified terms of admiration, as that which appears to have been formed by many cotemporary British and continental critics.* We have, since that period, imposed it on ourselves as a duty to keep a close watch over the literary proceedings of the German Prince, and we have now, especially since the perusal of his latest work, —the mystic title of which stands at the head of this article,— come to the conclusion that Prince Pückler-Muskau, so far from being a writer of whom Germany has reason to be proud, (as the author of the article in the Conversations-Lexicon seems to imagine,) is a vain coxcomb, and a frivolous and superficial scribbler of silly sentimentalities, shallow witticisms, and gabbling gossip. This judgment may appear severe; but we hope, before concluding our present observations, to satisfy our readers, that, notwithstanding the undoubted merits of the Tour in England and Wales, such are and ought to be the terms in which the impartial critic feels himself called upon to characterize the author of

* See our ninth volume, p. 290.

"Tutti Frutti," and the "Penultimate World-walk of Semilasso." The fact of the matter is, that the "*Briefe eines Verstorbenen*" owed their celebrity in a great measure, though certainly not altogether, to extrinsic and accidental circumstances. In the first place, this work contained the tour of a *prince;* in the second place, it was the tour of a *German* prince; in the third place, it was not merely a tour, but a tour made the medium of throwing recklessly about certain theological opinions and speculations, whose novelty, in this country at least, was sufficient of itself to "excite a sensation;" in the fourth place, it was pregnant with gossip of persons in high places, and profusely studded over with those personal charades,—in the shape of Lord B——s and Lady C——s,—which never fail to stimulate the curiosity of even the most dull and apathetic reader; in the fifth place, it was patronized by Göthe; and, in the sixth place, it was, as before-mentioned, most recklessly and unjustly battered down by certain redoubted Aristarchs of periodical literature in this country, whose extravagant censure was with many a sufficient reason, *per se*, for no less extravagant eulogium. Four years have now passed away since Mrs. Austin's translation of the "*Briefe*" was given to the British public; and during that period the Silesian nobleman—ambitious, it would seem, of literary, as he has already earned military honours—has delivered himself of five supplementary volumes, which, along with the previous four of the Tour, form a sufficiently well-furnished record from which to pronounce sentence on the intellectual and moral character of their author. We have made a patient survey of all the papers that compose this bulky record, and are grieved to express our opinion, that whatever merit of no vulgar kind they exhibit is more than neutralized by the superabundant infusion of vanity, frivolity, and affectation with which they are replete. The Prince, indeed, is a strange compound of an English coxcomb and a German *Bursch*. The qualities of mind which we have just enumerated seem borrowed from the former; add to these the girlish sentimentality, the dreamy imaginings, the wayward whimsicality, and the break-neck recklessness, of the latter, and you are in possession of all the ingredients out of which a Pückler-Muskau may be composed. We do not say that the author of the different works above enumerated is not possessed of qualities of mind, which might, under proper regulation, prove of great service either to the state of which he is a subject, or to the general republic of letters. He does not want imagination, he does not want feeling; but the one is under no control of a strong understanding, and the other is affected in its style and feminine in its tone. He is possessed of considerable general information; but that information is by no

means of a sound and solid description, and is composed, in a great measure, of such rags, (some of them purple rags to be sure, plucked from the robes of brother princes,) as a man of common abilities, who has employed a great part of his life in wandering idly from country to country, could scarcely fail to have collected. He is neither a man of science, nor a connoisseur in the arts; he can make, and frequently does make, such pertinent remarks on pictures and buildings as a man of common feeling and ideality, who has seen many cities and lounged through many picture-galleries, might be expected to make; pretensions of a higher order he has none. He does not want enterprise, and a certain rash boldness; but these qualities with him do not go beyond the state in which they are developed in the mind of a Jena student, big with the swelling desire of "renowning." To scale "*la Bréche de Roland*," or the "*Pic du Midi*" in the Pyrenees, and play fantastic tricks before the sun with Mademoiselle Reichard in an air-balloon, are enterprises which seem sufficiently to gratify the appetite of his ambition, which is merely the ambition of impulse. In the year 1813 he was roused—as who with a German soul was not?—to take a share in the military deeds of glory that achieved his country's liberty. There was something romantic and chivalrous in the "rising" of that time, with which his erratic spirit readily sympathized; and, to make it yet more romantic, we are informed in his biography that he signalized himself by a Quixotic duel with a Quixotic French colonel of Hussars, in which the Quixotic German came off victorious. Since that period, however, the Prince has not taken any active share in the public affairs of his country, either as a "*bureaucratist*" at home, or as a diplomatist abroad. He appears to be destitute of that solidity of character, and that manly ambition, which fit an individual for distinguishing himself in the public service; and seems to prefer coquetting with Welsh bar-maids, and pirouetting with dark-eyed rustic madonnas of the Pyrenees, to the rivalry of Stein and Hardenberg, as the coadjutor of "the first Reformer in Europe." The only department of useful activity, in which he has steadily and perseveringly exerted himself, is that of landscape-gardening—and here, to do him justice, his merits are of a high order: here he shows that he can, when he pleases, forget his trifling frivolity and rambling superficiality, and become a serious professional man, instead of a mere gossiping *dilettante*. But the reader will probably agree with us, that the laying out and adornment of pleasure-grounds, however much it may indicate the man of taste and the agricultural martinet, is but a poor foundation on which to build a literary or a political reputation. Besides, this passion for landscape-gardening becomes with the

Prince—as with weak and vain minds most passions are apt to become—an absolute mania; he exhibits and parades it on all occasions, and suggests improvements as profusely on the scenery of the Pyrences as on the garden of the Tuileries in Paris.

But wherefore do we thus busy ourselves at such conscientious length in dissecting the character of Prince Pückler-Muskau? We are engaged in a work of supererogation. The Prince has painted himself at full length *passim* in his writings, and especially in a notable passage, *à la Walter Scott*, with which the present "Penultimate World-walk" is introduced. Our fair readers, who lost their hearts to the "prepossessing" mustaches, the dark Byronic eyes, and the star-bestudded bosom of the portrait that introduced the third volume of the Tour of *the* German Prince into England, will doubtless be much edified by the following "genial" specimen of self-portraiture. After describing, at considerable length, the fashionable *vis-à-vis* curricle in which he set out on his tour, the traveller himself is minutely depicted as follows:—

"The individual, who sat in the box of this trim vehicle, was a man of high stature, to all appearance a little beyond the middle period of life,* of a slender elegant figure, which, however, displayed more delicacy than strength of physical structure, and more of vivacity and mobility than of compactness and solidity. On closer inspection, it was easy to remark that the cerebral system of this individual was much more complete than the ganglionic, and the intellectual part of his nature more strongly developed than the animal. A phrenologist would have been apt to conclude that the Creator had given him somewhat more of head than of heart—more of imagination than of feeling—more of rationalism than of enthusiasm; and that, therefore, the individual was not destined to enjoy much happiness in this state of existence. Every one, however, who had the least knowledge of the world, could not fail to perceive that the stranger, whatever might be the state of his mind, belonged to that class of society from whom men are accustomed to receive quietly the laws of good *ton*, and the etiquettes that regulate the polished and refined intercourses of life. His features, though far from regular, were delicate and striking—of that kind, in a word, which once seen, are not easily forgotten. If they had any peculiar charm, it lay in their extraordinary activity. The eyes were a perfect mirror of every rapid change that passed in the mind, and, in a few seconds, they were seen to vary from dull and colourless to a brightness that rivalled the stars. But the permanent expression of these orbs was rather suffering than active—a strange middle shade betwixt pensive melancholy on the one hand and sarcastic bitterness on the other, that might well have suited with the countenance even of a Doctor Faust. To this dramatic personage, however, we do not believe that the character of our hero had much resem-

* The German scholar will see from the Conversations-Lexicon that Prince Pückler-Muskau was born on the 30th of October, 1785.

blamee; it appears rather that the feminine element was predominant in his character, whence arose a certain over-refinement and vanity, which were by no means inconsistent with a great capacity of endurance and self-denial. His great happiness lay in the joys of the imagination, and in the trifles of life. The way, not the goal, was his enjoyment; and when, in the child-like simplicity of his soul, he tumbled motley images together, and played with the many-coloured soap-bubbles of his fancy, he was in these moments at once the most joyous in his own spirit, and the most amiable in the eyes of others.

"While we are thus diligently engaged in scrutinizing our traveller, we perceive that he has laid himself gracefully back, and that he is now looking with his '*lorgnette*' through the wood, as if to detect us in the midst of our criticisms. His bushy black hair—now, alas! not so rich and luxuriant as it once was, and which evil tongues will have to be dyed—discovers itself from beneath a red African *Fez*, whose long blue tassel sports playfully in the wind. Round his neck a motley Cashmere shawl is carelessly thrown, and his high white forehead and pale countenance are in good keeping with this half Turkish accoutrement. A black military frock-coat, adorned with silk embroidery of the same colour, nankeen pantaloons, and light boots, whose lustre vies with polished marble, complete the somewhat ostentatious toilette; and now our fault at least it is not, if our fair readers have not before their eyes a distinct representation of the 'world-tourist,' who hopes that he may never wander far without being accompanied by their good wishes."

We do not know how many self-complacent hours before the looking-glass of vanity the Prince may have been occupied before he fitted himself for penning this most minute and accurate portraiture of himself; but assuredly a more curious, a more perfectly *unique*, specimen of self-admiring self-portraiture has seldom been exhibited to an indulgent and a discerning public. No doubt the ladies in Berlin and Vienna, and the author's fair acquaintances at Almack's, will be suffused with a gentle titillation of delightful feeling, when they recognize in this minute description the same "prepossessing" personage who figured at once so fiercely and so tenderly in the before-mentioned frontispiece to the third volume of the Tour of a German Prince. Our author, in this passage, exhibits himself in a double capacity, calculated to captivate the hearts of all his fair readers, from the most sentimental and the most poetical devotees of Byron and Keats, to the most silly and the most trifling "pretty nothings" that serve to furnish and deck out a fashionable ball-room. On the one side, the "strange middle shade betwixt pensive melancholy and sarcastic bitterness" is a composition of the poetic mind, evidently intended to unite all that is most ethereal and most misanthropic in the creations of Shelley and Byron; while, on the other side, the Prince exhibits himself as an exquisite of

the first water, whose elegant and imposing exterior would serve as a fit frontispiece to a neat little duodecimo with gilt edges, bound in red silk, entitled "Hints on Etiquette," or "The Whole Art of Dress." One thing is certain, that, after having penned the above passage, Prince Pückler-Muskau can no longer call us to account for having given a false representation of his character. He is barred, *personali exceptione*, as the lawyers say, from any claim of damages on this score. He has not hesitated to characterize himself, in the above passage, as vain, trifling and feminine, almost the *ipsissima verba* which we felt ourselves called upon to use; our only surprise is that this gentleman should, like Göthe's Philina, so distinctly perceive his own follies, and yet show not the least desire to get rid of them. He seems to sun himself with the most contented self-complacency in the mirror of his own insignificance, and is already so far gone in the fatal malady of conceit and vanity, as to be beyond the reach even of Burns's prayer—

> "O that some god the gift would gie us,
> To see ourselves as others see us!"

So much, perhaps too much, on Prince Pückler-Muskau's personality. We must now proceed to justify our criticisms by a few extracts from the work itself, which has given rise to the present observations. This work, though ushered into the world with all the quackery and affectation of a pompous and *recherché* title, is in reality, like the author's last work, *Tutti Frutti*, a collection of mere scraps and sketches carelessly thrown together and bundled into a book, in a manner that sufficiently proves the author to have as little respect for the public as he has for himself. But, before presenting our readers with any of those "elegant extracts" which we have selected as the most favourable specimens of the author's powers, we must be allowed to notice a small piece of affectation of which he has been guilty in concocting the titles, or rather the summaries, of his different chapters. Instead of telling us in honest German what we are to expect from each paragraph, and thus saving us, perhaps, the trouble of reading it, the summary of his chapters is composed of such profound witticisms and mystical indications as the following:

"New Bethesda—The Key-hole as an Opera-glass—Descent into Hades—Heavenly Mansions—Will you sleep in the Bed of the Duchess de Berry?—*Plouviance!*—Lord Brougham—Mistress Austin—The Modern Lichtenberg—Milk-brother—How to 'rough it'—Blue Stockings!"

The German scholar who is familiar with the writings of Richter will have no difficulty in perceiving from what model the

German Prince has borrowed this most hieroglyphical manner of superscribing his travelling adventures, but he will not be the less disposed to hold in derision the puny efforts by which the nose of a pug-dog attempts to perform tricks that are only competent to the playful power of the elephant's trunk. If the titles of Jean Paul's chapters be eccentric and far-fetched, they are at the same time pregnant with wit, humour, and satire of the most unique and original kind. But the hieroglyphics of the Prince contain no mysteries which repay the trouble of deciphering them. They are clouds without water—empty, shallow, and unfruitful—as may be seen at a glance by analyzing the elegant specimens already given.

No. 1, The "New Bethesda," is merely the affected intimation that the Prince visited "Carlsbad" in the outset of his "world-walk." No. 2, The "Key-hole as an Opera-glass," is a more intelligible announcement that when the Prince was in Carlsbad an English family happened to lodge in the next room of the same inn, and the Prince, in whose character "the feminine element is predominant," and on whose cranium of course the bump of curiosity is largely developed, could not restrain himself from peeping through the key-hole, and there he beheld—angels and ministers of grace defend us!—a beautiful little lap-dog, and a yet more beautiful young lady, with pale face, black hair, and a countenance like an Italian madonna—"who speaks seven languages, plays the piano like Moscheles, has seen as much of the world as Lady Morgan, poetizes like Lord Byron, and is, with all these accomplishments, only sixteen!" No. 3, The "Descent into Hades," means that when the Prince was in Freiberg he visited the silver-mines there; and, perhaps, as his Excellency is a "Rationalist," he means hereby to indicate that the descent of Ulysses, celebrated in Homeric song, is to be explained after the fashion of that learned divine, Dr. Paulus, in Heidelberg, as being nothing more important than a visit to a silver, perhaps a sulphur, mine. No. 4, "Heavenly Mansions," is an epithet applied to the Pyrenean vales by our pious author, who, as the learned reader may recollect, was educated among the "Herrnhuters" in Lusatia, and has retained only so much of the good lessons he received from the Evangelical Brethren as to quote and make allusions to Scripture on all, even the most insignificant and trifling, occasions. No. 5, "Will you sleep in the Bed of the Duchess de Berry?" means nothing more than that when the Prince was in the inn at Gavarny, he was asked by the chambermaid to sleep in the bed where the Duchess de Berry had slept three or four years before—a most important piece of information certainly to occupy two or three pages of a tour in

the Pyrenees. No. 6, *Plouviance!* implies that, when the said chambermaid roused the Prince from his morning slumbers, she announced in a surly voice that it was raining, by which "untoward event" his excellency was prevented from rivalling the enterprising feat of the said duchess, who, it appears, had scaled the "*Brèche de Roland*" upon the backs of no fewer than forty guides! Nos. 7 and 8, "Lord Brougham and Mrs. Austin," indicate, without allegory, that the Prince had the good fortune to meet Lord Brougham at a *table-d'hôte* in Marseilles; and, though he had not acuteness enough to recognize the said lord by his remarkable physiognomy, he nevertheless ingratiated himself by offering his lordship a little "English mustard and Harvey sauce," which he (the Prince), being as much of a *gastronome* as a *Francomane*, never fails to carry with him; and further, that his lordship gratified his excellency's vanity not a little, by sounding the praises of his amiable and accomplished translator, Mrs. Austin. No. 9, "The Modern Lichtenberg," is a new epithet applied by the Prince to Henry Heine, who, after Lord Byron, seems to be the great idol of our author's poetical worship. No. 10, "Milk-brother," is another new epithet, much more suitably applied than the last, with which the Prince commences a most edifying letter from himself to himself, (*Sendschreiben des Fürsten von P—— M——, an den Autor dieses Buchs,*) which the curious reader will find in the second volume of *Semilasso's Weltgang*, p. 115. This letter contains a minute description of all the amiable weaknesses, frivolities, and extravagances of which the character of Pückler-Muskau is composed; and, had we not already done the author full justice, by extracting at full length his initiatory self-portraiture, we should have felt much inclined to present our readers with this second dish of vanity and folly. No. 11, "How to *rough it*," is a phrase introduced to show the writer's acquaintance with English slang, and is an intimation to the fair reader that the delicate object of their "good wishes" is obliged for a few days to leave his princely carriage behind him, and travel in an omnibus, along with mortals of common mould. It is an habitual trick of our author to interlard his pages with English, French, and Italian colloquialisms; and there are many people who have as great a reverence for this miserable foppery, as a man who cannot read is wont to have for a printed book. No. 12, "Blue Stockings," does not announce, as the vulgar reader may imagine, a satire in the Prince's most triumphant style against learned and "*übergebildete*" ladies; it is only the symbol of one of those neat little *coquetteries* and rustic flirtations, in the management of which the Prince is known to have displayed such skill as called forth the admiration even of

the octogenarian Göthe. It appears that, on the vine-encircled road between Bamberg and Schweinfurt, and while reclining amid the ruins of an old romantic cloister, the Prince, like another Hercules, encountered two rustic graces, both as beautiful as a sculptor's model, "especially the elder, with chesnut-brown hair, deep blue, clear-shining eyes, teeth like those of a *mouse*, (*wie ein maüschen*,) lips like purple, and a tint like milk and blood." This paragon the Prince, with that air of noble familiarity which is so peculiarly characteristic of persons of high rank, addressed playfully, asking her "*if the neat little feet which were concealed under her light-blue stockings, were as white as her lovely face*;" to which the Bavarian beauty, with the most amiable gravity replied, "Of course they are,—for how can it be otherwise when I wear stockings *every day!*" On which *naïve* remark the Prince, who is fond of philosophizing, like a second Werther, profoundly observes, "How delightful a thing it is to behold such maiden souls in all their natural and unsophisticated simplicity!"

We shall now give the promised "elegant extracts," only premising that they cannot be expected to be more orderly and systematic than the scraps and sketches of which they are a part. Since Heine's *Reïsebilder* gave the "*ton*" in this department, books of travels cannot contain anything that is out of place or foreign to the theme,—their theme is *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis!*—the traveller himself often occupies a much more important place than his travels,—and we think the most proper designation for such medleys would be that which Jean Paul proposes as a title for a modern romance—"Hoppelpoppel, or the Heart!"

From Carlsbad, where, as we have seen, he employed his eyes only in looking through a key-hole, our traveller proceeds to Eger—a place rich in historical recollections, but seldom visited by travellers. We subjoin the short, and not very important, notice which the Prince gives us of this ancient town.

"The blood of a great man is a seed that bears much fruit. The fame of Wallenstein will give immortal memory to Eger when not one stone stands upon another to tell where or what it was. The present inhabitants of Eger, however, do not seem over-sensible of the honour thus conferred on them; they have sadly neglected the holy places of history. There is a good portrait of Wallenstein in the town-house (*Rathhaus*), but the pictures that surround it, representing his assassination, are ludicrous. The stern general looks like an awkward dancer, who, in attempting to cut an *entrechât* in his shirt, has fallen with his ribs upon his stick.

"In this room we also behold Wallenstein's sword, and the halbert with which he was murdered. These relics, however, are like those of a more sacred character,—they exist double and triple.

"The room where the dreadful tragedy, or, as it is here called, 'exe-

cution,' was enacted, is still shown, under the metamorphosis of a *boudoir* for the lady burgomistress, of whose house it is a part—sadly modernized of course, and altogether ruined. The low door through which the murderers entered has alone escaped the whitewashing and papering of modern hands. Who can look on it without emotion! Guilty or not guilty, there can be little doubt that the haughty Friedländer stood in the way, and obscured the reputation, of the emperor. This, if it does not excuse, at least explains the murder. But with what heroism died the man, who, though worn out both in mind and body, without uttering a single groan, opened his garment, and, like Cæsar, gave his breast resigned to the stroke of the assassin!

"Of the castle where Illo, Terzky, Neumann, and Kinsky were surprised, only a few ruins remain, enclosing a court overgrown with rank grass and nettles. Adjacent to this, however, are two buildings, which, though of a much earlier date, are in a much better state of preservation. The first is a curious double chapel of the age of Charlemagne, adorned below with massive granite pillars, and above with slender marble shafts, from Italy. Each pillar has base and capital of a peculiar design.

"Still more interesting is the second of these remains—a Roman tower of immense square Saxon stones, which, with its iron strength and black aspect, has, like an immoveable rock, defied the ravages of time. The French, who were here for a short time during the wars of the last century, built an addition to the tower, and planted it with cannon. This plaster-work has already fallen to the ground; while not a single stone of the ancient fabric has followed the frail modern in its descent.

"The whole seemed to me a picture not without deep meaning. At one view the eye beheld the works of the present age already levelled with the ground; the middle age shaken, but great even amid its ruins; and antiquity proudly surviving and overlooking all. Verily our present age is in many respects an age of patchwork! And of all our mighty doings, what will remain to posterity unless, perhaps—books? And yet books are, in one sense, mightier and more important monuments than pyramids and amphitheatres.

"Even my servant was struck with the gigantic nature of this Roman masonry. 'It is plain,' said he, 'that they meant to make it *cannon-proof*;' and strange enough it is, that the Romans, without ever dreaming of such a power as that of gunpowder, have nevertheless displayed such skill in the masonry of fortification as no science of future and more instructed ages has been able to surpass."—vol. i. p. 69.

After visiting Baireuth and Wunsiedel, the birth-place of Jean Paul, Semilasso proceeds through Bamberg and Wurtzburg, with great expedition to Paris. This nearly concludes the first volume of his tour, but, except the following somewhat ingenious *topological* (not phrenological) explanation of Richter's genius, we do not find any thing likely to interest our readers.

Arrived at Wunsiedel, I made a pilgrimage to the room where Jean Paul was born. It is built on the ruins of the *donjon* of an old Ritter-castle: from this came his romanticism. Opposite to this building is

the church: hence he drew his piety. The house, moreover, was a school, in which his father was teacher; hence his various knowledge, and a slight sprinkling of pedantry. As a *point de vue*, on one side was a wine-cellar: here we see the origin of his passion for Bavarian beer."

Paris, that Babylon the Great of modern life, has been so often, so thoroughly, and so recently, discussed by the Heines, and the Börnes, the Raumers, the Bulwers, the Morgans, and the Trollopes of the day, that we may be excused from troubling our readers with any of the Prince's very profound observations on that theme. His excellency is too self-satisfied a mortal to feel any deep sympathy with the political excitement of that volcanic atmosphere. "It is terrible, it is too terrible," says Börne in one of his maledictory letters, "to think how many human corpses a king requires to march over them to his throne!" —but Prince Puckler-Muskau finds nothing terrible in the matter, and partakes of the hospitalities of Louis Philippe in the Tuileries with as much ease and with as much indifference as when he feasted with that king of patriots, Daniel O'Connell, at Derrinane. Our tourist was invited to dine with Louis Philippe and his lady; and as the "dinner-piece" is not less characteristic of the vanity of the entertained than of the magnificence of the entertainer, we subjoin it.

"Shortly after my arrival in Paris, I was introduced at the Tuileries, which has been lately much beautified by the king. The separation of a small portion of the great gardens, forming a ring immediately round the palace, which was so loudly declaimed against by the public prints, is a decided improvement. The king's palace is not now subject to the rude proximity of what was not much better than a common highway.

"The ceremony of presentation to the citizen-king is not encumbered with much of court-etiquette; but the apartments through which we were led, and the saloon, where we were graciously received by his majesty, are not devoid of a certain royal magnificence. The queen, with the members of the royal family and some ladies of the court, were seated at a round table covered with green cloth, and occupied with female handiwork. A few gentlemen, none in uniform, were grouped round the table, or dispersed about the room. After the usual introduction, I entered into a lively conversation with the queen, a woman of that class whom it is impossible to know without esteeming. Madame Adelaide, the sister of the king, is full of vivacity and amiability; and the young princes and princesses are well educated, natural, and simple, without being destitute of that dignity which is the prerogative of their high station.

"Afterwards, the king did me the honour to converse with me, *privatim*, for a considerable time, and, in the allusions which he frequently made to England, displayed a great deal of information with regard to the peculiarities of that country; he, at the same time, took occasion to

drop not a few very flattering notices of my English Tour, and was so condescending as to favour me with several useful hints in reference to my intended trip to America. It is impossible to manage conversation in a more attractive style than his majesty, and the greatest attachment to his person is visible among all those who are about him.

"Among these deserves particular mention General Gourgaud, so honourably known by his faithful adherence to Napoleon, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make a few days after I had marked him out on the parade of the Feast of July as the most elegant and dignified officer of the army.

A few days afterwards, I was invited to dine with his majesty. According to an innate trick of my nature, which I fear it is impossible to cure, I came too late. I suspect I was the last, for the queen immediately gave me her arm, that I might squire her into the dining-room. A party of forty sat down to dinner; and, as I had read not a little in the Carlist papers of the excessive economy said to prevail in the citizen-king's family, I confess I was more observant than I should otherwise have been of the festal arrangements. I found, however, quite the contrary of all that the newspapers had asserted; and, except George the Fourth's courtly domesticity, I have found none better organized than that of Louis Philippe. Behind each guest was stationed a servant in splendid livery, and beside him a pure and sparkling *vaisselle*, which, in many of our German courts, from sheer want of polishing, is as dull as tin; kitchenery and wine were very good, and in great profusion, and the attendance ready and nimble, in the best English *genre*, which has now become quite universal in all the best houses in Paris. The king and queen helped some dishes with their own hands, and animated the entertainment with all the kind offices of a royal hospitality.

"After dinner the company retired to the open terrace which overlooks the noble garden of the Tuileries. This terrace, however, is doomed; and must I fear fall before the rage for symmetry, to which our modern architects sacrifice every thing. I ventured to expostulate with her majesty on this subject, and suggested how suitable a greenhouse would be in such a situation, but I am afraid the symmetry-system will celebrate an ovation over more influential schemings than mine. I had here also the pleasure of making the acquaintance of two ladies of the queen, Mesdames de Dolomieu and de Montjoie, who surprised me with their bilingual powers, and spoke German as amiably and as sweetly as French."—vol. ii. p. 16.

If the reader thinks this twaddle tiresome, we agree with him. Perhaps the following *aesthetical excursus* on the French romancers may prove more interesting. It appears to us to contain *ethical* doctrines which might have proceeded—the Prince will take this as a compliment—from the *pure* pen of the "modern Lichtenberg."

"Say what you please of this new French literature, there is life in it—it may be a distorted and a convulsive life, but it is still life,—a life not foreign or borrowed, but born of the age, and like unto that of which it

is the offspring—characterized, too, by an originality which is sought for among our German books in vain. Quite intolerable to me are the English criticisms of these romances. The petrified pedants, who have there assumed the critical sceptre, cannot, by any exertion, wind themselves even for a moment out of their own shells. We have seen with how little understanding they have set about praising Göthe—not less silly is their censure of the French. They have but one measure for every thing—their own one-sided morality, and morbid religion. But Nature is wide enough to contain many things that are not within the Thirty-nine Articles; and what the poet seizes with the eye of intellect, reflects and invents in his work, that can never want its own worth, be it nectar or poison, according to human ways of viewing things—good or bad.

"But, admitting for a minute that a romance must, like a sermon, always boast a moral tendency, how, for example, can Janin's "Dead Ass" be considered to have any other tendency, and what ground is there for denouncing it as an ethical monster? I, for one, find most instructive moral lessons in it, and ten times more honesty than in the collected tales of Marmontel, *et hoc genus omne*, in which morality is always found parading upon the title-page. There is another poet, however, about whom it may be difficult to form such a charitable judgment,—I mean *Eugène Sue*. In the works of this writer, one seems to detect a secret tendency to debase virtue, and to show, in the character of his favourite heroes, how a certain unfeeling egotism, united with prudence and lightheartedness, produces more real happiness and practical enjoyment of life than the boasted morality of the schools and pulpits. But who is there that sees not in the back-ground of these pictures a deep irony (N.B. The Germans have lately got a cant of explaining all literary phenomena by what they call *eine tiefe Weltironie!*) that sets forth this bespangled image of egotism—the curse of our age—as the idol of the multitude; while, at the same time, it takes care, at proper intervals, to draw aside the glittering veil, and expose the lifeless skeleton in all its hollowness.

"It may also be that Mr. *Eugène Sue* is of opinion, with many others, that, after all, our much bepraised virtue is not a little one-sided, and, if so, cannot of course, of itself, lead to true happiness. The virtue of the ancients principally consisted in courage and enterprize; but our modern virtue seems to delight itself in the opposite of this, and to be closely allied to weakness and fear. Shall we be obliged here, also, to go in search of a *juste milieu* because our ideal is unattainable? That ideal consists in a perfect equipoise of all the intellectual and physical powers. This alone could make us truly virtuous, truly wise, and truly happy. But, from such a thoroughly sound state of body and soul, I fear we are at the present day as far removed as ever; and we must not, therefore, be too severe on such a writer as Eugène Sue, if he holds our consumptive virtue a little cheap, and strives to show us how far we are as yet from the true goal. The contrast, certainly, which he exhibits is any thing but pleasing—the indifferent egotist, with whom every earthly plan succeeds, and who even, after drinking every enjoyment of life to the dregs, can enjoy, at last, a calm and happy death. But when we look a little

more narrowly into this masterly portraiture, we shall find that the author gives to his creature nothing higher than the existence and the happiness of a mere *animal*, and makes it to appear that even the sigh of a soul endowed with noble aspirations is preferable to the rude, unlimited enjoyment of a creature so low in the scale of existence. On the same principle, every one who has a soul would prefer a chastisement from God to a reward from the devil. But with all this, it may very well be, that Eugène Sue is one of those whose very genius makes them melancholy, and to whom a sad voice seems to come from the desert, saying, *tertium non datur*—and this hopeless thought perhaps it is that lies at the bottom of so many French romances."—vol. i. p. 138.

Many of our readers, who know not even the name of Prince Pückler-Muskau, will peruse with pleasure the following notice of the veteran of Acre, Sir Sydney Smith.

"At times I pass a few hours with Sir Sydney Smith, who, in defiance of the many years and many laurels that weigh him down, still continues pregnant of new projects and original ideas. Thus, for instance,—he believes that the land may be navigated with sails as well as the sea, that the power of cannon may be altogether weakened by a contrivance for hanging up hides before fortifications, and is of opinion that Africa was originally divided by a belt of the sea into two halves, and that the Phœnicians or Egyptians, who are said to have circumnavigated it, passed through this belt, and not round by the Cape of Good Hope; and a thousand other strange opinions which he defends with great ingenuity and with great enthusiasm, and which perhaps he will one day make better known by means of the press. His darling project, however, is the restoration of the Maltese order,—not on the ancient chivalrous, but on an industrial, basis. A French marquis read out the whole plan to me one morning at breakfast; and, so far as I can trust my memory, it is as follows. The bigotry and exclusiveness of the ancient order are to be changed into the universal liberality of modern times,—all religions are to enjoy equal civil rights, and the order, by special privilege on the part of Europe, is to have the sole right of purchasing slaves for the purpose of civilizing them, which indeed is to be one of the chief ends of the association. Trade and commerce come next in importance. The civilized negroes, as soon as confidence can be placed in them, are to be sent out as missionaries (of industry, not of religion) to reclaim their brethren and call them all into the industrial fold. A capital of sixty millions is calculated as necessary for commencing this undertaking. As soon as the sum is subscribed the society will begin its operations; the grand-master and dignitaries are already named. In the mean time, however, this apparently so simple article of sixty millions seems to be the rock on which the whole project will split. Unless Herr von Rothschild interferes, it is difficult to see whence the said millions are to come. But, be this as it may, the idea is great, and worthy of the man; and now that the French have taken possession of Algiers, there will be no great difficulty in finding Maltese knights who will feel no scruple in complying with the condi-

tion as to the toleration of all religions. The multitude of observations that Sir Sydney has made during his long life render his conversation as instructive as it is entertaining. He lately enlightened me at great length on the subject of the currents in the Mediterranean Sea, which he assured me were now (and not a little by his own exertions) so completely understood, that one might send letters in a bottle from one port to another as safely as by post, and calculate the time of their arrival with as great certainty as if they had travelled in a steam-boat."—vol. ii. p. 93.

From Paris the Prince proceeded by Bordeaux to Tarbes, and from this latter place made several romantic rambles through the Hautes Pyrénées. Perched upon those grotesque snow-clad peaks, where the astronomer Plantage, fixing his last look on the laughing vale beneath, died, with the exclamation in his mouth, "*Grand Dieu, que cela est beau!*"—it is not surprising that such an excitable person as the Prince should have felt himself already in the heavenly mansions which are promised to the blessed; but the manner in which he expresses his delight is in that *exaltado* opium style which may be admired in Germany, but would be apt to be condemned as the *ne plus ultra* of bad taste in England. Besides, the gastronomic imagery of truffles and pasties with which the description is wound up—*finis coronat opus*—will be disapproved of by many who are willing to take the rest of the passage as the quintessence of descriptive sublimity. We translate the following letter to the writer's sister, as a specimen of the 179 pages (*German* pages) of descriptive rhapsody with which the greater part of the third volume is filled:—

"Argeles, in the Pyrenees, 3d Nov. 1834.

"Now, my dear Lucy, have I at length found the land where I will live and die! Here may we—when I have for a few years longer been a wanderer in the wide world—here may we build our cottage—in this land that unites all the convenience of a champaign with the picturesque beauty of a mountainous district, whose inhabitants are Germans in their honesty and good nature, and Italians in their vivacity, and who possess a patriarchal simplicity that belong to neither; a land, whose climate is so fine that vineyards and maize-fields flourish in the greatest luxuriance, though enclosed by snowy walls thousands of feet high, where sunny meadows shimmer green through the dark groupes of trees, like the harness of a gold beetle, and where to-day, on the 3d of November, (in Germany, the beginning of raw winter,) I can sit under the shade of a majestic chestnut-tree, and breakfast in the open air, while over the old garden-wall a fig-tree spreads its fruitful branches, and blushing roses wind themselves around its stem—a land full of historical recollections and monuments of the olden time, where, far removed from the commotion of the capital, the most undisturbed peace reigns, and no spirit of political strife has as yet corrupted the best enjoyments of so-

ciety—wherein, besides this, you may live three times as cheap as in Germany, and with a revenue of ten thousand francs, one may sport an equipage and maintain a respectable country establishment; where all the refinements of luxury and all the delicacies of the table are at command; where Spain, Provence, and the ocean, reach you the hand—the land of Henry the Fourth—the land of romantic beauty, *of truffles and Bordeaux wine, of snipes and of trout, of terrines de Nérac, and pâtés de Toulouse. O to this land would I wend with thee, my beloved!*"

Hoppel-poppel or the heart!—Mignon's song and pâtés de Toulouse! This is certainly a strange mixture, and yet we have no doubt that this rhapsody was intended to be the most sublime passage in the "Penultimate World-walk;" and that as such many a German Lucy and Julia will ecstatically receive it. In our humble judgment, it can be likened to nothing so fitly as to a dish of whisked cream, or a plate of soaped water, blown up into bubbles by a child.

The title of the present work, "Penultimate World-Tour," indicates that the ultimate tour is yet to come. The princely author, indeed, (after having served Lord Brougham with the Harvey sauce and mustard, as above at length narrated,) proceeded straightway to Africa, where (unless he has made a second descent into Hades, not figuratively) we believe he is at this present moment.* From thence he travels onward, taking of course his "elegant curricle" along with him, to America; and here, in the new world, will be concocted that "ultimate tour of Semilasso" for which the German publishers and public are at present so impatiently waiting. Of this threatened "LETZTER *Weltgang*," we devoutly say with Lord Byron,

"Tours of such princes, may they be the *last!*"

for, unless the forthcoming volumes be more edifying than the present, we shall think ourselves justified in passing them over without any further notice. In the mean time, that the Prince may have no reason to complain of our having given to the English public garbled extracts from his penultimate tour, we transcribe his expedition to the celebrated amphitheatre of Gavarny at full length, in which the discerning reader will have occasion to remark the truth of an observation already made by us in reference to a certain *genus* of travelling sketches now fashionable in Germany—that the traveller is generally the most important figure in the sketch.

"Gavarny, 19th Nov. 1834.

"With sun-rise—that is to say, in this locality at ten o'clock—I

* The last account of the author that we have seen left him at Constantinople.—EDITOR.

found myself mounted on my good steed, and on the road to the famous amphitheatre of Gavarny. The road is most picturesque. For the first half hour we ride uninterruptedly along the course of the Gave, whose waters are enclosed on both sides by overhanging rocks, and rush fearfully down 600 or 800 feet beneath the path of the traveller. The way is extremely narrow, and yet is not provided with any sort of fence or parapet. The guide generally acts as a living *garde fou*—to-day, however, I performed both offices, *du fou comme du guide*, and felt an inexpressible pleasure in galloping along the brink of the precipice upon my trusty steed, and looking down on the milk-white Gave, foaming beneath me. Habit takes away the edge from danger, and apprehension is soon changed into a reckless carelessness, which ever and anon demands an offering. It is only a very few years since a luckless traveller was precipitated from this very road 300 feet into the rocky bed of the Gave. On this occasion the prior of Gavarny, who happened to be on the spot, gave a beautiful example of true Christian feeling. He let himself down, at the great risk of his life, by means of ropes, and found the unfortunate traveller still breathing and sufficiently sensible to receive the consolations of religion from the pious father, and die comforted in his arms.

"The bump of caution, with which I am largely endowed, happily prevents me from running such risks; for, though I often venture, I never venture without consideration. At the same time, this bump, however useless it may be, is to us anxious mortals the mother of many sorrows. 'Cursed caution!' said the Corsair Trelawny, "to what purpose art thou, unless to turn joy into anxiety! But such is our lot. Every thing in this world has an element of evil to counterbalance the good.'

"After a hundred charming prospects of all sorts of rocks strangely thrown together, clad with the most luxuriant vegetation, variegated here and there with some not inconsiderable waterfalls, and in one situation rendered yet more interesting by a very clear and distinct echo, the rich forest-trees begin to diminish, and the rocks remain, where any soil is left, covered only with rhododendron and box-wood. As we advance higher, even these sturdy Alpine shrubs disappear; and here—on a spot where some overpowering gush of water has evidently overturned a huge mountain-colossus, and which is therefore fitly designated the *Chaos*—I found the most striking similarity in character between the Pyrenees and the grotesque mountains of North Wales, although the former surpass the latter in grandeur, almost in the same degree that St. Peter's at Rome does the church of St. Paul's in London, of which it is the archetype.

"After emerging from 'the Chaos,' we behold the marks of four hoofs of Roland's horse impressed on four different rocks, for this is the famous spot where the winged steed alighted, when it made its gigantic leap from the valley of Roncesvalles in Spain into France, while Roland, in a fit of blind rage, cleft the intervening wall of rock (300 feet high) in twain, which to this day bears the memorable name of *la Bréche de Roland*.

"In such a country as this, one would be apt to forget the civilized world altogether, were we not reminded of its existence in the most disagreeable manner by the line of *douaniers*, who are posted in this quarter. Such men in such a place are like devils in paradise, and to the devil I heartily wished them. Much more in keeping with the scene was a band of Spanish smugglers, as I supposed, most romantically habited, whom I soon afterwards encountered. These were men of athletic appearance, and as haughty in their bearing as courteous in their address. I knew from experience that a Spaniard will thank you for nothing so heartily as a cigar; and accordingly I offered one of my store to him who appeared to be the leader of the cavalcade. He seemed much pleased with the present and thanked me, but like a king.

"Without waiting at the inn of Gavarny, and preparing myself for my task by a good breakfast, I hastened impatiently to the amphitheatre, which is about two or three miles further on. But in this sight I was much disappointed. The descriptions of it are all highly exaggerated; and, notwithstanding my love for the Pyrenees, I must confess that Switzerland possesses many scenes of the same class, but infinitely more sublime. The waterfall, also, is much inferior to those in Switzerland, and, though it could boast ten times as much water as it has, would still remain so. A French writer has happily characterized the cascade of Gavarny by calling it a 'woven wind,' while the worthy Gascon who is the author of my printed '*guide*,' without the least discrimination compares it at once with Niagara—Tom Thumb with Goliath!

"Nevertheless, it were no very difficult affair to add by the labours of art to the natural beauty of this imposing spot, and render it in some degree more worthy of the extravagant laudings with which travellers have eulogized it. Nothing more is necessary than to collect together the many petty waterfalls and streamlets that run down into the Gave, and lead them into the cauldrons that are enclosed by the amphitheatre, thus changing them into lakes, as they were originally. An expenditure of a few thousand francs would be sufficient to dam up the stream at the place where it has broken through, and effect the projected metamorphosis of the landscape. A new road might also be made on the right side, which would afford a much more favourable view of the whole; and the snow-crowned '*pics*,' doubling their heights in the clear mountain water, would then actually exhibit that magical effect which is at present ascribed to them only by the generosity of pedantic travellers.

"I hope it may not be considered presumptuous in me to hold forth schemes to the attention of the prefect of this department, who, if I am not misinformed, is no less a person than the celebrated author of the Campaign in Russia, Count Segur; and, should he succeed in carrying it into effect, and adding to the scenery of the Pyrenees that in which it is most defective, a good lake, he will thus have executed a second work—or if he is not the famous Segur—a first work, that will secure him the gratitude of universal Europe. I should even feel inclined, did it not appear forward and impertinent, to mention the scheme to the noble King of the French personally, to whom nothing is unimportant that contributes to the adornment and improvement of his country."—vol. iii. p. 62.

One observation we feel ourselves called upon to make before we dismiss Prince Pückler-Muskau on the present occasion. Most of our readers are doubtless aware that the Tour of a German Prince was ushered into this country under the special patronage and protection of Göthe. We owe it therefore to them, and to that reverence which we have always professed for the name of Göthe, to reconcile, as far as we are able, the contradiction between our present severe judgment of *Semilasso's Weltgang* and the laudatory criticisms of the *Briefe eines Verstorbenen* that proceeded from the pen of the most liberal and comprehensive critic in Europe. The matter is easily explained. The very mildness and kindliness of Göthe's criticism, which is its greatest beauty, led him astray at times from that just medium between unprovoked severity and unmerited eulogy, in which the true tone of criticism lies. It was a weakness of Göthe's mind, both as a critic and as a moralist, that he could not be *severe*. The consequence was, that such careless, frolicsome, butterfly existences, as our German Prince, often received from him a plentiful meed of praise, which, to more energetic, but less amiable natures, was denied. Besides this general bias, we may remark several special circumstances that may have operated not a little to tune down Göthe's soul into a momentary consonance with that of the Prince. The Prince (though always as a coxcomb) is a lover of nature, and lavish in descriptive writing—so also was Göthe. The Prince mixes up with his love of nature a light, playful, we had almost said a coquettish, sort of religion—of which cast Göthe's religion also was. The Prince, moreover, so far as manners and polish are concerned, is an aristocrat; and the "*Vornehmthun*" of Göthe has always been the object of Heine's and Menzel's bitterest satire. Add to all this that Göthe only lived to see the first flashing *debut* of Pückler-Muskau; whereas, we have seen him progressing, like the crab, backwards, during a period of five years, and there will be little left to explain in the apparently superficial criticism which the octogenarian sage of Weimar passed upon our most frivolous and most coxcombical tourist.

ciety—wherein, besides this, you may live three times as cheap as in Germany, and with a revenue of ten thousand francs, one may sport an equipage and maintain a respectable country establishment; where all the refinements of luxury and all the delicacies of the table are at command; where Spain, Provence, and the ocean, reach you the hand—the land of Henry the Fourth—the land of romantic beauty, *of truffles and Bordeaux wine, of snipes and of trout, of terrines de Nérac, and pâtés de Toulouse. O to this land would I wend with thee, my beloved!*"

Hoppel-poppel or the heart!—Mignon's song and pâtés de Toulouse! This is certainly a strange mixture, and yet we have no doubt that this rhapsody was intended to be the most sublime passage in the "Penultimate World-walk;" and that as such many a German Lucy and Julia will ecstatically receive it. In our humble judgment, it can be likened to nothing so fitly as to a dish of whisked cream, or a plate of soaped water, blown up into bubbles by a child.

The title of the present work, "Penultimate World-Tour," indicates that the ultimate tour is yet to come. The princely author, indeed, (after having served Lord Brougham with the Harvey sauce and mustard, as above at length narrated,) proceeded straightway to Africa, where (unless he has made a second descent into Hades, not figuratively) we believe he is at this present moment.* From thence he travels onward, taking of course his "elegant curricle" along with him, to America; and here, in the new world, will be concocted that "ultimate tour of Semilasso" for which the German publishers and public are at present so impatiently waiting. Of this threatened "Letzter *Weltgang*," we devoutly say with Lord Byron,

"Tours of such princes, may they be the *last!*"

for, unless the forthcoming volumes be more edifying than the present, we shall think ourselves justified in passing them over without any further notice. In the mean time, that the Prince may have no reason to complain of our having given to the English public garbled extracts from his penultimate tour, we transcribe his expedition to the celebrated amphitheatre of Gavarny at full length, in which the discerning reader will have occasion to remark the truth of an observation already made by us in reference to a certain *genus* of travelling sketches now fashionable in Germany—that the traveller is generally the most important figure in the sketch.

"Gavarny, 19th Nov. 1834.

"With sun-rise—that is to say, in this locality at ten o'clock—I

* The last account of the author that we have seen left him at Constantinople.—Editor.

found myself mounted on my good steed, and on the road to the famous amphitheatre of Gavarny. The road is most picturesque. For the first half hour we ride uninterruptedly along the course of the Gave, whose waters are enclosed on both sides by overhanging rocks, and rush fearfully down 600 or 800 feet beneath the path of the traveller. The way is extremely narrow, and yet is not provided with any sort of fence or parapet. The guide generally acts as a living *garde fou*—to-day, however, I performed both offices, *du fou comme du guide*, and felt an inexpressible pleasure in galloping along the brink of the precipice upon my trusty steed, and looking down on the milk-white Gave, foaming beneath me. Habit takes away the edge from danger, and apprehension is soon changed into a reckless carelessness, which ever and anon demands an offering. It is only a very few years since a luckless traveller was precipitated from this very road 300 feet into the rocky bed of the Gave. On this occasion the prior of Gavarny, who happened to be on the spot, gave a beautiful example of true Christian feeling. He let himself down, at the great risk of his life, by means of ropes, and found the unfortunate traveller still breathing and sufficiently sensible to receive the consolations of religion from the pious father, and die comforted in his arms.

"The bump of caution, with which I am largely endowed, happily prevents me from running such risks; for, though I often venture, I never venture without consideration. At the same time, this bump, however useless it may be, is to us anxious mortals the mother of many sorrows. 'Cursed caution!' said the Corsair Trelawny, "to what purpose art thou, unless to turn joy into anxiety! But such is our lot. Every thing in this world has an element of evil to counterbalance the good.'

"After a hundred charming prospects of all sorts of rocks strangely thrown together, clad with the most luxuriant vegetation, variegated here and there with some not inconsiderable waterfalls, and in one situation rendered yet more interesting by a very clear and distinct echo, the rich forest-trees begin to diminish, and the rocks remain, where any soil is left, covered only with rhododendron and box-wood. As we advance higher, even these sturdy Alpine shrubs disappear; and here—on a spot where some overpowering gush of water has evidently overturned a huge mountain-colossus, and which is therefore fitly designated the *Chaos*—I found the most striking similarity in character between the Pyrenees and the grotesque mountains of North Wales, although the former surpass the latter in grandeur, almost in the same degree that St. Peter's at Rome does the church of St. Paul's in London, of which it is the archetype.

"After emerging from 'the Chaos,' we behold the marks of four hoofs of Roland's horse impressed on four different rocks, for this is the famous spot where the winged steed alighted, when it made its gigantic leap from the valley of Roncesvalles in Spain into France, while Roland, in a fit of blind rage, cleft the intervening wall of rock (300 feet high) in twain, which to this day bears the memorable name of *la Bréche de Roland*.

"In such a country as this, one would be apt to forget the civilized world altogether, were we not reminded of its existence in the most disagreeable manner by the line of *douaniers*, who are posted in this quarter. Such men in such a place are like devils in paradise, and to the devil I heartily wished them. Much more in keeping with the scene was a band of Spanish smugglers, as I supposed, most romantically habited, whom I soon afterwards encountered. These were men of athletic appearance, and as haughty in their bearing as courteous in their address. I knew from experience that a Spaniard will thank you for nothing so heartily as a cigar; and accordingly I offered one of my store to him who appeared to be the leader of the cavalcade. He seemed much pleased with the present and thanked me, but like a king.

"Without waiting at the inn of Gavarny, and preparing myself for my task by a good breakfast, I hastened impatiently to the amphitheatre, which is about two or three miles further on. But in this sight I was much disappointed. The descriptions of it are all highly exaggerated; and, notwithstanding my love for the Pyrenees, I must confess that Switzerland possesses many scenes of the same class, but infinitely more sublime. The waterfall, also, is much inferior to those in Switzerland, and, though it could boast ten times as much water as it has, would still remain so. A French writer has happily characterized the cascade of Gavarny by calling it a 'woven wind,' while the worthy Gascon who is the author of my printed '*guide*,' without the least discrimination compares it at once with Niagara—Tom Thumb with Goliath!

"Nevertheless, it were no very difficult affair to add by the labours of art to the natural beauty of this imposing spot, and render it in some degree more worthy of the extravagant laudings with which travellers have eulogized it. Nothing more is necessary than to collect together the many petty waterfalls and streamlets that run down into the Gave, and lead them into the cauldrons that are enclosed by the amphitheatre, thus changing them into lakes, as they were originally. An expenditure of a few thousand francs would be sufficient to dam up the stream at the place where it has broken through, and effect the projected metamorphosis of the landscape. A new road might also be made on the right side, which would afford a much more favourable view of the whole; and the snow-crowned '*pics*,' doubling their heights in the clear mountain water, would then actually exhibit that magical effect which is at present ascribed to them only by the generosity of pedantic travellers.

"I hope it may not be considered presumptuous in me to hold forth schemes to the attention of the prefect of this department, who, if I am not misinformed, is no less a person than the celebrated author of the Campaign in Russia, Count Segur; and, should he succeed in carrying it into effect, and adding to the scenery of the Pyrenees that in which it is most defective, a good lake, he will thus have executed a second work—or if he is not the famous Segur—a first work, that will secure him the gratitude of universal Europe. I should even feel inclined, did it not appear forward and impertinent, to mention the scheme to the noble King of the French personally, to whom nothing is unimportant that contributes to the adornment and improvement of his country."—vol. iii. p. 62.

One observation we feel ourselves called upon to make before we dismiss Prince Pückler-Muskau on the present occasion. Most of our readers are doubtless aware that the Tour of a German Prince was ushered into this country under the special patronage and protection of Göthe. We owe it therefore to them, and to that reverence which we have always professed for the name of Göthe, to reconcile, as far as we are able, the contradiction between our present severe judgment of *Semilasso's Weltgang* and the laudatory criticisms of the *Briefe eines Verstorbenen* that proceeded from the pen of the most liberal and comprehensive critic in Europe. The matter is easily explained. The very mildness and kindliness of Göthe's criticism, which is its greatest beauty, led him astray at times from that just medium between unprovoked severity and unmerited eulogy, in which the true tone of criticism lies. It was a weakness of Göthe's mind, both as a critic and as a moralist, that he could not be *severe*. The consequence was, that such careless, frolicsome, butterfly existences, as our German Prince, often received from him a plentiful meed of praise, which, to more energetic, but less amiable natures, was denied. Besides this general bias, we may remark several special circumstances that may have operated not a little to tune down Göthe's soul into a momentary consonance with that of the Prince. The Prince (though always as a coxcomb) is a lover of nature, and lavish in descriptive writing—so also was Göthe. The Prince mixes up with his love of nature a light, playful, we had almost said a coquettish, sort of religion—of which cast Göthe's religion also was. The Prince, moreover, so far as manners and polish are concerned, is an aristocrat; and the "*Vornehmthun*" of Göthe has always been the object of Heine's and Menzel's bitterest satire. Add to all this that Göthe only lived to see the first flashing *debut* of Pückler-Muskau; whereas, we have seen him progressing, like the crab, backwards, during a period of five years, and there will be little left to explain in the apparently superficial criticism which the octogenarian sage of Weimar passed upon our most frivolous and most coxcombical tourist.

ART. II.—*De l'Education des Mères de Famille, ou de la Civilisation du Genre Humain par les Femmes.* Par L. Aimé-Martin. 2 tom. Paris. 1834.

AMONG the yearly prizes founded by the benevolent Count de Montyon is one, to be appropriated to that book which mostly tends to promote the morality and improvement of mankind. The French Academy, who award these prizes, have bestowed several thousand francs on the work now before us, and we have been told, that it has created much favourable sensation in Germany and Belgium. We therefore opened it with a strong prepossession in behalf of its merits, and we have closed it with a feeling that is truly refreshing: it is like an oasis in the present impure state of French literature; and, amid licentious novels and dramas, triumphantly expressed infidelity, or fanatical division of sects, we hail, with the utmost satisfaction, a production which teems with morality and real religion, and we congratulate France on its having been appreciated by even a portion of her inhabitants. From the title, we expected a treatise on education, which would enter into the details of learning and accomplishment; but it takes higher rank and teaches women not only how and where to look for the formation of their minds, but shows them the importance of their conduct, as mothers, over the future character of a nation. We have thus translated the intentions of the author from his own declaration. "Those who hastily or inattentively turn over these pages may accuse me of a wish to revive the *femmes savantes*, but let them rest assured, that genitives and datives, as Montaigne says, are not the object of this work. Setting aside all the acquirements of memory, those mechanical attributes of professors, I call upon women to fulfil their destiny by undertaking that superior education which stamps itself upon the soul. To develop the souls of women, that they may become something more than the plaything of our rude passions; to develop the souls of women that they may become those celestial beings of which we dream in our youth; to develop the souls of women that they may awaken ours,—this forms the subject and the object of my book."

In fact, if we consider the subject properly, we shall find it one great source of the misery or happiness of all civilized nations; for in what Christian country can we deny the influence which a mother extends over the whole life of her children? The roughest and the hardiest wanderer, while he is tossed over the ocean, or while he scorches his feet upon the desert sands, recurs in his loneliness and suffering to the cares which maternal affection shed over his infancy; the reckless sinner, even in his

hardened career, occasionally hears the whisperings of those holy precepts instilled by a virtuous mother, and, although they may in the fulness of guilt be neglected, there are many instances of their having so stung the conscience, that they have led to a deep and lasting repentance; the erring child of either sex, will then, if a mother yet exists, turn to her for that consolation which the laws of society deny, and in the lasting purity of a mother's love will find the way to heaven. How joyfully does a hard-working child labour for the comfort of a poverty-stricken mother! how alive is a son to her honour and high-standing in the world! and, should that mother be deserted by her helpmate, does not the son stand forth as her protector? In short, the more deeply we reflect on the subject, the more entirely are we convinced, that no influence is so lasting or of such wide extent, and the more intensely do we feel the necessity of guiding this sacred affection, and perfecting that being from whom it emanates. "The future character of a child," said Napoleon, "is always the work of its mother;" and he delighted in recollecting that to his parent did he owe much of the greatness of a mind, which possibly grasped at too much, but which afterwards enabled him to bear years of privation and exile with fortitude and dignity.

"History," says M. Aimé-Martin, "justifies these words, and, without dwelling on such remarkable instances as Charles IX., and Henry IV., the one the pupil of Catherine, and the other of Jeanne d'Albret, was not Louis XIII., weak, ungrateful, and discontented like his mother, always rebellious and always submissive? Do we not, in Louis XIV., recognize the passions of a Spanish woman, those sensual yet romantic gallantries, those bigoted fears, that despotic pride, which required prostration before the throne as well as before the altar? But," continues the author, "the two great poets of our age, perhaps, offer the most striking examples of this saving or fatal influence. To the one, an unkind fate had given a scoffing, unfeeling mother, whose proud, capricious, and narrow mind, expanded only to vanity or hatred—a mother who unsparingly ridiculed the natural infirmity of her child, irritated, galled, and mortified him, caressed and flattered him, and then despised and cursed him. These corroding passions of the woman were deeply engraved on the heart of the young man; hatred and pride, anger and disdain, fermented within him, and, like the burning lava of a volcano, suddenly burst forth upon the world, in torrents of infernal harmony. The happier destiny of the other poet bestowed on him a mother who was tender without weakness, pious without severity, one of those rare women who are born to be models to their sex; this beautiful and enlightened creature shed over her son all the light of love; the virtues with which she inspired him, the prayer which she taught him, spoke not only to his intellect, but, sinking into his soul, made him return sublime sounds, a harmony which mounts to the skies. Thus, surrounded from his cradle by examples of the most touching piety, the

gracious infant walked in the ways of God, under the wings of his mother; his genius is like the incense which sheds its perfume over the earth, but which only burns for heaven."

In directing the attention of our readers to M. Aimé-Martin's work, we must however premise, that it is exclusively written for the French nation, and, consequently, the handling of the subject is totally different from that which we should employ; no Englishman would write so argumentative a book for his own people, and (we mean not to be presumptuous) no Englishman would make such appeals to his countrywomen on the score of conduct or religion. We have faults and sins enough to answer for, it is true, and which ought to prevent us from setting ourselves above our neighbours; we dare not lend ourselves to the conceit of fanatical reasoners, who, in the midst of their groans and mock humility, yet call this a nation peculiarly under the care of the Almighty, and the only spot on earth where true religion is taught and cherished; but we hope that many of the suggestions of our author would be superfluous, and we cannot think that the efforts which Rouseau and Dessessarts made to restore French wives and mothers to their duty were ever required in this country. M. Aimé-Martin himself says:

"What indifference on the part of women towards important affairs; what ardour for frivolities! their minds, unceasingly agitated by the fashion of the day, turn with passion to the nothings of the moment; for the sake of these do they feign a character different from their own, do they torture themselves, suffer heat, cold and hunger, destroy their health, and risk their lives. Alas! we give to our daughters the manners of courtezans, to our wives the instruction of a child, and then ask for glory and happiness from Heaven. What is the result? The frivolity of one sex necessarily influences the habits of the other: women become trifling to please us, and we must become frivolous to find favour with them."

We suspect that this is too hard upon French-women, but, saving some unfortunate exceptions, we challenge the whole world to pass such a censure on the daughters of Great Britain, and to found their opinion on truth. But there is yet ample room for improvement in the education of our females, and we feel certain, that they will reap much profit from M. Aimé-Martin's suggestions, though they are chiefly addressed to another nation, and that mostly a nation of Catholics. Something must be asked, in the way of indulgence too, for the heaviness, we had almost said prosiness, of several portions of these volumes, but to those who like ourselves will wade through the dulness, and seriously consider the excellent, wise, and liberal principles in-

culcated in them, we promise an ample reward. To induce our reflecting readers to undertake the task, we shall now proceed to make an analysis of the book, and give several quotations, chiefly in English, but selecting a few of the most eloquent passages in the original words.

The first chapters are devoted to a brief examination of the two great writers, Des Cartes and Rousseau, who shed an influence over the women of France; the errors of their systems are pointed out, and the good they effected is duly acknowledged. The power of women and the effects produced by marriage are next treated of, and the succeeding chapter begins as follows:—

"Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the morals. Free or subjugated, they reign, because they hold possession of our passions. But this influence is more or less salutary according to the degree of esteem which is granted to them. Whether they are our idols or companions, courtezans, slaves or beasts of burden, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect our happiness with their virtue. This, therefore, is a law of eternal justice—man cannot degrade women without himself falling into degradation; he cannot raise them without becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe those two great divisions of the human race, the East and the West. One half of the ancient world remains without progress, without thought, and under the load of a barbarous civilization; women there are slaves. The other half advances towards freedom and light; the women there are loved and honoured."

In summing up the history of female influence, M. Aimé-Martin says,—

"That which has been done to lower women, and that which they have done towards our civilization, offers, perhaps, the most moral and dramatic part of our history. There was a time when their beauty alone wrestled against barbarism. Shut up in castles, like prisoners, they there civilized the warriors who despised their weakness, but who adored their charms. Accused of ignorance, and deprived of instruction, disgraced by prejudice, and deified by love—feeble, timid—seeing around them nothing but soldiers and the sword, they adopted the passions of their tyrants; but in adopting they ameliorated them. They directed combatants towards the defence of the helpless. Chivalry became a protecting power; it repaired injuries, and paved the way for laws; and, at last, after having fought in order to conquer kingdoms, it was softened into fighting for the beauty of women, and civilization began by gallantry. A great revolution was accomplished in France, on the day when a noble knight drew off his men, in consequence of hearing that the castle of which he was just about to commence the siege, had become the asylum of the wife of his enemy, and that this wife was about to become a mother. At a later period, some glimpses of science began

to pierce through the shades which covered the world; all eyes were dazzled by it, and it was then that the destiny of women was pitiable. While men only believed themselves to be superior from the strength of their bodies and the force of their courage, they had ceded to the power of feebleness and beauty; but scarcely had they acquired a smattering of science, when pride seized them, and women nearly lost their empire. But the worst period for them was the age of scribes and doctors; for at that time all the impertinent questions concerning the pre-eminence of men, and inferiority of women, were brought forward. Even the existence of their souls became a matter of doubt; and theologians themselves, amidst these agitating discussions, forgot for a moment, that our Saviour was made human by his mother. These disputes led to this deplorable result, that the ignorance of women became a moral system, as the ignorance of the lower classes had become a system of policy. Our forefathers long confounded ignorance with innocence, and thence came all their troubles; they wished women to be silly for the sake of their husbands, and the people to be ignorant for the sake of power. Women, thus assimilated to the people, like them, did not receive any species of instruction. Every thing was against them; science, legislature, and theology,—that theology which was then mistaken for religion, and which only was virtuous under the lash of discipline, and in the austerities of penitence. It was by depriving them of their souls, by subjecting them to mean and vulgar habits, which stupify the mind, that they hoped to preserve them in spotless purity. . . . . In the time of Louis the Fourteenth, when women busied themselves with affairs of state, the Abbé de Fleury declared that girls ought to be taught something besides their catechism, sewing, singing, dancing, how to dress, to speak civilly, and make a good courtesy. But the progress he wished them to attain consisted in knowing how to read, write, and cipher—to know when to ask advice in matters of business, and enough of medicine to take care of the sick. Then came Fenelon, who wished them to read ancient and modern history, to understand Latin, to peruse works of eloquence, literature, and poesy; and yet such was the prejudice belonging to a period when women exercised an almost romantic power, and gave grace and politeness to society, that the archbishop was obliged to add certain restrictions, and to justify himself on theological principles. 'Women,' said the venerable ecclesiastic, 'are half of the human race, redeemed by the blood of Christ, and like us destined to eternal life.' Thus, to teach them other things than dancing, singing, and courtesying, it was necessary to invoke the merits of the Redemption, and cover them with the blood of Christ."

A part of the following passage may perhaps be well applied to other than French women.

"Since the time of Rousseau and Fenelon, great progress has taken place among men, and consequently the education of women has in some measure profited. The question is no longer asked whether it be advisable to instruct them; we consent to the development of their understanding, and lessons are given to them by artists and masters of lan-

guages; they skim, as it were, a general course of study, but in this study nothing leads them to think with their own thoughts: it is chiefly the school routine which gives occupation to their brains, and thus, at an age when the passions are awakened, those passions to which the habits of virtue and the principles of religion ought to be opposed, they find in themselves skill for the piano, a memory for words, and a soul which sleeps. Such is, with some rare exceptions, the woman of the present day, with her forms of devotion, her school morality, her mechanical talents, her love of pleasure, her ignorance of the world, and her desire to love and be loved. It is not that this education has no bright side; on the contrary, it gives grace and tone to society: the duchess and the commoner's wife rival each other in the cultivation of first-rate talents; some compose poems, which are sold for the benefit of the Greeks and Poles; others paint pictures, the price of which is devoted to pious purposes; all write correctly and elegantly; and the pens of Sévigné and Lafayette are become almost vulgar."

Upon this M. Aimé-Martin observes that, if women were to pass all their lives in studios and *fêtes*, if it were only necessary for them to dazzle and to please, the great problem of education would now be solved; but the hours of pleasure are few, and hours of reflection will come—what is there, then, he asks, in all this, to teach them the duties of wives and mothers? In this same chapter the vanity of modern education is admirably exposed: the appearance for the reality, the toiling at that which ought to be only a relaxation, and the forms of religion without the substance, are all touched upon; and, disregarding the opposition of mothers and school-mistresses, he calls it all vanity, and, following the young girl into the married state, when united to a husband as frivolous as herself, he ends the picture by a description of their mutual disgust. We give the closing paragraphs in the original.

"Après un pareil tableau, est il besoin de le dire, ce n'est plus la femme qu'il faut endoctriner par le mari, c'est le mari qu'il faut régénérer par la femme. Que faire donc? Rendre les femmes au sentiment complet de leur dignité, et leur apprendre à distinguer le véritable amour des fureurs qui usurpent son nom. Le premier point, c'est qu'elles veuillent être aimées et respectées; c'est qu'elles ne consentent, à aucun prix, au déplorable rôle que nos passions brutales leur imposent; c'est qu'elles apprennent, enfin, tout ce qu'il y a d'avilissant dans ces hommages qui les transforment en instrument de caprices et de volupté. J'oserai le dire, il n'y a point de progrès possible, pour la civilisation, tant que les femmes ne nous auront pas fait rougir de ces assimilations grossières que la bonne compagnie résume ainsi: le vin, la table, les femmes, les chevaux: triste catalogue des plaisirs de la brute, où l'homme flétrit jusqu'au sein qui l'a porté!

"Mais comment nous en feront-elles rougir si elles n'en rougissent elles-mêmes? Que la délicatesse la plus exquise soit donc dans une

jeune fille la lumière de sa pudeur, comme elle est dans une jeune femme la marque de sa dignité. Ce ne sont pas les grimaces de la pruderie, c'est la vertu que je demande. En rendant la séduction plus difficile, je rendrai l'amour plus idéal et plus pur, je lui laisserai les illusions qui viennent enchanter notre adolescence, et l'introduisent, pour la première fois, dans le monde du beau et de l'infini?

" Ainsi doit s'accomplir l'éducation des filles. Et quant à l'éducation du mari, pourquoi nous en inquiéter? elle se fera simplement et naturellement par les vertus de la femme."

After a brief description of the present moral, literary, and scientific state of France, and public instruction, M. Aimé-Martin closes his first book with a passage which applies to all countries.

" It is therefore religion which ought to vivify nations; they will be just in the eyes of God who love their brethren; they will be powerful among men who love God. Here is revealed the true mission of women—placed among all people, and in all classes, the laws of policy do not reach them, and, pure from our fatal passions, they alone, in the bosom of society, are left to the laws of nature. Nothing need taint the character of women; the cares of business do not tarnish the freshness of their thoughts; they are neither warriors, magistrates, nor legislators: they are wives and mothers; they are such as God wished them to be. They form one half of the human race, and by their very weakness have escaped from the corruption of our power and our glory. Let them cease to regret that they do not share these passions; let them leave to us the tribune, thrones, and war, for, if they partake of our violence, who on earth can soften it! Such should be their influence, their kingdom; they bear within their persons the nations to come, they bear in their souls the destinies of those nations. Let them send through the whole earth the words of humanity and liberty; let them create an impulse towards one common feeling for the love of God and our neighbour, and their destinies will be accomplished. Armies are necessary for conquering the world; one single moral feeling can civilize and save it."

The metaphysical chapters of the second book are intended to give us an ampler knowledge of mankind, and are full of quotations from Kant and other authors; but we will no further pause over them than to extract the two following passages, which appeared to us to be worthy of remark.

" But what is infinity? All my efforts to conceive it are useless; it is equally impossible for me to deny or to comprehend it; all I can know is, that beyond infinity there is nothing. Guided by this faint light, I place a cipher before me to which I constantly add others; I fill an immense space with my calculations; useless toil! eternally increasing, but composed of finite things, the two extremes only meet my eyes, the beginning and the end. Then I look all round me; no end, no beginning; that which the cipher always seeks without obtaining it, that which is before, that which is after, that which is every where and for ever, that

is infinity. The feeling of infinity gives an idea of all things which we cannot perceive by means of the senses; it realises to us that which is unknown. The infinite is God. It is God that thou seekest, O my soul! since nothing of that which is finite can detain thee here below. Thou detachest thyself from all earthly joys, because these joys have an end; thou shrinkest from all limits, because all limit is non-existence. Within thyself alone dost thou repose in this infinity, which passes beyond our passions, and which is at once thy hope, thy light, and thy fulness."

The second passage is from the chapter on the immortality of the soul.

" Mais, dis-tu, je n'ose croire à de si hautes destinées. Dieu ne m'en donne la pensée que pour adoucir les maux de la vie, et cette pensée, ne fût-elle qu'une illusion, est encore le plus magnifique des présens. Qu'est-ce donc que Dieu pourrait me devoir au-delà? Eh bien! jette les yeux autour de toi, au milieu de tant de bienfaits prodigués, tâche de découvrir une déception. Il s'agit de savoir ce qui a été promis et ce qui a été donné, si les dons égalent les besoins, si les jouissances manquent aux désirs. Cherche un animal qui ait soif, et qui ne puisse découvrir une fontaine; une plante attachée à la terre, et sur laquelle le souffle du matin n'apporte de douces rosées; une pensée humaine qui ne puisse s'accomplir; un sentiment d'amour qui ne puisse se réaliser! Dieu dit à chaque intelligence: Ce que tu conçois, je te le donnerai; et sa magnificence se montre jusqu'aux limites de la nature. Vois ce frêle moucheron! sa tête est couronnée de diamans, ses ailes sont couvertes des nuances de l'arc-en-ciel; c'est pour lui que le zéphyr balance les fleurs, que la lumière y dépose ses parfums, et que le ciel y laisse tomber une goutte de son ambroisie; pour lui la terre est un banquet magnifique, et la vie une aurore radieuse toute consacrée à la volupté. Et cependant, au milieu de tant de richesses, au sein de tant de plaisirs, aucune voix n'éveille sa réconnaissance, rien ne l'occupe au-delà de ses appétits, rien ne l'inquiete au-delà de son horizon: il vit, jouit, et meurt; son destin est rempli. Quoi! le moucheron n'a pas été trompé, et l'homme le serait! Il y aurait en nous un sentiment sans but, une inquiétude de la vie céleste sans nécessité, des désirs sans accomplissement, des prévisions éternelles sans avenir, le supplice du néant en présence d'une immortalité promise et refusée! Promise! puisqu'elle est montrée.

" Mais la douleur! mais la mort! Tu te plains de la mort comme si tu ne portais pas en toi le sentiment qui en triomphe! Hélas! ces grandes leçons ne nous sont pas épargnées; elles se mêlent à la vie de tous les hommes. Dieu nous envoie le plaisir comme un messager céleste qui nous invite à venir à lui, et le malheur comme un maître sévère qui nous y force. Ici, près de moi, il y a peu de jours encore, j'ai vu périr dans sa fleur un enfant, l'unique pensée de sa mère. Hélas! avec quelle anxiété elle cherchait la vie dans ces yeux éteints pour jamais! J'entends encore cette voix déchirante! je vois encore ces regards douloureux! Toutes les consolations venaient se briser contre ce mot: Il n'est plus! Tout-à-coup son âme s'exalte, une joie céleste brille dans ses yeux inondés de larmes: elle invoque le nom de Dieu! elle se ressouvient de ses

promesses! un sentiment immortel lui rend tout ce qu'elle a perdu. Cette mère inconsolable, qui ne voulait rien entendre, s'abîme maintenant dans les inspirations de l'infini! Ce n'est plus sur la terre, c'est dans le ciel, qu'elle contemple son enfant!

"Ah! si elle ne devait plus le revoir; qu'elle infernale dérision! Dieu manquera-t-il de pouvoir ou de justice? Il y aurait magnificence et vérité dans la vie instinctive du moucheron, artifice et mensonge dans la vie morale et religieuse de l'homme! La vertu persécutée sur la terre, et tournant ses regards vers le ciel; les devouemens à la patrie et au genre humain; l'héroïsme, qui n'attend plus rien ici-bas; tous les sacrifices faits au devoir dans le seul but de plaire à Dieu, ne seraient donc que des erreurs de l'humanité! Ton âme, O Socrate! aurait eu des pensées plus vastes que la création! Toi! l'ami de la vérité, tu serais mort pour un mensonge! Un Dieu aurait trompé Socrate! L'être créé serait-il plus magnanime que son Créateur?

"Non! Non! la Providence ne répond pas par une sentence de mort éternelle aux sages qui l'invoquent, au genre humain qui l'atteste. Ce n'est pas sur les tombeaux qu'il faut lire sa réponse, c'est dans notre âme, d'où s'échappe ce cri sublime: Dieu, éternité!

"Quand l'homme jette ses regards sur la terre, que voit-il? la création, qui, de toutes parts, s'élève jusqu'à lui. Et quand il ramène ses regards sur lui-même, quand il s'étudie et se contemple, que trouve-t-il au-delà de ses passions terrestres? un sentiment instinctif de l'infini, une conscience qui tend à la perfection idéale, une raison dont la lumière se projette vers le ciel, une âme enfin dont toutes les facultés rayonnent vers Dieu: intuition mystérieuse de la Divinité, qui nous annonce un autre monde aussi sûrement que les sens nous révèlent celui-ci!"

The second volume, including the third and fourth books, is wholly devoted to religion: the first chapter treats of error and truth, and we strongly recommend its perusal; it would injure it to make copious extracts from it, and our limits will not allow us to give more than the opening and conclusion, which are as follows:—

"Que puis-je savoir? Que dois-je faire? qu'ose je esperer?* J'élève la voix, j'interroge toutes les philosophies, toutes les religions, et toutes me disent, Venez à nous! Alors, prêtant l'oreille, j'entends les unes me proposer de ne croire à rien, les autres de croire sans examiner. On commence par exiger le doute, et l'on finit par me demander la crédulité. Si je parle de vertu, j'entends donner ce nom au crime; si je parle de Dieu, j'entends donner ce nom à la matière. Plus j'avance, plus ma raison se trouble; je finis par n'être sûr de rien, pas même de la substance de mon âme, pas même de la matière de mon corps: la métaphysique ne me laisse que mes sensations; la logique, que l'incertitude entre deux raisonnemens contraires. Ainsi je touche à tous les systèmes sans arriver à aucune conviction, et, plongé dans ces ténèbres philosophiques et

* These are well known expressions of Kant's.

religieuses, après avoir tout étudié, tout approfondi, je m'arrête, effrayé de ne comprendre que mon néant!

"What light will guide us in this shadowy path?" (the search of truth.) "It is the great business of life, and it must be confessed that which seems to disturb us the least. It is sometimes discussed in colleges, but, having once entered into the world, we hasten to forget it. Lectures on philosophy are so managed that they do not teach us to philosophize, for their object is to make good scholars, and not good philosophers. For women it is still worse; no one dreams of developing their souls; and for 6000 years they have led the world, without the world thinking that in the exercise of such a power the truth is of any consequence to them. The researches we are now about to make will recompense them for this neglect; for them we shall trace a few pages of human wisdom; then, abandoning those arid paths which philosophers will plant with abstractions and syllogisms, we shall enter into a new road, where Nature herself shall serve as a guide,—where all is easy, all is beautiful,—where the soul, restless about its future state, finds the termination of its fears and uncertainties,—where wisdom is love, and truth produces ecstacy."

These are bold words on the part of our author, and we will endeavour, by selecting a few passages, to show how far he fulfils his great undertaking, again impressing on the mind of the reader that he speaks to another nation, where education varies from our own, inasmuch as we profess, at least, to give to both sexes a knowledge of God; where the great mass consists of Catholics, and where there are consequently wide differences in manners, customs, and feelings. We hope, however, that we do not err when we venture to assert that Protestants may also derive much profit from an attentive perusal of M. Aimé-Martin's pages.

The fallacy of metaphysical reasoning, taken as a whole, (however applicable we may find certain isolated passages,) is thus handled.

"How can it arrive at a single positive truth, when even existence is to it an insoluble problem? The bodies which surround me, the soul which receives the impressions of these bodies, are denied by metaphysicians, without my being able to refute the denial. For them there is neither matter nor mind,—not a perceptible being, nor a perceptible object: whether we see a city, a river, the sun, the firmament, the marvels of the earth or skies; or whether we see a man who sees all these things, there is not a single sensation within us which can prove their reality. 'Bodies do not exist,' says Berkeley. The soul, a spiritual substance, then remains. 'Spiritual substances do not exist,' says Hume. Then the sensations remain. 'What does feeling mean? Am I certain that I feel?' says M. de la Mennais, (a celebrated modern writer). Thus the highest efforts of the understanding lead us to the last degree of absurdity. Man cannot affirm anything about his own being; he can neither say I am, I feel, or I think. Show me after this what remains of creation. But astonishment is felt because these meta-

physics, which refuse to us the proofs of our own existence, cannot afford us proofs of the existence of a God. How can man prove that God is, by reasoning which cannot even prove to him that his own material body exists? Kant places on two parallel lines the metaphysical arguments for and against the existence of God; then he weighs them and shows their equality. Argument having decided nothing, doubt appears, and the truth remains unknown. Thus one of the noblest of human understandings has employed all the strength of abstract reasoning to establish that this abstract reasoning is powerless when seeking for principles. But, instead of complaining of such want of power, we ought to be thankful for it. What would become of truth, that truth which ought to be universal, if nature had placed her demonstration in reasoning which is unintelligible to three-fourths of the human race?"

We were about to say that the able chapter on the authority of learned theologians would probably apply more to Catholics than to Protestants; but we glanced around us, and we paused. The thronging of our countrywomen to the churches of their favourite preachers; their restlessness and discontent when forced by circumstances to attend any other; their enthusiastic and tender praise of these their holy men; the infallibility with which they clothe them; their blind submission to all they enjoin, in defiance of the authority of the most sacred ties of family and gratitude,—of that decorum which in all other cases they would cherish more dearly than their lives; that influence which they allow their confidential priest to possess, not only over their consciences, but over the most trifling occupation in their domestic arrangements; that sweeping clause of condemnation which they cast over all who presume to differ from the Reverend Mr. A. or Mr. B.—all this, we say, started before us; and we would fain ask them also to pause, and, looking at the number of popes which they thus create, ask themselves how nearly they approach to the errors of that great division of the Christian religion which they profess to abhor. But we must not write a religious discussion, when we are only called upon to give an account of a published work; and, affirming that we are most sensible to the well-directed efforts of zealous and benevolent clergymen,—that we have witnessed with tears the consolation, the soothing, which Holy Writ has imparted, when falling on the ears of the afflicted and the dying from their lips,—that we hail with joy the appearance of the true minister of God among his suffering or thoughtless congregation,—we conclude this passage in the words of Aimé-Martin himself: "No one more than ourselves respects the Holy Scriptures, but, at the same time, no one more fears the interpretations given to it by" (bigoted) "man."

The succeeding chapter is, perhaps, quite equal to that of which we have just spoken, and has for its subject the refutation

of the infallibility of the mass of opinion. We reluctantly pass over the chapters treating of the Unity of God—the influence of one single truth over the world—the attributes of the Divinity—the study of God in the soul of man, and in nature—the laws of creation—the sociability of the human race—physical and moral love—marriage—maternal affection—the propriety of keeping all things in their proper places—and the absence of all design to raise women beyond their own sphere of duty—till we come to the assertion that reaction is always in proportion to the action, on which our author says:

"The action does not always come upon us in a direct manner; sometimes it strikes the actor, sometimes those who surround him. These proofs of justice may appear to us to be slow and capricious; they overturn a throne when we only see a guilty populace; they destroy a nation when we see but the tyrant to be punished. Then come those exceptions which irritate us or strike us with terror. All this proceeds from the weakness of our own sight, and sometimes also from the greatness of our pride. We form our judgment according to the laws of human justice, and not according to those wide and profound views of universal justice which form the justice of God."

In closing this chapter, which is intended to prove that the natural bent of man is towards that which is excellent, we shall use the forcible words of the author.

" Vous venez de voir les astres se multiplier, comme les sables de la mer; montez, montez encore! Plongez avec Herschel dans ces abîmes de lumière et de feu! Le grand homme aspire à ce qu'il y a de plus beau; son âme pressent que toutes ces étoiles qui rayonnent dans l'espace doivent avoir leurs êtres animés, leurs êtres intelligens. Qu'est ce pour lui qu'un soleil qui ne ferait qu'éclairer? Dieu s'est donné partout des spectateurs. Plein de cette pensée, il observe l'astre dont la présence donne le jour, et bientôt il découvre que cet astre est une planète opaque, ténébreuse, assez semblable à la terre, et non un charbon ardent, que la lumière n'émane pas de son sein, mais qu'elle nage dans son atmosphère comme les nuées dans la nôtre; qu'elle s'y forme perpétuellement pour rayonner sur les mondes, et sans doute aussi sur le soleil lui-même, qu'elle éclaire, qu'elle féconde, et qu'elle aurait cent fois consumé, si, par des moyens qui nous sont inconnus, l'ardeur dévorante de ses feux ne se trouvait sans cesse adoucie. Et il en conclue que le phénomène de la vie se produit dans le soleil comme sur la terre, mais sous des formes et avec des conditions différentes. Ainsi, dépassant les profondes conceptions d'Huygens, qui, en peuplant les astres, n'avait osé peupler le soleil, le jeune Herschel s'élève d'un degré de plus vers le beau; il sent que l'intelligence est partout, parce que partout il reconnait un Dieu. Dès-lors tous les points lumineux du firmament s'animent par la prière et par l'amour; chaque planète, chaque étoile, chaque soleil, chaque voie lactée, est un autel qui flamboie et d'où s'élance l'hymne vainqueur du néant; et l'ensemble de ces planètes, de ces

étoiles, de ces soleils, de ces voies lactées, c'est le temple de la Divinité ; et les chœurs sublimes qui retentissent de monde en monde, c'est le culte éternel, incompréhensible, entendu de Dieu seul, au milieu de l'harmonie des astres, à travers l'espace et le temps."

With respect to the possible perfection of man, we cannot quite agree with M. Aimé-Martin, and many other learned and good men: that we may be, can be, and shall be, much better, we do not doubt,—nay, we even admit that we are better; but the experience of all ages, the contemplation of mankind only since the Christian era, make us fear that in this life our fallen nature can never reach perfection. In all times there have been examples of brilliant virtue, but that virtue has at best been human, and is mingled with weaknesses which depend on the material structure with which God has enveloped our souls.

The chapters on death, and the application of the laws of nature to those of man, are, perhaps, not so powerful as many others; but in the latter we could not help being struck with some of the remarks on the ancient writers, for they proved to us that in all times fanaticism has made use of similar means. Those writings of St. Jerome, which are especially addressed to the novices in convents, are but the first edition of certain books, which are now put into the hands of young women, in order to warn them against sins and inclinations of which we feel sure that nine-tenths of our females would remain in ignorance were it not for these warnings. The only difference lies in the words, and in the much more pernicious excess of the second edition.

In treating of our hopes for the future, M. Aimé-Martin thus writes:

"Before the Gospel there was but little hope for humanity; since then, all else has been reduced to nothing. Reckon the followers of each religion: give 147 millions of souls to Confucius, to Sinto, to Magism and to Fetichism; 170 millions to Bouddha and his five apostles; 60 to Brama, and 96 to Mahomet. Amid this censorship of mankind Jesus Christ is found to possess 270 millions of disciples. Whatever may be their communion, Greek or Roman Catholicism, Lutheranism or Calvinism, the Gospel has but one object—the enfranchisement of all nations; but one future—the triumph of virtue and humanity."

Having thus prepared the reader for his ultimate object, M. Aimé-Martin, in his fourth and last book, proceeds to the religion of a mother of a family, and he thus commences.

"I am now about to treat of religion in presence of its three greatest enemies—incredulity, indifference, and fanaticism—taking reason for my guide, and only seeking the truth, a difficult task, which I am anxious to fulfil without wounding the conscience of any one. For this purpose, I declare that my object is not to change the modes of worship, or to overturn dogmatical rules. Over every one of the special and changeable

tenets of each sect reigns an immutable religion, which enfolds them all, as the sky surrounds the earth. My object is to borrow from that religion, which is summed up in the Gospel, those eternal principles which agree with all creeds; to introduce them gently by means of female influence, and thus gradually to advance towards the triumph of Christianity, or, in other words, the civilization of the world. . . . The more sublime the religion that is given to our mothers, the more vivid will be our own impressions: to neglect to instruct our teachers would be to renounce our own instruction. May proper thoughts of God descend upon us at the sound of our mothers' voices,—may these thoughts penetrate into our souls,—may their light surround us,—may they be the joy of our childhood, the science of our heart, the life of our soul, and our support at that period when the last beams of innocence tremble before, and cede to, the passions!"

While speaking of the religion of the human race, our auth further says:

"Before His coming (and I intentionally dwell upon this thought) political institutions alone traced the duties of the citizen; morality depended on religious worship only as far as its material interests were concerned; nothing united man to God; he was virtuous for the sake of his country,—the Gospel teaches us to be virtuous for the sake of humanity and of heaven. In thus combining morality and religion, the love of God and man, Jesus at once showed the insufficiency of the religion of philosophers, which preached morality without religion, and the fatality of that religion without morality, which belonged to the Pagans."

In a comparison of the Christianity of other times and that of the present day with the true doctrines of the Gospel, we find the following beautiful passage:

"How has such love for mankind been changed into persecution and damnation? How has the God who came to seek the stray sheep, the God who calls all men to him, become the God of anathemas and exclusion? If these doctrines are the work of Jesus Christ, we must reject them as entirely pernicious; if they are the work of man, our faith must be purified. The fault lies in our recognizing the man in our religion, when we ought only to recognize God. . . . . It is the general spirit of the book which must be taken; some sentences, some pages, scattered here and there, may favour violence; but if the whole book condemns it, how can we justify it? Two books verify each other—the book of the Apostles and the book of nature. I study them, I reflect upon them, and I compare them. In this magnificent examination the book of nature interprets the Gospel, and the Gospel teaches me to read the book of nature. In each I discover the same laws,—in each I recognize the same hand,—and when they cease to agree, I pause and I doubt."

Passing over the chapters treating of celibacy, sanctity, the Romish priest, hope and faith, and the true Gospel priest, we shall only further cite the concluding address.

"Oh women! if you could only see one of the miracles promised to

maternal influence, with what noble pride would you enter upon that career which has so generously opened future ages to your endeavours! That which it is not in the power of any monarch or any nation to accomplish, it is given to your will to execute. You alone can unite the scattered flock, and give it one common impulse. That which I have not been able to trace on this cold paper, you can engrave on the hearts of a whole people. I offer to you a feeble image of the truth, and you can bequeath the truth itself to the whole world. When, in our public walks and gardens, I see on all sides the noisy crowds of children, diverting themselves with the sports suitable to their age, my heart trembles with joy at the thought that they yet belong to you. Let each devote herself to the happiness of her own children, for in each individual happiness God has placed the promise of general happiness. Young girls, young wives, tender mothers, it lies in you, much more than it lies in the laws of a legislature, to confirm the future destiny of Europe and the destiny of mankind!"

Art. III.—1. *Le Roman du Renart, publié d'après les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi des XIII^e^, XIV^e^, et XV^e^ Siècles.* Par M. D. M. Meon. 8vo. Paris. 1826. 4 tomes.

2. *Le Roman du Renart, Supplément variantes et corrections. Publié d'après les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi et de la Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal.* Par P. Chabaille. 8vo. Paris. 1835.

3. *Reinardus Vulpes. Carmen Epicum seculis IX. et XII. conscriptum. Ad fidem Codd. MSS. edidit et adnotationibus illustravit* Franciscus Josephus Mone. *Reinhart Fuchs aus dem neunten und zwölften Jahrhundert. Herausgegeben und erläutert* von F. J. Mone. 8vo. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1832.

4. *Reinard Fuchs.* Von Jacob Grimm. 8vo. Berlin. 1834.

Twice already has the *world-renowned* Reynard the Fox figured in the pages of the Foreign Quarterly Review;* and we certainly should have denied him the honour of a third and last appearance, had he not come recommended to us by introductions from such accomplished scholars as Mone and Jacob Grimm. But could we, who have already admitted his universal popularity in one or other of his protean shapes, refuse to notice the hitherto inedited Latin poem, "Reinardus Vulpes," which its learned editor unhesitatingly pronounces to be the arch-type and prefigu-

* Vol. VIII. p. 215 and p. 381.

ration of all those "Famous Histories and right merry Adventures" in which the crafty courtier of the king of beasts plays a part? Could we refuse to notice a volume in which Jacob Grimm communicates to the world of letters the results of his investigation into the history of Master Reynard? Certainly not. We have therefore determined to call the attention of our readers once more to the subject, and to include in our notice Meon's edition of the "Roman du Renard," and the indispensable supplement to that edition, lately published by M. Chabaille; because our doing so will enable us to exhibit a tolerably complete sketch of the literary history of this very popular and widely circulated cycle of romance.

As an introduction to this sketch, we must however beg leave to say a few words, touching the nature and spirit which pervade those numerous stories in which Reynard figures as the hero. Tom Hearne, whose judgment cannot be pronounced, like his industry, unquestionable, said, when speaking of the English version of this romance, "It is an admirable thing;" and so far Tom was right. But when he follows up this assertion with another, viz. "and the design, being political and to represent a wise government, was equally good,"—poor Tom, with all deference be it spoken, was confoundedly mistaken. The design is not a political one, neither is it, as others have erroneously characterized it, satirical. Jacob Grimm, in the very first chapter of his introductory Essay, enters into a discussion upon this point, and shows very clearly the impossibility of the popular stories, in which animals are the actors, being in their nature satirical. We regret that we are precluded by its length from extracting this chapter, in which the learned author displays a critical acumen that can only be excelled by the indefatigable research manifested in the succeeding pages of his work.

The stories in question had in fact their origin in times far different from this *rail-road* age; in times when men were in daily contact with the world of animals, either in tending their peaceful flocks, chasing the wild deer, or hunting down the beasts of the forest. The peculiarities of the different animals were brought by one or other of these causes constantly before their eyes, were constantly becoming the subject of their speculation; and the consideration, that, in many respects, the living creatures which they saw around them resembled the human race, that, in some, as in sharpness of sight, quickness of hearing, and fineness of smelling, they far excelled them, gave rise to numerous suppositions as to the relationship which they bore to man; and these form the foundation of all those fables in which animals enact

their parts. Concerning the two great requisites for the construction of these fables, Grimm speaks as follows:

"In the first place, the fable must exhibit the animals as being endowed with human reason, and initiated into all the customs and conditions of our mode of living, so that their behaviour has nothing at all odd in it. The murdered hen is carried on a bier, with cries of murder, before the king, who orders the service of the dead to be performed and an epitaph to be placed over her. The men of the fable do not hesitate to recognize the tonsure of the wolf, who speaks their language, when he prays to be received into the monastery. The peasant enters into a formal contract with the fox on the subject of his poultry, and in his trial with the animal recognizes the lion as the common judge between them. But then, on the other hand, the peculiarities of the nature of the several animals must be brought into play and made of good effect. Thus, the cock sings standing upon one leg, and shutting his eyes—a characteristic trait, entirely copied from nature. So, in his battle with the wolf, does the fox avail himself of all his natural cunning. In like manner, the cat's deeply-impressed propensity for mice, the bear's fondness for honey, are necessary *levers* of the fable, from which the most taking situations arise. Without this uniting into one of two in reality opposing elements, the animal fable (*Thierfabel*) cannot exist. Whosoever would invent stories in which the animals merely comported themselves like men, but were occasionally gifted with the names and forms of animals, would fail as completely in catching the spirit of the fable, as he who should attempt to exhibit the animals with all the truth of nature, without human address and without the aimed-at action of men. If the animals of the fable be without any smack of humanity, the fable becomes absurd; if they are without traces of their animal nature, it becomes wearisome."

Thus much of the nature of these fables. As we have already observed, Grimm denies that there exists in them any tendency to satire. He doubts moreover, and with good show of reason, whether their object was didactic. "Fable," says he, "is now entirely instructive, yet I believe its first beginning not to have been instruction." But we must leave his speculations upon this point, and his shrewd criticism upon the claims of La Fontaine and Lessing to be considered as successful fabulists, and commence our view of the rise and progress of the far-famed adventures of Reynard the Fox.

Initiamus ab initio is a good rule, and, though we cannot point out the precise moment when the events recorded by the historians of Reynard are supposed to have happened, we shall not greatly err, if we ascribe them to that interesting period spoken of by the venerable chronicler of St. Denis, as "ce tans que les bestes parloient,"—an epoch likewise referred to by the sagacious Bertoldo as one "quando le bestie parlavano." What was the

language thus spoken by animals in the olden time, is a matter hard to decide, but we may fairly presume that it was one of the learned languages, since we have competent authority for asserting that Latin was formerly employed by birds:

"Li oisiax dist en son Latin,"

says Li Lais de l'Oiselet.

But though the question as to when Reynard flourished is involved in this obscurity, the labours of modern antiquaries have thrown considerable light upon the next question, namely, when was his name chosen, like that of the great Gustavus,

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

Grimm produces a host of witnesses to show how widely spread and how favourably received was Reynard's History in the days gone by. Gautier de Coinsi, one of the best poets of his age, who, as a pious ecclesiastic, held in slight estimation all the profane materials of poetry, maintains, when speaking of his "*Miracles de la Vierge*," which were completed in 1233, that

"Plus delitous sont si fait conte
As bones gens, par saint Omer,
Que de *Renart*, ne de *Roumer*,
Ne de *Tardiu* le limeçon;"

and further observes that even churchmen were more desirous of having representations from this fable in their chambers, than images of the saints in their churches:

"En leur moustiers ne font pas faire
Sitost limage Notre Dame
Com font *Isangrin* et sa *fame*
En leur chambres ou il reponent."

Another proof of the early popularity of this story may be found in Saint Foix's "Essais Historiques sur Paris," where we are told that Philip le Bel, probably to mortify the Pope (Boniface VIII., who died 1303), with whom he was on bad terms, caused the "Procession Renart" to be solemnly represented, in which a mummer, clothed in the skin of a fox, over which he wore a priest's robes, performed mass, and then ran after and devoured the poultry; and it is probable that such exhibitions were frequent.

The Provençals, as far as we at present know, never selected Reynard for the hero of any poems. Nevertheless, it is obvious that, from their intercourse with the Normans and their acquaintance with the literature of their rivals, they soon became familiar with his exploits; and the consequence is, that amongst the lyrical compositions of the Troubadours we find allusions to this story older than any poem by a Trouveur now extant on the sub-

ject; older than the lost Norman-French poems of this cyclus, however, they cannot be.

For instance, our own monarch, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in a Sirvente which must have been written between 1169 and 1199, has an allusion to this story—

"E vos juoastes ot moi,
E men portastes tiel foi
Com *Naengris a Reinaert.*"

Gavaudan, who wrote about 1195, Peire de Bussinac, who according to Raynouard flourished before the end of the twelfth century, and many other celebrated writers among the Provençals, likewise allude to it.

In Spain and Italy the history of Reynard seems however to have been but little known; while, on the other hand, the story is shown to have been highly popular in Flanders at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Subsequently to 1229, but before 1250, a canon of Liege (whose work forms properly the third book of the "Vita S. Odiliæ Leodiensis," printed in the second volume of Chapeaville) when relating the victory of his countrymen over Duke Henry of Brabant, says, "*Dux autem, (Brabantinus) suorum videns interitum, fugit ad ipsum comitem (Ferrandum, Flandrensem), quærens inducias et veniam de commisso. Super cujus palliata hypocrisi Flandrenses indignati proceres, 'Eya', inquiunt, 'Rainardus factus est monachus.'*"

Shortly before this, in 1204 and 1206, occurred another event recorded in the history of Flanders, which shows how widely spread was Reynard's reputation at that time. Mathilda, the widowed countess, was at open war with a party of her subjects. The adherents of Mathilda assumed the name of Isangriner (*Isangrini*); those who were opposed to them being designated Blaufusser (*Blavotini*). Such is the statement of a contemporary, Ricordus, in his history De Gestis Philippi Augusti (Duchesne, v. 54), and his testimony is confirmed by Guilermus Brito, and the later evidence of Philip Mouskes (from 1274 to 1282 bishop of Tournai), who, in his partly printed Rhyming Chronicle, says

"Et grant douaire tint vers Ipre
En cele tiere des *Isengrins*,
Qui haoient les *Blavotins*."

Jacob Meyer, in his Chronicon Flandriæ, mentions the circumstance, and explains the allusion to the wolf in the name of the Isangriner, but is unable to do the same for that of the Blavoter. Grimm, however, and the circumstance of its being the name of the opposite faction calls for some such explanation, assumes that the epithet is connected with the history of the fox, who, as

he shows very clearly, was sometimes designated by the coaxing name of Blaufuss (Bluefoot) and Schwarzfuss (Blackfoot).

But the earliest testimony to the existence of popular stories in which the fox and the wolf exhibit those peculiar traits by which they are characterized in the Reynardine fables, is that which is afforded by the Abbot Guibert de Nogent in his Autobiography, and which proves them to have been as familiar to the natives of Picardy at the commencement of the twelfth century as the passages we have quoted above prove them to have been to the Flemings a century later. Guibert, or Wibert, a native of Beauvais, was elected Abbot of the Monastery of Nogent, near Coucy, in 1104, and died in 1124. He wrote three books, De Vita Sua, which were published among his collected works at Paris, by Lucas d'Achery, in 1651; and in book 3, cap. 8, p. 507, he relates the murder, in 1112, of Gualdricus, or Waldricus, Bishop of Laon, in Picardy, who had made himself hated by his crimes and offences. The insurgents sought everywhere for the bishop, who had concealed himself at their approach; at last they examined the cellar, "cum itaque per singula eum vasa disquirerent, iste (Teudegaldus, the chief of the murderers) pro fronte tonnulæ illius in qua latebat homo, substitit, et retuso obice sciscibatur ingeminando 'Quis esset?' Cumque vix eo fustigante gelida jam ora movisset, 'Captivus' inquit.—Solebat autem episcopus eum *Isengrimum* irridendo vocare, propter lupinam scilicet speciem: *sic enim aliqui solent appellare lupos.* Ait ergo scelestus ad præsulem, 'Hiccine est *dominus Isengrimus* repositus?' Renulfus igitur, quamvis peccator, christus (i. e. unctus) tamen Domini, de vasculo capillis detrahitur." In this remarkable passage, obscure as it is towards the conclusion, in which we should probably read *Renardus* instead of Renulfus, we see that in 1112 this fable was so well known that the name of Isengrim was satirically applied to a wild-looking man, and moreover that every one of the common people understood the allusion. From which we may reasonably infer that in the North of France this characteristic fable was then one generation older at least; that it might, in short, date its rise from the middle of the eleventh century.

We have thus historical testimony to the fact of the story being current at the commencement of the twelfth century. The names of the chief actors afford philological evidence of its existence in still earlier times. We will not follow Grimm through the eight-and-twenty pages occupied by his chapter upon the *Thiernamen* (names of the animals); but as we have long felt that the very name of the fox in the French romances upon the subject served to prove, not only that those romances were not of

their parts. Concerning the two great requisites for the construction of these fables, Grimm speaks as follows:

"In the first place, the fable must exhibit the animals as being endowed with human reason, and initiated into all the customs and conditions of our mode of living, so that their behaviour has nothing at all odd in it. The murdered hen is carried on a bier, with cries of murder, before the king, who orders the service of the dead to be performed and an epitaph to be placed over her. The men of the fable do not hesitate to recognize the tonsure of the wolf, who speaks their language, when he prays to be received into the monastery. The peasant enters into a formal contract with the fox on the subject of his poultry, and in his trial with the animal recognizes the lion as the common judge between them. But then, on the other hand, the peculiarities of the nature of the several animals must be brought into play and made of good effect. Thus, the cock sings standing upon one leg, and shutting his eyes—a characteristic trait, entirely copied from nature. So, in his battle with the wolf, does the fox avail himself of all his natural cunning. In like manner, the cat's deeply-impressed propensity for mice, the bear's fondness for honey, are necessary *levers* of the fable, from which the most taking situations arise. Without this uniting into one of two in reality opposing elements, the animal fable (*Thierfabel*) cannot exist. Whosoever would invent stories in which the animals merely comported themselves like men, but were occasionally gifted with the names and forms of animals, would fail as completely in catching the spirit of the fable, as he who should attempt to exhibit the animals with all the truth of nature, without human address and without the aimed-at action of men. If the animals of the fable be without any smack of humanity, the fable becomes absurd; if they are without traces of their animal nature, it becomes wearisome."

Thus much of the nature of these fables. As we have already observed, Grimm denies that there exists in them any tendency to satire. He doubts moreover, and with good show of reason, whether their object was didactic. "Fable," says he, "is now entirely instructive, yet I believe its first beginning not to have been instruction." But we must leave his speculations upon this point, and his shrewd criticism upon the claims of La Fontaine and Lessing to be considered as successful fabulists, and commence our view of the rise and progress of the far-famed adventures of Reynard the Fox.

Initiamus ab initio is a good rule, and, though we cannot point out the precise moment when the events recorded by the historians of Reynard are supposed to have happened, we shall not greatly err, if we ascribe them to that interesting period spoken of by the venerable chronicler of St. Denis, as "ce tans que les bestes parloient,"—an epoch likewise referred to by the sagacious Bertoldo as one "quando le bestie parlavano." What was the

language thus spoken by animals in the olden time, is a matter hard to decide, but we may fairly presume that it was one of the learned languages, since we have competent authority for asserting that Latin was formerly employed by birds:

"Li oisiax dist en son Latin,"

says Li Lais de l'Oiselet.

But though the question as to when Reynard flourished is involved in this obscurity, the labours of modern antiquaries have thrown considerable light upon the next question, namely, when was his name chosen, like that of the great Gustavus,

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

Grimm produces a host of witnesses to show how widely spread and how favourably received was Reynard's History in the days gone by. Gautier de Coinsi, one of the best poets of his age, who, as a pious ecclesiastic, held in slight estimation all the profane materials of poetry, maintains, when speaking of his "*Miracles de la Vierge*," which were completed in 1233, that

"Plus delitous sont si fait conte
As bones gens, par saint Omer,
Que de *Renart*, ne de *Roumer*,
Ne de *Tardiu* le limeçon;"

and further observes that even churchmen were more desirous of having representations from this fable in their chambers, than images of the saints in their churches:

"En leur moustiers ne font pas faire
Sitost limage Notre Dame
Com font *Isangrin* et sa *fame*
En leur chambres ou il reponent."

Another proof of the early popularity of this story may be found in Saint Foix's "Essais Historiques sur Paris," where we are told that Philip le Bel, probably to mortify the Pope (Boniface VIII., who died 1303), with whom he was on bad terms, caused the "Procession Renart" to be solemnly represented, in which a mummer, clothed in the skin of a fox, over which he wore a priest's robes, performed mass, and then ran after and devoured the poultry; and it is probable that such exhibitions were frequent.

The Provençals, as far as we at present know, never selected Reynard for the hero of any poems. Nevertheless, it is obvious that, from their intercourse with the Normans and their acquaintance with the literature of their rivals, they soon became familiar with his exploits; and the consequence is, that amongst the lyrical compositions of the Troubadours we find allusions to this story older than any poem by a Trouveur now extant on the sub-

ject; older than the lost Norman-French poems of this cyclus, however, they cannot be.

For instance, our own monarch, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in a Sirvente which must have been written between 1169 and 1199, has an allusion to this story—

"E vos juoastes ot moi,
E men portastes tiel foi
Com *Naengris a Reinaert.*"

Gavaudan, who wrote about 1195, Peire de Bussinac, who according to Raynouard flourished before the end of the twelfth century, and many other celebrated writers among the Provençals, likewise allude to it.

In Spain and Italy the history of Reynard seems however to have been but little known; while, on the other hand, the story is shown to have been highly popular in Flanders at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Subsequently to 1229, but before 1250, a canon of Liege (whose work forms properly the third book of the "Vita S. Odiliæ Leodiensis," printed in the second volume of Chapeaville) when relating the victory of his countrymen over Duke Henry of Brabant, says, "*Dux autem, (Brabantinus) suorum videns interitum, fugit ad ipsum comitem (Ferrandum, Flandrensem), quærens inducias et veniam de commisso. Super cujus patliata hypocrisi Flandrenses indignati proceres, 'Eya', inquiunt, 'Rainardus factus est monachus.'*"

Shortly before this, in 1204 and 1206, occurred another event recorded in the history of Flanders, which shows how widely spread was Reynard's reputation at that time. Mathilda, the widowed countess, was at open war with a party of her subjects. The adherents of Mathilda assumed the name of Isangriner (*Isangrini*); those who were opposed to them being designated Blaufusser (*Blavotini*). Such is the statement of a contemporary, Ricordus, in his history De Gestis Philippi Augusti (Duchesne, v. 54), and his testimony is confirmed by Guilermus Brito, and the later evidence of Philip Mouskes (from 1274 to 1282 bishop of Tournai), who, in his partly printed Rhyming Chronicle, says

"Et grant douaire tint vers Ipre
En cele tiere des *Isengrins*,
Qui haoient les *Blavotins*."

Jacob Meyer, in his Chronicon Flandriæ, mentions the circumstance, and explains the allusion to the wolf in the name of the Isangriner, but is unable to do the same for that of the Blavoter. Grimm, however, and the circumstance of its being the name of the opposite faction calls for some such explanation, assumes that the epithet is connected with the history of the fox, who, as

he shows very clearly, was sometimes designated by the coaxing name of Blaufuss (Bluefoot) and Schwarzfuss (Blackfoot).

But the earliest testimony to the existence of popular stories in which the fox and the wolf exhibit those peculiar traits by which they are characterized in the Reynardine fables, is that which is afforded by the Abbot Guibert de Nogent in his Autobiography, and which proves them to have been as familiar to the natives of Picardy at the commencement of the twelfth century as the passages we have quoted above prove them to have been to the Flemings a century later. Guibert, or Wibert, a native of Beauvais, was elected Abbot of the Monastery of Nogent, near Coucy, in 1104, and died in 1124. He wrote three books, De Vita Sua, which were published among his collected works at Paris, by Lucas d'Achery, in 1651; and in book 3, cap. 8, p. 507, he relates the murder, in 1112, of Gualdricus, or Waldricus, Bishop of Laon, in Picardy, who had made himself hated by his crimes and offences. The insurgents sought everywhere for the bishop, who had concealed himself at their approach; at last they examined the cellar, "cum itaque per singula eum vasa disquirerent, iste (Teudegaldus, the chief of the murderers) pro fronte tonnulæ illius in qua latebat homo, substitit, et retuso obice sciscibatur ingeminando 'Quis esset?' Cumque vix eo fustigante gelida jam ora movisset, 'Captivus' inquit.—Solebat autem episcopus eum *Isengrimum* irridendo vocare, propter lupinam scilicet speciem: *sic enim aliqui solent appellare lupos.* Ait ergo scelestus ad præsulem, 'Hiccine est *dominus Isengrinus* repositus?' Renulfus igitur, quamvis peccator, christus (i. e. unctus) tamen Domini, de vasculo capillis detrahitur." In this remarkable passage, obscure as it is towards the conclusion, in which we should probably read *Renardus* instead of Renulfus, we see that in 1112 this fable was so well known that the name of Isengrim was satirically applied to a wild-looking man, and moreover that every one of the common people understood the allusion. From which we may reasonably infer that in the North of France this characteristic fable was then one generation older at least; that it might, in short, date its rise from the middle of the eleventh century.

We have thus historical testimony to the fact of the story being current at the commencement of the twelfth century. The names of the chief actors afford philological evidence of its existence in still earlier times. We will not follow Grimm through the eight-and-twenty pages occupied by his chapter upon the *Thiernamen* (names of the animals); but as we have long felt that the very name of the fox in the French romances upon the subject served to prove, not only that those romances were not of

French *origin*, (for had they been so the old French appellative of the fox *Goupil*, and not the Teutonic Renard, would have obtained, as the name of the hero,) but that the German writers had reason on their side when they claimed the credit of this favourite narrative for their countrymen; we shall content ourselves with extracting one passage, important for the etymological grounds which it affords for supposing that stories of the Fox and Wolf were known to the Franks as early as the 4th, 5th, and 6th centuries. After showing that the names applied to the several animals, far from being vague and unmeaning, were originally strictly significant, Grimm proceeds to specify the several classes into which these epithets were capable of being divided, and then to make those observations on the name of the fox, which form the passage to which we have alluded.

"*Renart*, *Reinhart*, in its earlier form *Reginhart*, still earlier *Raginohard*, *Ragnohard*, is a proper name of frequent occurrence in documents of the 7th, 8th, and 9th centuries, the meaning of which has long ceased to be thoroughly understood. Smaragd, a Benedictine monk of Lorraine, who, about 816, or still earlier, completed a Donatus which has never been printed, explains *Reinhart* by 'nitidum consilium,' erroneously taking *rain* for *hreini*, (purus, nitidus). But how did he come by 'consilium,' which can in no wise exist in *hart*; is it through transposition in *rât*? has he confounded with it the somewhere acquired proper meaning of the first word? it appears so, for *ragin*, regin, is without doubt 'consilium' in the Gothic language throughout. (Philem. 14, *ragineis*, consiliarius senator. Mark 15, 43. Rom. 11, 34.) In the later dialects the word began to disappear and to exist only in combination. Probably the Frankish has preserved it longer, for the well known *raginboron* were —the before the tribunal giving counsel, the advising, the deciding; Anglo-Saxon *rædboran*, Frisian *réd-jewa* (Rechts Alterthümer, 774, 787); the writing of the Lex Sal. *racin*, *rachin* (and before h, *rachim*) is of no consequence, because, for example, *lacina* is written there for *lagina*. Thus *Raginhard is expert in counsel, adviser*, and we have before seen that, throughout all these fables, the fox was actually the adviser. Moreover the French poem seems to exhibit a knowledge of this fact, probably from following closely its *in*comprehended original source:

'Si ai maint *bon conseil* doné,
Par mon droit non ai non Renart,'—l. 15876.

"'I have much good counsel given, by my right name I am called Reinhart.' From this it is clear that the name of Reinhart in these fables was a characteristic one, and that it was originally applied to the fox on that account. It is therefore not to be wondered that a so deeply contrived name of an animal became firmly rooted in the Frankish tongue, that it could even supplant the French appellative goupil, and from *Renart* at last become *renard*. But what appears more important, the first application, or finding of the name, must be traced up to a period at which the sense of the word *ragin* was generally perceptible, conse-

quently our fables (*Thierfabel*) go back far beyond the twelfth century. I venture to maintain that this name alone justifies the supposition—that the Fables of the Fox and the Wolf were known to the Franks in the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries, when they used the yet unalloyed German tongue, dulled by no influx of the Gaulish language—that they took the fables with them from Germany across the Rhine."—*Introduction*, pp. ccxl—ccxlii.

The next question for our examination is the locality in which the Renardine fables now possessed by us took their rise. This will not take us long, for the ground on which they sprung is not widely spread, nor indeed should we have alluded at this place to their local origin, but that we were anxious to call attention to the extraordinary fact, that this peculiar cycle of popular poetry should have acquired its popular and long enduring form, in those very regions in which that branch of the painter's art which may be pronounced of a cognate nature with the works under consideration—we mean, of course, cattle and landscape painting—has been cultivated with fond perseverance and pre-eminent success. For it is in Flanders, and the countries immediately adjoining to it—the north of France and the western parts of Germany—that these poems have flourished most luxuriantly, as we shall take the opportunity of showing when we bring these various compositions under the notice of our readers.

Before commencing this division of our labours, we have a few preliminary remarks to make on the fact of the lion, a stranger, in our days at least, to the forests of the European continent, appearing in these histories as the acknowledged king of beasts. We had thought of noticing the peculiar fitness of the fox and the wolf, formerly the most populous denizens of our coverts, for the parts which they are called upon to perform. We pass this by, however, that we may examine the probable cause of the lion's being invested with regal authority. This circumstance would seem, at once, to contradict the German, or indeed European origin of the fable. But, setting aside our knowledge that lions were formerly brought into Europe from their native wilds, to be exhibited as important features in royal and princely pageants—that proof of their being indigenous to Europe might be adduced from those poets who tell us that Sigfrid was wont to hunt lions in the Burgundian forests—both which circumstances might be considered sufficiently explanatory of the motives which induced the writers of these fables to invest the lion with sovereignty over all the other animals who figure in these narratives; another and more satisfactory explanation is afforded by the fact, that there is good reason for believing, that the lion has, in comparatively modern times, usurped the crown

which the bear originally possessed, both *de jure* and *de facto*. The bear is, indeed, the strongest and the largest of all our indigenous animals—the true king of our European forests; and Grimm, after showing that, in the old German language, the roaring of the lion and the growling of the bear were both expressed by one and the same word, viz. *bremin*,—and further (which is very remarkable with regard to this point) that in the old Norse tongue, the highest authority was expressed by *bersa leyfi* (licentia ursi), adduces satisfactory evidence, the particulars of which we shall not attempt to follow, that in Germany, in the tenth century, and earlier, the kingly authority over the beasts of the forests was considered to belong, not to the lion, but to the bear; who, in the works now handed down to us, is still exhibited as second only to the lion in power and influence; and the bear is, in fact, next to the fox and the wolf, the most important personage in these oft-told tales.

But it is time that we proceed from these introductory and general observations to a more particular examination of the several literary productions, to which the popularity of Reynard's history has given rise. The oldest of these is a Latin poem, now printed for the first time by Grimm, from a manuscript of the fourteenth century, preserved at Berlin. "Isengrimus," as this poem is designated, contains 688 verses, and, though of considerably less extent than the Latin poem published by Mone, it is not only obviously of greater antiquity, but surpasses it in the power of description which it displays. It comprises, however, only two stories—the first is, "The Sickness of the Lion;" and the second, which is very skilfully combined with it, relates "The Pilgrimage of the Goat." It commences as follows:

> "It whilom chanced so sick the lion lay,
> He could nor sleep by night, nor feed by day;
> A die, of life or death, the fate did bear,
> And hope fast faded 'fore increasing fear;
> The season too, his ills to increase strove,
> For Phœbus then through fiery Cancer drove."*

He had been removed, for the sake of coolness, to the shady coverts of the wood, and ordered a general court, proclaimed a solemn peace, and summoned before him all the beasts of the forest, that he might secure their allegiance to his wife and

---

* "Contigit arreptum forti languore leonem,
Nil dormire, nichil sumere posse cibi.
Alea judicium vite mortisque trahebat,
Et spe liberior ceperat esse metus;
Quin morbi rabiem sors tempestatis alebat,
Cum traheret Cancri Phebus in arce rotam." v. 1—6.

children, and during his lifetime nominate his successor. Reynard is the only one who absents himself: he waits for a special summons. Isengrim, the wolf, his inveterate enemy, who is greatly rejoiced at this, thrusts himself ostentatiously forward, and, having attracted the attention of the lion, slanders the fox, and tells the royal invalid that it would much conduce to his recovery to eat the livers of the ram and of the goat, and, when convalescent, their flesh. But the manner in which this is told deserves an extract:

" Even the lion smiled, as thus he said,
(While his harsh voice filled every beast with dread)
'Good Isengrim, near me a seat secure,
I think thou wouldst relate what would me cure.
If so, out with it!' Straight the wolf obeys,
Sits, slightly hems, his pulse then feels, and says
'Fear not, great king. Sound health will soon be thine,
To pay each traitor off in his own coin.'"*

But to proceed: Joseph, the ram, and Berfridus, the goat, who had listened with great indignation to the suggestions of the wolf, give him such hints with the points of their horns, as are not to be mistaken, that he must leave the throne, and take his place among the cats, for that his knowledge of medicine was nothing worth:

" 'Scis nichil, Isengrime: fuge hinc,' ait omnis, 'abito.'"

Gusthero, the hare, is then despatched with a summons to the fox, who is called upon to display his skill in leech-craft; he is, however desired by Reynard, to return forthwith to court, and say he could not find him. He accordingly does so, and is, after a while followed by Reynard, who appears laden with a quantity of healing herbs, which he had previously collected, and a number of old worn out shoes. The lion making no reply to his thrice proffered salutation,

" 'Pulcra,' ait, 'hic merces pro pietate datur;'"

and then, in answer to the questions of his sovereign, he explains that, upon the announcement of the lion's illness, instead of merely presenting himself at court, as all the other nobles of the land had done, he had taken a wearisome journey to Salerno, to find

---

* " Ipse parum ridet Leo, sicque profatur: eratque
Vocis ad horrorem concio tota tremens.
'Ysengrime comes, prope me sessurus adisti:
Credo, referre paras quod michi prestet opem.
Exere si quid habes.' Propius sedet ille, parumque
Tussit, et ut veniam palpitat, inquit ita.
'Pone metum, rex, pone. Vales, virtute reversa:
Redde suam fidei perfidieque vicem.'" v. 49—56.

an effectual remedy for his disease, and in doing so had worn out an incredible number of shoes—producing these in proof of the accuracy of his statement. He then goes on to explain, that only one thing further is required to ensure his sovereign's recovery, which is that, when he takes the medicine, he must promote copious perspiration by enveloping himself in the thick and grey hide of a wolf three years and a half old, and suggests that Isengrim may lend his for that purpose, and, when the cure is effected, it can be returned to him. Isengrim, upon hearing this, seeks to effect his escape, but, being prevented from doing so, pleads that he is an old wolf, and not a young one. Reynard does not admit this excuse, but proves, from his being just two years and a half old when a certain event took place in the goat's house a twelvemonth before—that he is just of the right age. The ass, the goat, and the ram are called, and confirm the truth of Reynard's statement, who however decides at last that any wolf's skin, be it young or old, will answer the purpose. The lion accordingly commands the bear to flay the wolf, which he does, helping him off with his tunic after the French fashion;—

"Ut tunicam France deposuisse queas"—

but leaving the shaggy covering on his head and paws.

This circumstance, as well as the redness of his bleeding limbs, gives rise to many bitter jests; such as taunting his disloyalty in not always wearing his gay red dress at court, instead of the old grey wolf skin which he was accustomed to appear in; and when the poor beast stretches forth his paws, and bows his head that his implacable antagonist may tear away the skin from them, Reynard upbraids him, that it became a suppliant to appear bareheaded and with naked hands, and not with his head covered and with gloves, as if he were insolently going to challenge his sovereign to a combat. At length the wolf is allowed to escape, with the understanding that his skin will be taken care of for him until he thinks proper to reclaim it. The lion then takes the medicine prescribed by the fox, and ensconces himself in the wolf's hide—

"A copious sweat the fever straight subdued:
He woke refreshed, nay more, he asked for food;
Then better slept, and ate, until at length
His former health returned in all its strength."*

* "Jamque fluunt febres largo sudore solute:
Evigilans surgit, poscit et ipse cibum;
Tunc, melius melliusque valens, dormivit et edit,
Dum rediit pleno robore prisca salus."—l. 511—514.

Rich gifts marked the obligation which the lion felt under to his physician.

"The king an honour to the fox ordained,
Which 'fore or since no other beast obtained,
Fearless to cross the marks his tail did leave,
The bear and boar no grant like this receive."*

During the king's progress towards convalescence he is entertained by the fox in relating to him the particulars of that adventure of the wolf, to which he had before alluded; these are as follows:

Bertiliana, the she-goat, went forth upon a pilgrimage. At first she was alone, but was afterwards joined by seven companions, to each of whom some peculiar duty was allotted. Reardus the stag, Joseph the ram, and Berfrid the goat, being furnished with horns, formed the van-guard. Reynard is the quarter-master; the ass is the janitor, and carrier of the baggage; Gerardus the goose keeps watch at night, and Sprotinus the cock is the time-keeper. An old wolf, who was lurking close by, had overheard the treaty, and determined, as he was very anxious to make one of the party, to creep in amongst them on the very first opportunity. Reynard had however spied him out, and laid his plans accordingly. For, having found a dead wolf hanging upon a tree, he cut off his head and gave it to Joseph, with special directions how he was to act, should the wolf intrude among them. Night approached: the travellers seated themselves to their evening meal. In his anxiety for his supper the ass neglects to fasten the door—

"asinum furor urget edendi"—

and Isengrim bursts in upon them exclaiming, "Peace be with you!" The party are at first greatly alarmed, but soon recover themselves. Bertiliana inquired, "What shall we place before our guest?"—"There is nothing but the grey head of an old wolf," replied Joseph. "Bring that in then," said the fox. Joseph brought in the head accordingly, at the sight of which Isengrim clapped his tail between his legs, and wished himself far enough away. "This head won't do," quoth Reynard, "take it away, and bring a larger one!" Joseph went out and brought the same again. "That won't do either," said Reynard; "the large heads are in the other corner. Fetch in two of the seven

* "Precipuo vulpem Renardum donat honore,
Quem nemo meruit postea, nemo prius,
Intrepidum transire sue vestigia caude.
Non hoc contigerant ursus aperque decus."—l. 516—520.

very big ones; or, stop, bring that fine one that is stretched open with the hazel-twig, that is just fit for eating." Joseph went out and brought in the same again, but with its jaws stuck open with a bit of wood. The wolf trembled violently, and the several animals pretended to comfort him. Gerardus the goose thought he was suffering from ague, or perhaps from fear of himself. "Be of good cheer," said the goose, "I have no wish to terrify you; not but what I could if I wished, for the wolf whose head you see there, and which I snapped off, was a great deal stronger and more cunning than you are."—"Our guest had better eat," cried Joseph, "he need not care for the expense, we have enough for this nine or ten nights, if he will only stay with us."—"I am very ill," said the wolf, "and what is more, very much astonished, for whoever saw a party of pilgrims carrying with them so many wolves' heads?"—"We never catch any but wicked wolves," said Reynard; "we never meddle with our dear guests."—"I am expected at home," continued the wolf, "my wife and children are waiting for me."—"Won't you go with us?" the stag cried out after him; "on our way we lay hold of all the wolves we find in the forest, and either hang them up in the trees, or starve them to death. You shall help us and be the hangman!"—"I am too young for so great an honour, I am only two years and a half old," replied the wolf, and so saying he took his departure.

"Ille refert, 'decus hoc mea non sibi vendicat etas
Dimidians lustrum,' sicque solutus abit."

Such are the contents of "Isengrimus," a poem written, as is evident from various circumstances, in South Flanders, during the first half of the twelfth century, probably earlier, for the "Reinardus," which is certainly not so old, was composed about the middle of that century. And this affords additional proof, if such were necessary, that the Reynardine fables were in general circulation during the whole of the eleventh century; for we may be sure that, when an ecclesiastic (and that this work was the production of a writer of that class is obvious from the traces of classical learning which it exhibits) took it into his head to relate in Latin verse detached stories selected from a whole cycle of romance, that cycle was one which had long been current in the songs and traditions of the people.

The poem which we have just examined forms a portion, or rather is engrafted in that more extensive work containing 6596 lines, the 'Fabella Lupina,' as it is designated in one of the three manuscripts from which it was printed, which was published some years since by Mone, under the title of "Reinardus Vulpes." This publication, the third in the list prefixed to this article, has

certainly been of considerable service, as the poem in question is undoubtedly one of the most valuable monuments of the literature of the middle ages which have of late been given to the world; and it cannot but excite our surprise that so extensive and highly interesting a work should have remained so long entirely unknown, and indeed not have been published till our own time: a fact which can only be explained by the supposition that the clergy, to whom some parts of it must certainly have been peculiarly displeasing, took every means in their power to suppress it. While we thank the editor for the publication of the text, we cannot but express our regret that, in his notes to it, he should have thought fit to indulge in so many fanciful and unfounded views, not only with regard to the age of the poem, which he asserts without a shadow of evidence to have been originally composed in the ninth century, and afterwards interpolated by a more modern hand in the twelfth; and to contain under the semblance of a romance an allegorical history of the affairs and quarrels of various well-known personages; among whom he supposes Zwentibolcus, who was King of Lorraine, and son of the Emperor Arnulf, and who flourished towards the close of the ninth century, to be represented by Isengrimus the Wolf, and his minister, Reginarius, by that of Reinardus the Fox.

Before we analyse the poem it will, therefore, be as well to demolish, as we trust to do with a very few words, these "*grillenfangereyen*" (as his countrymen very characteristically designate such whimsical speculations) of Professor Mone, whose peculiar notions on the subject of the poem generally were first made known in a series of papers in the "*Morgenblatt*" for 1831 (No. 222—6), to which the purchaser of the book is very coolly referred, if, as is most likely, not being contented with the opinions set forth in the Professor's notes to the poem, he wishes to learn (which he ought to do from the preface) the Editor's detailed opinion of the work in question. But let us proceed. In the first place, there is not the slightest ground for attributing any part of the poem to a writer of the ninth century. Portions of it certainly appear to be in a somewhat earlier style, but there is nothing in them to justify in the least the supposition of their being the production of that early period. Reinardus is obviously not a piece of pure invention; the style in which it is related, and the oftentimes uncalled-for instances of book-learning which it exhibits, are the author's own. But he himself refers to some written authority:—

"Gavisam *scriptura* refert his lusibus illam." v. 1879.

This *scriptura* was probably some earlier and more simple

Latin history,* which, if it contained all the materials of the present poem, (which it most probably did, the Isengrimus forming perhaps a portion only of some more extensive work, the rest of which is lost,) that fact must tend greatly to diminish the value of Reinardus in our opinion. It is possible, however, though much less probable, that an earlier poem in the vernacular tongue, and current among the common people, formed the basis of the present work.

This was written between the years 1148 and 1160, as is very clearly proved by the author's apostrophising (book iii., line 1501—84) two ecclesiastics who were personally friendly to him. These were Walter, prior of Egmond, and Baldwin, prior of Lisborn, in Westphalia. Walter was a native of Flanders; in the year 1129 he was at the head of an ecclesiastical establishment at Lens in Artois, attached to the Abbey of Ghent. In that year the bishop of Utrecht and the Countess of Holland wished to nominate some worthy ecclesiastic from Ghent to the Abbey of Egmond; Arnold, abbot of Ghent, recommended Walter, who was accordingly appointed and filled the situation from 1130 to 1161 with the highest credit. About the same time another Benedictine, named Baldwin, was called from the same school to be abbot of the newly established monastery at Lisborn. His inauguration took place in 1130, and he held the office until 1161, when he was succeeded by Franco. From this circumstance, and from the fact of the poem containing internal evidence of its having been written in North Flanders, we may reasonably conclude that its author was a countryman of Walter and Baldwin, that is to say a Fleming, and probably an ecclesiastic attached to the monastery of Saint Peter at Ghent. The writer, whoever he might be, was undoubtedly a churchman; this is shown not only by his learning, all of which was at that time in the hands of the Church, but also by the monkish spirit which pervades the third fable of the third book. The fact of his indulging in bitter derision upon the downfall of the Church, and sparing neither the supreme head of it, nor St. Bernard, whose fame then echoed throughout Europe, does not at all militate against this opinion; for, at the period when he wrote, the divided state of parties would fully account for such an act. The writer, whether monk or layman, was, however, no freethinking scorner, but a man who honoured the clergy when their conduct justified him in doing so, as his praise of Walter and Baldwin sufficiently attest;—his calling them his friends and confidants affording additional evidence of his connexion with the Church. If to this we add that he was pro-

* Probably the older Latin poem, of which we have been informed Dr. Jacob Grimm discovered two manuscripts in the library at Brussels, subsequently to the publication of his admirable volume.

bably a Benedictine, rigidly observant of the ancient rules of the order, and as such one to whom the rapidly extending innovations of the Cistercian monks could not but be highly objectionable, his vehement opposition to Saint Bernard, who was the head of the Cistercians, and to the Crusades, to the promotion of which that distinguished prelate had lent all his influence, is then easily accounted for.

We think we have now proved very satisfactorily that Reinardus is a production of the twelfth century. Having done so, it seems almost a work of supererogation to overthrow the theory recently advanced by Mone, of its containing an allegorical version of the history of Zwentibold; for the idea of composing a work of such a nature would hardly suggest itself three centuries after those events had occurred which were to form the subject-matter of the allegory. Eccard was the first to broach the theory of the historical origin of Reynard's story in his preface to Leibnitz's Collectan. Etymol., and he imagined Isangrimus to represent a certain Bavarian count, named *Isanricus*, who at a somewhat later period opposed the Emperor Arnulf, in Bavaria, Austria, and Moravia. Unfortunately for Eccard's case, although in the fable the wolf and the fox are continually coming in contact one with the other, history not only does not afford a single instance of Reginarius and Isanricus being connected in the slightest degree; but, which is still worse, lays the scenes of their adventures in widely different places. Mone, in editing Reinardus, adopts Eccard's theory with certain amendments, such as making King Zwentibold the original of the wolf, instead of the above-mentioned Isanricus, and seeing in the name of the lion, Rufanus, an anagram of that of King Arnulf (*Arnufus*),* and many other things equally curious and equally imperceptible to common-place people like ourselves, who do not pretend to be able to see further into a millstone than our neighbours. But history treats the editor of "Reinardus" as scurvily as it had before treated the editor of Leibnitz. It demolishes his nicely balanced theory. Its records prove the characters of Zwentibold and Reginarius to have borne no resemblance to those which the wolf and the fox exhibit in the poem; and, what alone is quite sufficient to decide the question against Mone, represent Reginarius as the subject of Zwentibold, whereas, in "Reinardus," the fox is ever free and independent of the wolf.

But it is time to give our readers some notion of the poem which has called forth these remarks. It is divided into four

* "At some future time," says Grimm, "a much better anagram may satisfy the world that *Meon*, the editor of the '*Renard*,' and *Mone*, the editor of the '*Reinardus*,' were identically one and the same person."

books; and, from the manner in which it opens, Isengrimus being named without any explanation on the part of the author that the wolf is thereby intended, and no reason being given for bestowing the epithet of Reynard upon the fox, it is obviously either the continuation of some other poem, or a new branch of one, which was, at the time when this was written, already popular. It commences as follows:—

" At early dawn, one summer's morn, as Isengrimus hied
Unto the wood in search of food, Reinardus he espied;
Who thither brought by selfsame thought, by which the wolf had been,
Had hoped that he the wolf did see, before himself was seen.
But finding straight, although too late, he was in piteous case,
Cut off from flight, the cunning wight put on a good bold face;
And willingly, so feigned he, he was the first to speak—
'Oh quick be thine, dear uncle mine, the prey which now you seek.'
He called him so, but well did know that uncle he was none,
Thinking wolf must repose his trust upon a brother's son.
'Rejoice, thy prayer is heard I swear,' quoth Isengrimus grave,
'The present hour puts in my power the food for which I crave:
'Thou pray'dst that I might quick descry some fitting prey for me;
'Food to my mind in thee I find, so thou that prey shalt be.' "*

Reynard objects to travel after the fashion of the prophet, (Jonas,) that is to say, in the bowels of his uncle, and while they are arguing the point, which they do at considerable length, a peasant goes along carrying a ham. Reynard makes his uncle a proposal that they should rob him; his uncle agrees to do so; and accordingly Reynard approaches the peasant, feigns lameness, and allows himself to be hunted by the countryman, who, that he may the more readily make him his prize, throws down the ham. This is speedily snapped up by Isengrim, who had been on the look-out for it, and carried off to the forest; where the wolf is soon after joined by Reynard, who demands his share of the prize, whereupon Isengrim gives him the string by which the ham had been carried.

---

* " Egrediens silvam mane Isengrimus ut escam
Jejunis natis quæreret atque sibi,
Cernit ab obliquo Reinardum currere vulpem,
Qui simili studio ductus agebat iter;
Praevisusque lupo, non viderat ante videntem,
Quam nimis admoto perdidit hoste fugam.
Ille, ubi cassa fuga est, ruit in discrimina casus,
Nil melius credens, quam simulare fidem.
Jamque, salutator veloti spontaneus, infit:
'Contingat patruo praeda cupita meo.'
(Dicebat patruum falso Reinardus, ut ille
Tanquam cognato crederet usque suo.)
'Contigit,' Isengrimus ait, 'laetare petisse,
Opportuna tuas obtulit hora preces;
Ut quaesita mihi contingat praeda petisti,
Contigit in praedam te exigo, tuque daris.' "—line 1—16.

Reynard afterward induces Isengrim to accompany him to a store pond, where he assures him he will be able to catch lots of fish. Reynard tells him if he dips his tail in the water, and allows it to hang there a sufficient time, he will be rewarded by an ample prey; and, advising him to catch only eels and perch, and not to bother himself about the larger fish, leaves him and robs the priest's hen-roost of a cock. The priest upon being made acquainted with the robbery leaves off saying mass, and, accompanied by his congregation, who arm themselves with the crucifix, candlesticks, &c., gives chase to the fox. Reynard, finding the pursuit growing hot, betakes himself to the spot where the wolf is kept prisoner by his tail being frozen fast in the ice. Reynard advises him to escape, and leaves him to the tender mercies of the priest and his companions. They fall upon him, tooth and nail, with the sacred weapons which they had seized. Amongst the most active is Andrada, the priest's wife, who, intending to kill Isengrim, aims a violent blow at him with a hatchet. By great good luck however the blow only cuts off part of his tail, so that he is thereby enabled to escape and reach the forest, where he vows to be bitterly revenged upon Reynard.

The fox soon after joins him, and endeavours to convince his uncle that his loss is really a gain; but offers, by way of making amends for his supposed ill conduct, to point out to him four rams whom he may readily capture. Isengrim accordingly goes to them, and demands from them the tribute of hides and wool, which their fathers had been accustomed to pay him. They deny his right to such tribute, and form an effectual plan of resistance, for they all four attack him at once from the different sides of the field, in the middle of which he happens to be standing, and he falls to the ground half killed by the blows given him by the very animals in anticipation of whose capture he had exclaimed—

"As knives cut butter, will my teeth their bones."*

The second book contains the history of the lion's falling sick; and includes the first portion of the earlier "Isengrimus;" the conclusion of which poem, with sundry alterations and additions, constitutes according to its present arrangement the third book of "Reinardus." That what is termed now the fourth book ought, at all events, to be placed directly after the second, is shown from its commencement, in which we are told "that, the court being greatly rejoiced at the lion's restoration to health, the several members return to their respective homes: and that on his way through the forest Reynard encounters the wolf, who is still

* "Ut butyrum cultcr dentibus ossa ceco."—v. 1464.

smarting under the loss of his skin—an explanation which shows very clearly that the third book, in which the wolf and the fox repeatedly encounter each other without the slightest allusion being made to this particular injury, is very improperly thrust into the place which it now occupies. But to proceed. Reynard, after a long discourse with Isengrim, persuades him to wreak his vengeance upon the ram. The wolf agrees to do so, and is accordingly conducted by Reynard to the spot where he is feeding. The ram succeeds, however, in beating off his assailant, who is glad to escape with no worse treatment than a hearty drubbing. When he is somewhat recovered from the wounds inflicted on this occasion, Reynard determines to play him another trick, and accordingly invites the lion, whom he meets and who is desperately hungry, to visit Isengrim. The lion does so, to Isengrim's great astonishment. The whole party then proceed together to the forest, where they have the good-fortune to capture a young heifer, which Isengrim is commanded by the lion to make a division of. In obedience to these directions he does so, and divides it into three equal portions—intending one for the lion, one for himself, and one for the fox. The king of beasts is, however, sore displeased with the wolf's manner of sharing the spoil, and therefore calls upon the fox to divide afresh. Reynard thereupon divides it into three shares, certainly of equal size, but of very different degrees of value, The first share contained the very choicest parts of the heifer, and was in fact worth the other two put together; the second share a good deal of meat but no fat;

"The third all bones, but little flesh was there*."

He then takes the feet of the heifer, adds one of them to each of the three shares, and lays the fourth on one side. Being then called upon by the lion to allot the several shares to the parties for whom he intended them, he says—the first is for his royal master, the second for the lioness, and the third for the lion's whelps. The lion inquires what is to be done with the fourth foot. "It is for me, or to be added to your majesty's share," replies the fox; whereupon he is graciously permitted to retain it, as a reward for the skill which he has displayed in effecting so equitable a division; a skill which he professes, in reply to the inquiries of the lion as to who had taught him to divide so well, to have acquired from Isengrim.

"Me docuit . . . . patruus iste meus.†"

---

* "Est ossosa parum tertia carnis habens."—4. v. 258.

† Mone says that in this part of the poem the lion no longer represents the emperor Arnulf but his son Lewis of Germany, and that the division of the heifer is intended

Our limits, however, admonish us to bring our notice of this poem to a close. We must therefore pass over Isengrim's perjury, and the punishment which visited it, together with the particulars of his death, from an attack made on him by a herd of swine, and of his being partly devoured by the old sow. One short extract and we have done. Reynard is told that his uncle Isengrim will never sin more :—

"No wicked schemes now form his dreams, his mind no treasons fill,
He never more will, as of yore, do ought that's wrong or ill.
'Then sure he's dead,' sly Reynard said, 'dear uncle art thou gone?'
Alas! I'm here, oh uncle dear, thou in thy tomb alone!"*

We now come to the oldest High German poem on the subject of Reynard. This unfortunately has not been handed down to us in its earliest shape; while even the version which we do possess is preserved in very faulty manuscripts. The first edition of it appeared in 1817, and it is now printed by Grimm from a different manuscript, which has however been compared with the printed edition.

"Reinhart," the poem in question, contains no fewer than 2266 lines; in the course of which the author twice names himself *Hienreîch der Glichesære* according to the one MS.—*Glîchsenære* according to the other. This last is not properly a family name, but rather to be considered a characteristic one, signifying a counterfeiter or feigner (from the old German *gelichesen*) and corresponding with the modern German *Gleissner*, a dissembler. Grimm, and his opinion on matters connected with the early literature of his fatherland, has all the force of a law—concludes from various circumstances that the author was a Suabian living in German Switzerland, who flourished about the middle or rather towards the latter half of the twelfth century. His work, how-

---

to typify the partition of Lorraine. Unfortunately for this statement, the story is one of the commonest of middle age fables. We have now before us a MS. of the latter end of the thirteenth century, containing a collection of Latin stories for the use of the monks, and which was assuredly compiled in England, in which we find a similar story told so smartly and so briefly as to justify our adding it to this note.

"Leo, lupus, et vulpes, venantes, ceperunt vacam, ovem, et aucam; et cum hora fuisset partiendi, dixit Leo, 'Luppe (*sic*), partire predam nostram.' Lupus dixit, 'Quia tu es rex noster et dominus, tu habebis vacam; ego, quia minor te sed major vulpe, habebo ovem; vulpes vero habebit aucam.' Leo autem hoc audiens, protenso pede, pellem de capite lupi unguibus extrahit et caput totum fecerat cruentatum. Dixit vulpi, 'Vulpes, nunc partire tu.' Dixit vulpes, 'Domine, quia tu es dominus et rex tu habebis vaccam; et domina mea leona, uxor tua, habebit ovem, et domini mei, pueri tui, habebunt aucam.' Cui leo—"Dic mihi vulpes, quis te docuit sapienter partiri?' Ad quem vulpes—'Domine, iste socius meus cum rubeo capite'—ostenso lupo."

* "'Desiit esse malus, mores projecit iniquos,
Nil sceleris faciet postmodo, nilque doli.'
'Ergo obiit certe? proh, patrue dulcis, obisti?
Heu, tumulum sine me, patrue care, tenes?'"—iv. 1073—6.

ever, has been handed down to us only in the shape into which it was fashioned by an unknown writer, who lived some fifty years later than Heinrich; in whose version we find that a considerable number of verses have been suppressed, altered, and introduced; but in which the cramping metrical laws of the elder poet are preserved in a most remarkable manner. The contents of Heinrich's poem contribute remarkably towards the earlier history of these fables; for it must have been from the French sources, although not to be found in any of those now known to exist, that he was enabled to mention, not only Salerno, but the name of the physician of that place. Master *Pendîn* or *Bendîn* is no imaginary person, but Magister Pontus, a Greek, who is recorded as one of the first founders of the school. On the other hand, the elephant's being invested with Bohemia must have been the work of *Heinrich der Glîchsenære* himself, for it is little likely such an incident should be mentioned by the French authorities.

We shall not attempt to give an outline of the whole story contained in the "Reinhart;" but, as one of its peculiarities consists in its being the only work which tells how the sickness of the lion was occasioned, we purpose confining ourselves to that portion of it; and thereby completing that chapter of Reynard's History, of which our notice of "Isengrimus" and "Reinardus" have already furnished some particulars.

The lion proclaimed a general peace, but, the ants having refused to recognise him as their sovereign, he trod down their hillocks, killing thousands of this tiny race and wounding as many. The lord of the ants was absent when this outrage was committed, but on his return vowed to take bitter vengeance for the injury done to his people:—

"So spake their chief, then hunted round
After the lion, whom he found
Under the linden fast asleep.
Close to him the ant did creep,
With an angry spirit fraught;
'Lord God of the Good,' he thought,
How shall I my serfs avenge!
* * * * *
After thinking many things,
Right into his ear he springs.*"

* "Sprach in hêrre, und huop sich sâ ze hant
Nâch dem Lewen, biz daz er in vant
Under einer linden, dâ er slief.
Der ameise zuo im lief
Mit eime grimmigen muote,
Er gedâhte 'herre got der guote,

The pain which he caused the lion was so intense, and so little capable of being relieved, that he looked upon it as a judgment of heaven for neglecting his duties as a king and judge. A court is therefore summoned, at which Isengrim complains against Reynard, and the cock and hen bring in upon a bier the dead body of their daughter, whom the fox had bitten to death; at which misdeed the king becomes so enraged that he frightens the poor hare into a fever. The dead pullet is buried with all fitting solemnity; and the hare, having laid himself down to sleep upon her grave, awakes quite recovered from his fever, which being looked upon as a miracle, the pullet is in consequence pronounced a martyr.

Messengers are now sent to summon the fox to court; who, however, regardless of their authority, plays them sundry scurvy tricks. At last his friend the badger goes to him, and Reynard thereupon promises to appear before the king. He does so, and tells him he has brought him a remedy from Master Pendin, the physician of Salerno, which he must take, then sweat himself in the wolf's hide, and wear a bearskin, and a catskin hat. These are speedily procured from Reynard's enemies. Reynard next asks for food, and names a fowl and a piece of boar's flesh. The poor hen, Pinto, who had complained against him, is instantly killed, and a steak is as quickly cut from the haunches of the boar who had supported her cause. In the mean time, the king takes a bath, wraps himself in a wolf's hide, throws the bearskin over him, and puts on his catskin hat. The warmth of this last draws out the ant, who creeps from the lion's head into the fur. The physician takes the hat, lets the sun shine upon it, and thereby discovers the little animal which had occasioned all the king's sufferings. He is violently incensed against the ant, who at length obtains forgiveness by promising the fox dominion over a thousand castles. Meanwhile, the king having recovered, Reynard, who has already been revenged of his enemies, knavishly seeks to reward his friends, the elephant and the camel, with gifts which carry vexation with them. The king, at Reynard's solicitation, gives the elephant Bohemia, where, however, he gets most piteously maltreated. The camel receives a nunnery, but when she goes to take possession of it, the nuns rise up with one accord and beat her out of the place. At length Reynard gives the lion poison, and then he and the badger beat a retreat. By the time the fox had reached his castle in safety, the king had grown se-

---

Wie sol ich rechen mine diet?'
* * * * * *
Er hâte manegen gedanc
Mit kraft erm in das ôre sprane."—v. 1291—1300.

riously ill, and, owing to the distance of the much-desired physician, a fatal result was expected. At length the poison does its work, and Lion the king dies lamented by all his subjects, who threaten vengeance against the traitor Reynard.

If the story of Reynard had its origin among the Germans, as it undoubtedly had; among whom it has moreover preserved its popularity to this day, undiminished either by the influence of time or the changes of literary taste; still, if we would point out the soil on which, during the twelfth and thirteeenth centuries, it was most assiduously cultivated, and most abundantly fruitful, we must place our finger on the north of France. In the Norman French poems we find the richest veins and purest streams of this dearly prized romance: in number and extent, although the oldest of them are not preserved, they far exceed all the other works to which the story of the fox has given rise.

Meon, therefore, did good service to middle age literature when he published "Le Roman de Renart;" and M. Chabaille, his successor, has added considerably to the value of Meon's publication, by the supplementary volume to that work which he has given to the public. The "Roman du Renart" which Meon has published contains no less than 30,362 lines; and if to these we add "Le Couronnemens Renart," and "Renart le Nouvel," which are contained in the fourth volume of his collection, this number will be increased to 41,748. Our readers will see, therefore, that any attempt to epitomize this work for their amusement would be totally incompatible with the space which we could apply to that purpose. Nay more, we could hardly hope to give them a satisfactory analysis of one of the twenty-seven '*Branches*,' or divisions, of which it consists. These branches, it must be understood, do not, like the several adventures of the *Reinardus*, form one general and perfect whole; on the contrary they are frequently directly the opposite of one another, which is never the case with the stories in the Latin poem. The wolf and his injuries form the main action of this last work; while, on the contrary, in the French poems, taken as a body, the fox always appears, and that very justly, as the chief actor; although there is frequently not only no connexion between the several histories, but oftentimes positive contradictions. The object of the more recent writers appears to have been, to represent the other animals as obtaining the advantage over the fox, while he at the same time gets the upper hand of the wolf. In the Latin poem the cock is the only one by whom Reynard is outwitted, but in the French works he is so by the raven, the cat, and the sparrow.

It is most likely that the greater part of these French stories,

and, besides these, many others similar to them, were generally current among the common people; and only required to be adopted and put into rhyme by the poets. Many that were formerly in existence have been lost, such as the story of the ant, that of the death of the lion, and many others which now exist in other forms, but not in the old French, from which they are known to have been derived.

Pierres de St. Cloot is considered to be author of the oldest existing branches of "Le Roman du Renart." He likewise wrote Le Testament d'Alexandre, a part of the great romance on the subject of Alexander, and flourished about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Pierres, who refers to a book as his authority for what he relates—

> "Que se li livres nos dit voir,
> Ou je trove l'estoire escrite"—v. 4938—9.

avows himself as the historian of Reynard, both at the beginning and at the end of the seventh Branch of Meon's collection; which is certainly one of the earliest but not one of the best told divisions of the work. The branch in question commences:—

> "Pierre who was born at St. Cloot,
> Has taken pains and trouble too,
> Prompted by his friends' intreaty,
> In verse as best he may to greet ye
> With a merry jest and wile
> Of Renard, who is full of guile."*

Whether Legrand d'Aussy and Raynouard have any grounds for also attributing to him the first, second, and third Branches appears extremely problematical, inasmuch as the affair with the cock related in the seventh Branch is told likewise, but in a very inferior manner, in the third. That he was the author of other portions of the work may reasonably be concluded from a passage in a later writer, who charges him with leaving out the best parts of his subject:—

> "Perroz who plied his wit and art
> To tell in verse tales of Renart,
> And of Isengrim so stout—
> The best part of his tale left out."†

---

* "Pierres qui de Saint Clost fut nez,
S'est tant traveilliez et penez,
Par proiere de ses amis,
Que il nos a en rime mis
Une risee et un gabet
De Renart, qui tant set d'abet."—v. 4851—6.

† "Perroz qui son engin et s'art
Mist en vers fere de Renart,
Et d'Ysengrim son chier conpere,
Lessa le miez de sa matere."—v. 9649—50.

From which it appears that we are certainly acquainted with the name of one of the least important authors of "Renard;" and know nothing as to who was the author of the most remarkable parts; to say nothing of those oldest branches which seem to have perished, or which at least have not yet been discovered. The German *Heinrich der Glichsenære* preceded Pierre by twenty or thirty years at least, and he alludes to French poems which must have appeared soon after the middle of the eleventh century; in fact there is no doubt that, at the time when the Latin works were written, there existed compositions in the French language on the subjects of Reynard and Isengrim, the loss of which is greatly to be lamented.* It ought to be added that two other writers of later date than Pierre avow themselves authors of parts of these poems—Robert de Lison as the author of the twenty-third, and a "Prestres de la Croix en Brie" of the twentieth Branch.

But it is time to refer to what has been produced in Flanders, on the subject of our hero, and in doing so we have a pleasant duty to perform, inasmuch as we shall be instrumental in awaking public attention to a poet whose extraordinary merits have been hitherto, through the influence of fortuitous circumstances, entirely overlooked; the credit due to his skill and ability having been bestowed upon a later writer, who was in fact little more than a translator. We allude to the clever author of the Flemish poem entitled, "Reinaert," which was originally published by Gräter in 1817, and is now reprinted by Grimm.

The name of this heretofore disregarded votary of the Muses, appears from the first line of his poem to have been *Willem*:—

"*Willem* die vele boeke maecte,"

says the Comburgh MS., the only one which has yet been printed. The Amsterdam MS. on the other hand has—

"*Willam die Madock* maecte,"

from which we gather that his name was *Willem die Matoc*, (from the old Flemish *Mate*, *socius*, likewise *pauper*, *miser*, with the diminutive *oc* therefore *sociolus*, or pauperculus); a piece of knowledge which explains the hitherto unintelligible passage at the termination of Jacob van Maerlant's Reimbibel.

---

* It is not too much to expect that some of these earlier French poems on the subject of Reynard may yet come to light. If lost, they were probably in existence up to a later period than is generally supposed; some of them being perhaps contained in one or other of the numerous MSS. of "Renart," mentioned in the lately published catalogue of the Ancient Library of the Louvre, *Inventaire de l'ancienne Bibliothèque du Louvre, fait en l'Année* 1373, *par Gilles Mallett, Garde de la dite Bibliothèque*, &c. 8vo. Paris, 1836. We omitted to state in the notice of this work in our last number, that its editor is the venerable Van Praet of the Bibliothèque du Roi.

"Want nit nes niet *Matoc's* drom
No *Reinaert's*, no Artur's boerder."

"*Willam die Matoc*," says Grimm, "must without doubt be looked upon as the author of 'Reinaert.' It is most probable, that he was an earlier poet than Maelant, and not merely a contemporary: I believe he must be placed soon after the year 1250."

The accuracy of Grimm's opinion has however been doubted, but, as it appears to us, upon very insufficient grounds. In a modernized Flemish version of his work, entitled, "*Reinaert de Vos, naer de oudste beryming*," which was published at Eecloo, in 1834, its editor, Mr. J. F. Willems, asserts that *Willem van Utenhoven* was the real author: adding, that *Madoc* was not the author, for that the name of such a writer cannot be found—that, in the passage where *Madok* occurs, it cannot be the name of a man, as Maerlant observes (Hoffmann's Horæ Belgicæ, part 1, p. 21,) and merely designates a poem; and lastly, that the article *de* is never used before the Dutch proper names.* Notwithstanding these objections, we still believe that Grimm is perfectly right. The argument that *Madok* cannot be the name of the writer, because no poet of that name is known, applies as directly against its being the title of a poem; for no poem so designated has been handed down to us. And, with regard to the article *de* never being used before Dutch proper names, we can only say that, in the very volume of Hoffmann's, which has just been referred to, mention is made of Jan *de* Clerc, Niclaes *de* Clerc, Andreas *de* Smit, and Jan *de* Weert van Ijpre.

Be the author of the Flemish "Reinaert" Willem van Utenhoven, or Willem die Matok, a point which further investigation can alone decide, his work, which contains 3474 verses, is one displaying considerable genius and spirit, and may justly claim the merit of exhibiting a number of the most pleasing and spirited adventures in Reynard's history, skilfully worked up into one connected, well arranged, and perfect whole. Willem, who states his work to have been undertaken at the solicitation of a lady, whose name however he does not specify, confessedly employed for his purpose French materials, such certainly as have not come down to us, but which were no doubt current at the

* Our notice of this new Flemish Reynard, for we have not seen the book itself, is derived from *Bosworth's Origin of the Dutch* (8vo. London, 1836, pp. 18 and 19), in which mention is made of manuscripts of '*Reinaert*' at Stutgard and Antwerp, and where it is further stated that there was also one at Amsterdam, which a few years ago was sold to an Englishman. *Query.* Was this the late Mr. Heber, at the recent sale of whose manuscripts, M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian minister, purchased a copy for 125 guineas? It ought to be added, that Grimm's knowledge of the Amsterdam MS. was derived from the Flemish periodical, *Konst en Letterbode*, for 1826.

time he wrote in French Flanders and Artois, whence he could have little difficulty in procuring them. But, whatever those materials may have been, the manner in which he has employed them justifies to the fullest his claim to the character of a skilful and successful writer. In his work, the history of Reynard is told in light and agreeable language; the narrative is well sustained, there is nothing omitted, there is nothing unnecessarily introduced, but the incidents appear to spring naturally one from another, and the interest which we feel at the opening of the poem keeps gradually increasing as we approach its termination.

To this poem of Willem's, a continuation (consisting of upwards of 4000 verses, and of which a fragment comprising 1038 lines is now first printed by Grimm) was subsequently added by some writer whose name is entirely unknown. The effect of this addition, which relates a number of adventures of very different degrees of interest, told too in a very inferior style, tends, as may readily be conceived, to weaken the impression produced by Willem's well-contrived history. Nevertheless, the two works appear to have been regarded very soon as one only. The transcribers probably united them as a matter of course; and after the invention of printing they were both, to the entire suppression of Matok's fame and name, reduced into prose: which version was on its appearance received with such universal favour, that in a short time the older poems from which it was derived were entirely forgotten. It is not known who was the adapter of this prose version, the first edition of which was published at Gouda, by Gheraert Leeu, in 1470; the second at Delft, in 1485.

Some opinion may be formed of the success which attended this publication from the fact that, two years after its appearance, that is to say, in 1481, Caxton published a translation of it* into English, in which the Flemish text is very closely followed. Caxton's edition is divided, like that of Gheraert de Leeu, into forty-three chapters; of these, the first twenty-two correspond with Willem's original poem, of which we have not offered any analysis, seeing that such of our readers as desire it, may find the means of ascertaining how Willem told his story, either by consulting his poem in Grimm's inestimable volume, or by examining one of the many English editions of "Reynard the Fox."

* We have heard that a republication of Caxton's "*Historye of Reynart the Foxe*," with an Introduction and Notes, is at this moment in contemplation. We are glad that it is so; for, without caring to manifest our liking for old Caxton's story, in the same manner as a late distinguished antiquary, who regularly read it out to his wife every Christmas—(of course, as Friar Tuck said, "*exceptis excipiendis*")—we are still sufficient admirers of his quaint and racy style, to hail with satisfaction the prospect of procuring his book, at a somewhat less price than £184: 16*s.*, the sum produced by Mr. Inglis's copy.

This translation must not however be regarded as the earliest introduction of the Reynardine Fables into the Literature of England, for there is good reason to believe that they had been popular in this country in far earlier times. To say nothing of Chaucer's Nonnes Preeste's Tale, in which we learn, how

> "Dan Russel the fox stert up at ones,
> And by the gargat hente Chaunteclere,"

and which is obviously a genuine Reynard history, we have far earlier and more decisive evidence of that fact. In the volume of M. Chabaille, for instance, to which we have before alluded, there are to be found two extracts from the writings of Anglo-Norman Poets, communicated to that gentleman by M. Michel from the MSS. in the British Museum, in which distinct references are made to them. The first, from Chardri's Poem, '*La Vie de Set Dormanz*,' is as follows:—

> "Ne voil pas en Fables d'Ovide
> Seinnurs, mestre mun estuide;
> Ne jà, sachez, ne parlerum
> Ne de Tristram, ne de Galerun,
> Ne de *Renard*, ne de *Hersente*
> Ne voil pas mettre m'entente."

The other is from Benoit de Saint-More's '*Estoire e la Généalogie des Dux qui unt esté par ordre en Normendie:*'—

> "Dunc vout quens Herluins parler;
> Ausi li prist talant d'usler
> Cume fist à dan Isengrim.
> Un chevalier de Costentin
> Conuit qu'il aveit jà veu."

The Harleian MS. (No. 219) of the Latin Fables of Odo de Ceriton was assuredly compiled in England, as the introduction of English verses into the moralizations clearly proves, and we there find several of Reynard's Histories related, with the names of the actors, Isingrinus, &c., a fact which serves to show that these stories were as familiar to the inhabitants of this island as to those of the continent. Another manuscript in the same library (No 913), which was obviously written in the fourteenth century, contains a political ballad, in which is introduced the following curious allusion to the same cycle of fable. The author is complaining that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, and he illustrates his case by the following 'spelle':—

> "The lyon lete cri, as hit was do,
> For he hird, lome to telle,
> And eke him was i-told also,
> That the wolf didde noȝte welle.

And the fox, that lither grome,
With the wolf i-wreiid was,
To-for har lord hi schold come
To amend har trepas.

And so men didde that seli asse,
That trepasid noȝt, no did no gilte,
With ham bothe i-wreiid was,
And in the ditement was i-pilt.

The voxe hird a-mang al menne,
And told the wolf with the brode crune,
That on him send gees and henne,
That other geet and motune.

The seli aasse wend was saf,
Por he ne eete noȝt bote grasse,
None ȝiftes he ne ȝaf,
No wend that no harm nas.

Tho hi to har lord com to tune,
He told to ham law and skille;
Thos wikid bestis luid adune,
'Lord,' hi seiid, 'what is thi wille?'

Tho spek the lyon hem to,
To the fox anone his wille,
'Tell me, boi, what hast i-do,
Men beth aboute the to spille.'

Tho spek the fox first anone,
'Lord king, nor thi wille,
Thos men me wreiith of the tune,
And wold me gladlich for to spille.

'Gees no hen nad ic noȝt,
Sire, for soth ic the sigge:
But as ic ham dere boȝt,
And bere ham up myn owen rigge.'

'Godis grame most hi have,
That in the curte the so pilt:
Whab hit is so, ic vouche save,
Ic for-ȝive the this gilte.'

The fals wolf stode be-hind,
He was doggid and ek felle,
'Ic am i-com of grete kind,
Pes thou graunt me, that ou niȝt ful welle.'

'What hast ido, bel ami,
That thou me so axest pes?'
'Sire,' he seid, 'I nel nozt lie
If thou we woldest huer a res.

'For ic hinted up the doune,
To loke, Sire, mi biȝete,
Ther ic slow a motune.
Ie, Sir, and fewe gete.

'Ic am i-wreiid, Sire, to the,
For that ilk gilt:
Sire, I chul sker me,
If ne ȝef ham dint no pilt.'

'For soth I sigge the, bel ami,
Hi nad no gode munde,
Thai that wreiid the to mei,
Thou ne diddist noȝt bot thi kund.

'Sei, thou me, asse, what hast i-do?
Me thenchith thou cannist no gode:
Whi nadistou as other mo,
Thou come of lether stode.'

'Sertis, Sire, not ic noȝt,
Ic ete sage alnil gras,
More harm ne did ic noȝt,
Ther for i-wreiid ic was.'

'Bel ami, that was mis-do,
That was aȝe thi kund,
For to ete such gras so,—
Hastiliche ȝe him bind:

'Al his bonis ȝe to-draw,
Lok that ȝe noȝte lete,
And that ic ȝive al for lawe,
That his fleis be al i-frette.'"

* * *

But the space which we have already occupied, we trust not unsatisfactorily, in sketching the literary history of one of the most popular emanations of human fancy ever conceived, admonishes us to bring our labours to a close. We cannot do so, however, without referring to that version of Reynard's History to which we have already alluded, as one which, through its borrowed charms, had for too long a period usurped a place in public estimation to which its own merits by no means entitled it. This is the Low German "Reineke de Fos," attributed by some to Heinrich van Alkmar, by others to Nicolaus Baumann, whose yet unsettled claims to the authorship of it have proved a fruitful source of literary controversy, but need not now detain us. Great, indeed, is the sensation which this book has created; much has there formerly been written about it; more, we can very safely prophesy, than will ever be again. The bringing to light of the Flemish "Reinaert" will pull it from the throne which it has so long unjustly occupied. Yet it cannot be denied that Reynard's fame has been greatly extended by means of this version, which has been looked up to for centuries, as by far the most important and valuable production to which his history has

given rise. The most popular it assuredly has been. Not only have there been innumerable editions of this Low German poem, but no less than two translations of it into High German, which have been reprinted again and again. It has been translated into Latin by Hartman Schöpfer, into Danish and into Swedish; and yet, after all, is itself only a translation. A few lines from the Flemish "Reinaert," and the Low German "Reineke," printed in juxtaposition, will prove the truth of our assertion.

"Nu gaet hier op ene claghe.
Isengrin ende sine maghe
Ghinghen vôr den coninc staen:
Isengrin begonste saen
Ede sprac: 'Coninc here,
Dor du edelheit ende dor du ere,
Ende dor recht ende dor ghenade
Ontfaerme hu miere scade,
Die mi Rainaert hêft ghedaen:
Daer ic af dicken hebbe ontfaen
Groten lachter ende verlies:
Vôr al dandre ont faerme hu dies,
Dat hi min wif hevet verhoert,
Ende mine kindre so mesvoert,
Dat hise besekede, daer si laghen,
Datter twe noint ne saghen
Ende si worden staerblent:
Nochtan hondi mi sent.
Het was sint so verre comen
Datter enen dach af was ghenomen
Ende Reinnert soude hebben ghedaen
Sine onsculde: ende also saen
Alse die beleghe waren brocht
Was hi andersins bedocht
Ende ontfoer ons in sine veste.'"

v. 61—85.

"Isegrim, de wulv, begunde de klage.
Sine Fründe, syn slägte unde mage
De güngen al fôr den koning stân.
Isegrim, de wulv, sprâk also êrsten an,
Un sâde: 'Hoggeboren koning, gnädige here,
Dorg juwe eddeligheid, un dorg juwe êre,
Beide dorg regt und dorg gnaden,
Entfarmet ju des groten shaden,
Den mi Reinke de Fos häot gedân
Dar ik faken fan hävve entfân,
Grote shande un swâr forlès,
Fôr alle sake ent färmet ju des
Dat he myn guve wyf hävt gehoned
Unde miner kinded ok nigt geshoned.
He bemêg un besieghede se, dâr se legen
Dat der dre ni sodder en segen
Un worden darav al stârblind.
Nogtan honede he mi nog sind;
Wente it was eins so ferne gekomen,
Dat ên dag word upgenomen,
Men sholde dusse sake rigten efte sheden,
Do bod sik Reinke to den eden.
Do ik den êd wolde hävven to lästen
Entkwam un entfôr he uns in sine fästen.'"

Scheller's Reineke de Fos, Brunsw. 1825.

But we must conclude, not from lack of materials, for, whatever the patience of the reader may be, our resources are far from being exhausted. In Grimm's book alone, there is much that we have not yet touched upon. What we have gathered from it will show the extraordinary combination of patient research, unwearied industry, and inexhaustible learning, which it every where exhibits. But we may have occasion to speak yet again upon this point. Much there was that had escaped even his searching eye, until after his book was published. Much, we believe, has since been discovered and forwarded to him by friendly hands; so that we expect to have to thank him for further illustrations of the History of Reynard the Fox: a subject on which we feel that our readers will not consider us to have dwelt at too great a length, when they remember that it has been deemed worthy of employing the pen of one of Germany's profoundest scholars—Jacob Grimm; and the poetic fancy of Germany's greatest bard—the illustrious Göthe.

Owing to various circumstances, we have only just received a copy of "*Reineke Vos. Nach der Lübecker Ausgabe vom Jahre 1498. Mit Einleitung, Glossar und Anmerkungen von Hoffmann von Fallersleben.* Breslau, 1834. 8vo." This volume—containing as it does an accurate reprint of the Lübeck "*Reineke Vos,*" edited by the learned author of the *Horæ Belgicæ, Fundgruben, Williram,* &c.—forms, in conjunction with the works which have been under our consideration, a perfect collection of all the published materials necessary for the illustration of Reynard's history. The text appears to have been most carefully formed; and, as such, this reprint is far superior to any that have preceded it—not excepting even the celebrated Wolfenbüttel reprint of 1711—which was edited by the eccentric *Hackmann;* over which it has, moreover, the great advantage of possessing an admirable glossary,—that one thing needful in all publications of early literature—and many very useful and curious illustrative notes. While on the subject of illustrative notes, we will take the opportunity of furnishing *Grimm* and *Hoffmann* with a passage which proves *Grimm* (Introd. p. cxxvii.) to have been fully justified in doubting whether, by "*Mertif's vogelin,*" Saint Martin's bird—the crow was intended. In *Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare,* vol. ii. p. 345, we find the following fable, taken from *Odo de Ceriton.*

"There is a kind of wren named after Saint Martin, with very long and slender legs. This bird, sitting one day in a tree, in the fulness of his pride, suddenly exclaimed: 'It matters not to me though the heavens fall; for, with the aid of my strong legs, I shall be able to support them.' Presently, a leaf fell upon the foolish boaster, who immediately flew away in great terror, exclaiming, 'O, Saint Martin, Saint Martin, help your poor bird!' The moral compares Saint Peter denying Christ to this wren; which it also assimilates to certain pot-valiant soldiers, who boast, in their cups, that each of them can beat three of the stoutest Frenchmen."

Art. IV.—1. *Mémoires sur le Consulat, de* 1799 *à* 1804, par un ancien Conseiller d'Etat. 8vo. Paris, 1827.

2. *Le Consulat et l'Empire, ou Histoire de la France et de Napoléon Bonaparte, de* 1799 *à* 1815, par A. C. Thibaudeau, Membre de la Convention et de l'ancien Conseil d'Etat, Auteur des *Mémoires sur le Consulat.* 10 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1835.

Ever since we first saw Thibaudeau's "Mémoires sur le Consulat," which came out as a continuation of his "Mémoires sur le Directoire," we looked upon them as one of the best, or, to speak more correctly, one of the few good books which have been written concerning the history of Napoleon. Thibaudeau's

personal character, the independence of his opinions, and the part which he had acted throughout the early stages of the revolution, served to enhance the advantages of his subsequent position as councillor of state under Bonaparte, to whom he had familiar access, and who appears to have often conversed with him in a free, confidential manner. The sensible, modest tone which pervades his memoirs, is of itself a sufficient guarantee for the authenticity of his narrative. We find in it none of the dogmatism or political intolerance of the imperial régime, for Thibaudeau appears to have passed, unscathed and unscarred, through the trial of that dizzy period which turned the brains of so many others, and to have remained to the last a sober, sensible French citizen, and an honest man. The particular department of contemporary history on which he wrote was also happily chosen; it was "the civil life of Napoleon." Napoleon's military life is described in a multitude of works; concerning his private life we have Bourrienne, and the memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes; but his civil career, as administrator, legislator and statesman of a great empire, which is in our opinion the most important, though perhaps the least studied, part of his character, could only be described by a man in Thibaudeau's position.

"The most faithful history of governments," says the Preface to the Mémoires, 1827, "is written in the registers of their deliberations. A collection of those of the council of state, and of the private councils and ministers, under the consulate and the empire, would form a more instructive history than all the books that have appeared on those epochs. But if a hand, in a manner invisible and unknown to Napoleon, his councillors, and ministers, had taken down, as they spoke, their opinions and expressions, that indeed would be a still more useful collection than that of the official reports and resolutions. Such is the character of the fragment which is now laid before the public; it consists of speeches of Napoleon on important questions, delivered to his council of state or in the privacy of his cabinet, and also of conversational dialogues, held by some of the councillors with him or with Josephine, relative to great political events."

Thibaudeau's original memoirs terminated with Napoleon's assumption of the imperial power. It was known that he had left materials for continuing them through the period of the empire, and we were expecting their appearance with some curiosity. At length the whole work, including both consulate and empire, appeared last year. We confess we have been disappointed by its perusal. That excellent little volume of the "Mémoires sur le Consulat" has been recast and swelled into three volumes, followed by not fewer than seven thick volumes on the Empire. The original matter appears to be diluted, having lost in interest

what it has gained in bulk; the arrangement of the heads or chapters is totally altered, and, as we think, not to the advantage of clearness or graphic effect, and the rest is made up out of the pages of the Moniteur, and of Las Cases, Gourgaud, O'Meara, affording, as it may be expected, very little novelty of information. The tone is likewise altered; the sensible, modest, unbiassed tone of Thibaudeau's original memoirs can only be traced here and there, in those passages which are given entire from the former work, while the remainder exhibits much of that style and spirit peculiar to the imperial school, and which is now becoming obsolete even in France. We shall, therefore, in the following pages, refer, as much as we can, to the original work, or to those passages in the new and larger one which are evidently from the same pen.

The "Mémoires sur le Consulat" began at once by introducing us to the First Consul installed at the Tuileries. The larger work begins by a retrospect of the various stages through which the revolution had passed, and of the events which led to the organic change of the 19th Brumaire. We shall not dwell upon them, as the facts are notorious. We shall only quote the following passage. After observing that the success of Bonaparte depended on the mere cast of a die; that, if the republican majority in the council of five hundred, instead of listening to Lucien and Chazal, had at once passed the decree of outlawry; if Augereau, Jourdan, Bernadotte, instead of remaining mere spectators, had not hesitated to risk in a civil debate that life which they had so often risked in battle; it were difficult to say what the result might have been, as the Jacobins had great chances in their favour.

"Considered legally, the 19th Brumaire, like several other memorable days of the revolution, was a violent attempt. The authors of similar violences obtain at first a bill of indemnity through their success; but afterwards it is the use they make of their victory, which either absolves or condemns them before the tribunal of public opinion. Previously to the 18th Brumaire, the republic was certainly in a state of imminent crisis, not so much from foreign attack, for the victories of Zurich and Bergen had checked the allies, but from its internal dissensions and disorganization, which paralized its strength. The *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, we must acknowledge it, imparted a salutary shock to the machine of the state. What were its ultimate consequences on the national independence, representative government, equality, liberty, the principles, in short, of the revolution? The history of the consulate and the empire must answer this question."

By a law passed on the 19th Brumaire, a commission of fifty members, twenty-five from each of the two old legislative councils, was to prepare certain alterations in the constitution of the year III.

But under the word alterations, Bonaparte, Sieyes, and their friends, meant a totally new constitution. After some time, Bonaparte sent for the commission to assemble at his residence at the Luxembourg. "Several of the members felt this summons as derogatory to their dignity and independence, *but they all obeyed.*" Bonaparte from that moment assumed the presidency of the commission. He asked Sieyes for his plan; Sieyes explained it to the members. "Very fine!" exclaimed Bonaparte, "but there are objections also to this system. We must reflect upon it. Adjourn till to-morrow." The next morning, the discussion began. It was easy to perceive that Bonaparte was no great admirer of Sieyes' plan, and that he was much more solicitous for the strength and independence of the executive than for the national liberties. At last, "Citizen Daunou," said he, "take up the pen and sit down there." The discussion then assumed a more regular form, and was resumed day after day. Bonaparte took part in it, made objections or suggestions, put each article to the vote, and Daunou wrote down the resolutions. It was clear that two opinions divided the commission: one party supported Sieyes' plan, thinking that they were defending the national liberties; the rest, and these formed the majority, sided with Bonaparte, and were lavish of the powers to be conferred upon the executive, for they well knew that he would be at the head of that executive. The discussion between Bonaparte and the defenders of republican institutions sometimes grew warm. He said one day to Matthieu, "Your discourse is suited for a club." This threw a coolness over the assembly. Bonaparte, however, soon after seized an opportunity of apologizing to Matthieu for his vivacity.

The first important question was that of the electoral franchise and the mode of exercising it, which is the true enigma of all representative constitutions, and which no one yet appears to have solved. Universal suffrage seems only suitable to small democracies, such as the Swiss cantons, or to new states, in which there exists no very great inequality of rank and station, such as the states of North America, and even there the various states are far from following one uniform principle in their electoral franchise. In some a voter must be a freeholder, in all he must be a payer of taxes; in some he must have resided two years in the state, in others one; in almost all the black population, even the free blacks, are excluded. Besides, it ought to be observed, that the qualifications required for a representative are also higher than those for a voter in most states; and that, of the twenty-four states of the union, which form each a separate republic, only three exceed one million of inhabitants, and only four more reach to halfa

million. They may therefore be classed among small democracies. But, in a single state of thirty millions, like France, of which more than one half are or were illiterate and poor, and had no clear conception of political rights, the qualifications required for voting at elections become a subject of very serious consideration. The law of the constitution of the year III. was found not to answer. At one time a number of royalists were returned, and the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor drove them away. Then the Jacobins came in, and were ejected by violence on the 22d Floréal. By the following elections they came in again, and disputed the ground with their antagonists; the 18th Brumaire dispersed them. Every year witnessed the triumph of some party or other, accompanied by a violation of the constitution. Sieyes proposed to obviate this evil, by taking away from the people the right of choosing their representatives in a direct manner, and he proposed, therefore, that the people should merely appoint candidates, from among whom the senate should choose the representatives. And who was to appoint the senate? Why the consuls, that is to say, the executive. This was the legerdemain by which the people were tricked out of their sovereignty, that sovereignty in the name of which they had fought for ten years, and for which, nominally at least, a million of men had lost their lives. It is true that this sovereignty had ever been for the immense majority of the people a mere name, a sort of political fiction; still this nominal right, and the forms by which it was consecrated, ought to have been treated with somewhat more respect by men legislating in the name of the republic. The system of trickery and mystification, thus once begun, was enlarged upon in every successive year. Lists of persons qualified to be elected as members of the legislature were made out in each department; they amounted to 5000, all over France. This was called the list of national eligibility. There was an inferior list, called departmental, which consisted of 50,000, out of whom the executive was to choose the judicial and administrative officers. Lastly, there was a third or communal list of 500,000, out of whom the inferior or municipal employments were to be filled also by the executive. All the rest of the people, namely, twenty-nine millions out of thirty, were neither electors nor eligible.

"Such was the political organization of France, under the consulate, and such the exercise of the national sovereignty. The constitution of the year VIII. having thus taken away from the people the direct election of all its magistrates and representatives, the forms of election became a matter of indifference, as they were merely for the purpose of presenting candidates for the choice of a senate, which was itself dependent on the executive. The discussion of this law by the tribu-

nate was smothered; in the legislative body the law was adopted by a great majority."—(*Consulat*, art. ix. chap. xvi.)

Complaints being made against the formation of some of the lists, the subject was afterwards discussed in the consular council of state. Bonaparte acknowledged that the plan was bad, that it was trifling, ideology, &c.

"Fifty men," said he, "assembled in a time of crisis to frame a constitution, have not the right of disposing of the liberties of the people. . . . But the nation cannot remain without some sort of organization. Better a bad one than none at all. The government must have intermediate bodies between it and the people. It is better perhaps for the government to have to deal with 5000 individuals, than with the whole nation."

The senate, called conservative, was to watch over the maintenance of the constitution against the encroachments of the other authorities; the tribunate publicly discussed the projects of law laid before it by the executive, and made its report to the legislative body, which voted upon them, but without discussion. The latter now received the nickname of "the mutes." Lastly, a council of state, at which the consuls presided, framed the projects of law to be laid before the tribunate.

Thibaudeau combats the assertion that Bonaparte had little influence in the formation of the constitution, and that he trusted to Sieyes and Daunou; the fact is, that he quickly perceived all the articles and provisions which could check the power of the executive, and insisted upon their modification in his favour. The institution of the senate being one of the first of Sieyes's plans which was proposed and adopted, became a lure for several members of the commission, who, flattered by the prospect of becoming senators or councillors of state, gave up their opposition, and formed a majority for Bonaparte's amendments. And to show that the First Consul's opinions on these matters was formed long before, Thibaudeau refers to a remarkable letter written by him to Talleyrand in September 1797, while general of the army of Italy, from his head-quarters at Passeriano, in which he explains pretty clearly his ideas of a constitution.

"Notwithstanding our vanity," thus said that letter, "our thousand and one pamphlets, our never-ending speeches, and our eternal babbling, we are most ignorant in the science of moral politics. We have not even defined what is meant by executive, legislative, and judiciary. There is only one thing we have defined, and that is the sovereignty of the people; but we have not been successful in fixing the meaning of the word constitutional, nor the attributions of the various powers. The government ought to be considered as the true representative of the nation, and ought to govern conformably to the

constitutional charter and organic laws; this government, as I understand it, divides itself into two very distinct magistracies. One is the executive; the other ought to watch, not to act,—it should form the great council of the nation, into which no one should be admitted without having previously filled some of those offices which impart to men a practical knowledge of government affairs. This legislature should be impassible, without rank in the republic, without ears and without eyes for all things out of doors; should have no prospect for ambition, and should not overwhelm us with a thousand laws of circumstances, which become annulled through their absurdity, so that in the end we are a people without any legislation, but with 300 folio volumes of laws. It is a great calamity for a nation of 30 millions to be obliged to have recourse every now and then to the bayonet in order to save the country, (alluding to the days of Thermidor, Vendémiaire, Fructidor, Prairial, &c.); violent remedies are evidence against the legislators; a constitution which is given to men, ought to be suited to men." (See Bonaparte's *Correspondence*, published by Panckoucke, letter of the 19 Sept. 1797.)

The institution of the senate corresponded in a great measure with Bonaparte's ideas of a great magistracy, impassible, and without ears or eyes; it became therefore his favourite body, and he ever afterwards held the tribunate and legislative body in little favour,—he looked upon them as drags, and soon got rid of the former, and reduced the latter to a nullity; and, when at the end of 1813 the "mutes" at last recovered their speech, his amazement and indignation at their presumption knew no bounds; he told them plainly that they were not the "representatives of the nation, but merely a council of administration, much inferior to the senate, and to the council of state, and that he himself was the true representative of the nation." In this angry speech we may recognize still his old notions about the nature of "a government," which he had expressed in his letter to Talleyrand sixteen years before,—the notions in fact of a military chief, of a conqueror in every age.

The formation of the executive was the last and finishing stroke of Sieyes's plan, and the one on which that metaphysical legislator most prided himself; it was called the apex of his pyramid. A grand elector, a sort of president for life, was to be chosen by the senate, with an income of six millions, a guard of 3000 men, and having his residence at Versailles; all the acts of government were to be proclaimed in his name. His only functions, however, were to be limited to the appointment of two consuls, one for peace and the other for war, the former consul to have under him the ministers of justice, of the home department, and of finance; the other, those of foreign affairs, and of the war and naval departments. The grand elector could

dismiss the consuls and replace them, but, if he abused this prerogative, the senate could also remove him by *absorbing him*, that is to say, receiving him among its members, when the office would become vacant. It seems very probable that Sieyes himself aspired to be grand elector, and that he intended Bonaparte and Cambacères for the two consulships under him. This, however, did not suit Bonaparte, who immediately fired a volley of sarcasm and ridicule at the whole plan. "The grand elector was merely the ghost of a *fainéant* king of the Merovingian dynasty. What man of spirit would condescend to act such a mummer's part? Do you think the nation would see with pleasure a mere *hog* at Versailles receiving six millions a year for doing nothing." The ridicule thus thrown upon the project at once put an end to it. The commission, discarding the plan altogether, substituted that of a first consul, chosen for ten years, with two assistant consuls whom he should appoint, and who had only a consultative vote in his deliberations. Some of the republican members of the commission endeavoured to limit the prerogatives of this supreme magistracy, but Bonaparte insisted upon giving it the greatest independence and all the prerogatives of royalty. It must be observed that the commission which was thus disposing in secret conclave of the whole sovereignty of the nation, were themselves parties implicated in the illegal acts of the 19th Brumaire, and had therefore no safe position to fall back upon; they were obliged to push on the car of him for whose benefit they had violated the constitution; his success was the only chance they had of safety. Accordingly, whenever they made any attempt at resistance, Bonaparte, who felt his advantage, stopped their mouths by saying; "If so, I will have no more to do with your plans; a civil war will be the consequence." The prerogatives of the first consul were greater than those of a constitutional king; for he had the initiative of the laws, he appointed to all official, administrative, and municipal situations, made war and peace, commanded the armies, militia and navy, and held in his hands all the strings of the state. Sieyes proposed to establish great departmental and municipal councils, independent of the executive, who should manage their own local affairs. "A constitution," said Bonaparte, "ought not to enter into all these details, which must be provided for gradually and by especial laws!" It was, therefore, merely stated in the project of the new constitution, that the local administrations, whether in the communes or districts, were subordinate to the ministers.

The history of the municipal and *communal* administration in France is very curious. Under the old monarchy, the communes,

whether urban or rural, had their councils of notables, elected their officers and magistrates; the *maire*, however, in most places was chosen by the king from a list of candidates presented by the notables. With regard to financial administration, the communes were considered as under guardianship; every contract of exchange, purchase, or sale, above 3000 francs, was laid before the intendant of the province, upon whose favourable report the king authorized the contract by the issue of *lettres patentes*, registered in the respective parliaments. In matters of less amount, the contract was to be sanctioned by one of the principal courts of the province. In course of time, the crown encroached upon municipal independence, as it did in Spain and other monarchies, and in many places the *maires* were appointed or removed direct by the king. The constituent assembly, by a law of December, 1789, established the municipalities on a broad and uniform principle. The right of election was given to all citizens paying a certain amount of direct taxes. A council general was formed in each commune, for the financial and economical administration, besides a municipal body, at the head of which was the *maire*, having the direction of the police, subject, however, to the administration of the district, which last was subject to that of the department, subject in its turn to the royal authority. This system fell with the overthrow of the constitutional monarchy. The republican constitution of the year III. destroyed the independence of the communes by merging them into cantons or districts, excepting the communes having a population of 5000, which retained a separate administration. The municipal administrators of the canton were elected one by each commune, but were subordinate to the administration of the department, which could annul their acts and supersede the members. Lastly, the directory or executive could cashier the administrators, and, by a law of the 22d Ventose, year IV. it obtained the right of appointing the municipal administrators of all the communes of or above 5000 inhabitants. Any one who will take the pains to follow the progress of any particular department of the state throughout the complicated changes of the French revolution, will find that the march of that revolution, from the proclamation of the republic, has been a continued progress towards centralization of powers in the hands of the executive and in the ministerial offices of the capital, destroying one after another every individual or local guarantee or franchise, which could protect the people against the sweeping acts of any faction that succeeded in getting possession of Paris. In other countries, such as Switzerland, England, the United States, Holland, &c. the liberty of the whole nation has been considered as

resting upon the liberties of the parts, fractions, and individuals, of that nation; in France it was made to rest upon the destruction of every local and individual liberty. Hence, the little opposition that the successive governments, terrorist, directorial, consular, and imperial, met with to their usurpations among the great mass of the people, for all the elements of resistance had been previously annihilated. Hence conscriptions, maritime inscription or forced levies of sailors, contributions, forced paper money, special courts, arbitrary arrests, proscriptions, measures which have hardly a parallel in the worst times of the old monarchy, were all enforced in the name of liberty, and submitted to with the most abject compliance. This contradiction between words and facts, between professions and reality, is found to prevail throughout the whole system and progress of the French revolution; throughout its domestic and foreign relations, during 25 years, there was a want of candour, sincerity and plain speaking; and it will require a long season of peace, and wise government, and a new political and moral education of the people, to do away with the habits and language of mystification long engendered and fostered, by which the minds of the generation grown up in those times have been in some measure affected. We have only to look at random among the popular literature of any of the epochs of the revolution,—their histories, biographies, their journals, &c.—to find most of them stamped with a perversion of reasoning, with a total absence of fairness towards their antagonists, whether domestic or foreign, of which defect the writers themselves seem unconscious, but which most forcibly strikes a dispassionate observer.

It may be easily imagined that Bonaparte's views were not more favourable to municipal independence than those of the directory. The law of the 28th Pluviose, year VIII. which was framed under his auspices, directed that every commune should have again its municipal council, the members of which should be appointed by the prefects,—that the *maires* and the *adjoints* should be named by the chief of the state, or by the prefects. The prefects inspected the accounts of the communes delivered in by the *maire*. All contracts by the municipal councils were to be sanctioned by the legislature, to which soon after the sanction of the chief of the state, namely, the first consul, was substituted. Things came at last to the point that not a church, nor a bridge, nor a cross-road, could be repaired without permission from the bureaus of Paris. (See the interesting report by M. de Martignac as a preamble to the project of a new communal and departmental law, proposed to the chamber of deputies in February 1829, a project which failed through the

joint opposition of the two extremes, ultra-royalist and ultra-liberal.) We must now return from this digression to the consular constitution of the year VIII.

The plan of that constitution being completed, as far, at least, as it suited Bonaparte, it was ordered to be printed and published previously to its being laid before the people for their acceptance. In the preamble or introductory part, Boulay de la Meurthe, taking a cursory view of the former constitutions, stated that "they had all failed because there had never been a really constituted government, owing to the violence of two extreme factions, the royalists and the demagogues." In answer to the alarms of the republicans, who saw that there was not the least guarantee left for the liberties of the people, the members of the commission pithily observed, "We are now come to this pass, that we can no longer think about saving the principles of the revolution, but our sole care must be to save the men who have made the revolution and their personal interests." What a comment on the history of revolutions!

The so-called constitution of the year VIII. was merely a regulation of political organization; it was not Sieyes' constitution, of which Bonaparte borrowed merely the outer frame, which he filled up at his pleasure. Unlike the former constitutions, that of the year VIII. said nothing concerning the freedom of worship, or of the press; or the publicity of justice; these were left to future legislation, which the first consul could dictate at his leisure. The only popular right recognized by the constitution was the right of petition. — (*Le Consulat*, An. VIII. ch. 3.)

Bonaparte's opinion of this constitution has been stated by himself.

"It was at best a temporary measure, a sort of transitory state. There was in France a total absence of aristocracy. If it is difficult to establish a strong republic without aristocracy, the difficulty was still greater for a monarchy, and Napoleon was convinced that France could only exist as a monarchy. To frame a constitution in a country without aristocracy, is like attempting to direct a vessel by means of one element only. The French revolution had undertaken the solution of a problem as difficult as that of the direction of air-balloons. The ideas of Napoleon were fixed, but in order to realize them he was obliged to wait for time and occasion. The consulate introduced unity, and this was the first step. This step once taken, Napoleon felt very indifferent as to the forms and denominations of the various constituted bodies. Wisdom consisted in moving on day by day, without losing sight of the polar star by the aid of which Napoleon was to lead the revolution to the harbour which he had intended for it."—(*Gourgaud's Mémoires.*)

"My reign," said he on another occasion, "began from the day on which I was made first consul." And that the more clear-sighted people at that time understood it so, is proved by the addresses which accompanied the promulgation of the constitution. Garat in his address to the council of the elders said, in his usual academical style, that they "had entrusted one man with the powers and the destinies of the republic, but the extraordinary influence of that man, his genius, and his glorious name, would of themselves set boundaries to the power of the executive,—boundaries the more effective, because they were not laid down in a charter, but in the heart and in the passions even of a great man; for Bonaparte's ambition could not be a vulgar one, &c." This is a fair specimen of the reasoning, of the logic, which prevailed among public men in France for about a quarter of a century. So that, observes our author, "things were come to the point that the only security against the despotism of the first consul was the will of Bonaparte. Luckily, nature which gave him the thirst of power did not make him a tyrant." By tyrant, our author means a cruel, capricious, vicious man; a Tiberius or Nero, which Napoleon certainly was not. The various generals, Moreau, Brune, Massena, &c. announced the new constitution to the troops under their command. "The constitution," said Moreau to the army of the Rhine, "guarantees to the French the full exercise of their rights without depriving the government of the necessary force to maintain public tranquillity, and to supply the armies with the means of conquering. The names of the first magistrates appointed by the constitution are of themselves a security, &c." In the camp such logic will pass current; and there it is much more excusable than in the senate.

The new constitution was to be sanctioned by the people at large. The former constitutions had been laid before the primary assemblies of the various districts, but, on the present occasion, registers were opened in the chief towns of each district, where the citizens were invited to come and register their votes. The scrutiny of these registers gave for result three millions and eleven thousand assenting votes, and one thousand five hundred and sixty-two dissentient. In a nation of more than thirty millions, three millions of voters did not constitute a numerical majority, nor one-half of the citizens of age, yet the number was much greater than those in favour of the former constitutions. It is well here to observe, that the establishment of the republic on the ruins of the constitutional monarchy in 1793 had been sanctioned only by one million eight hundred thousand votes, and the subsequent constitution of the year III. (1795), by one million and fifty-seven thousand alone. So much for the usual assertion that these

constitutions, and all the acts which emanated from them, had been sanctioned "by the majority of the French people." Why did not the real majority express their wishes? Because either they apprehended personal danger in doing so, (especially in the two first instances,) or because they were either too ignorant or too indifferent about these matters. In the case of the consular constitution, it is but fair to admit that the great mass of the French people acquiesced in it, if not by positive assent, at least in their hearts; for they were weary of agitations, and factions, and proscriptions, and panted for security and tranquillity, which they hoped to find under the strong arm of Bonaparte. "For the first time, perhaps, since the beginning of the revolution," says Thibaudeau, "the national assent was the result of reflection and experience, rather than of blind enthusiasm." The generality of people look to present exigencies rather than future dangers—the questions of drags and checks, of a balance between the various powers, the niceties of the machinery of a representative constitution, are things too abstruse for them.

Before, however, the suffrages of the people were collected, the constitution was proclaimed at Paris, and Bonaparte appointed Cambacères and Lebrun second and third consuls. They were both men of education and considerable information, "moderate in their sentiments, and in their hearts inclined to monarchy, enjoying a good personal reputation, prudent, flexible, useful supports of the supreme power, but incapable of opposing it." The first consul appointed the councillors of state, a measure which was within his jurisdiction, but then without waiting for the lists of candidates from the departments; he appointed also, *on the urgency of the occasion*, and for the first time, one-half of the senators, and the senators thus appointed named the members of the legislative body and of the tribunate. So that, in fact, Bonaparte appointed the whole of the legislature and executive. It is impossible here to repress a smile and a sigh at the incorrigible, neverceasing, and astounding credulity of those who really believe that revolutions are made by the people, and for the people at large.

Bonaparte in his choice adhered to his professed principle of amalgamating all parties:—

"I will not govern," he said, "by means of a party. I have opened a wide road for all capable men who choose to walk on with me. I have in my council of state moderate constitutionalists, or Feuillans, as they were called in the first national assembly, such as Rœderer, Regnier, Regnaud, Defermon; I have also some royalists, such as Devaines and Dufresne; lastly, I have some jacobins too, such as Brune, Réal and Berlier.* I like honest men of every colour and party."

* The author of a *Précis Historique de l'Ancienne Gaule*, and of a very good transla-

The council of state was divided into five sections: legislation, interior, finances, war, marine or naval department. The ministers were: Talleyrand for foreign affairs, Abrial for the department of justice, Berthier for that of war, Gaudin for the finances, Lucien for the interior, in the room of Laplace, who was a great mathematician, but incapable as a minister. The following passage introduces us at once into the consular presence:—

"During the constitution of the year III. the Tuileries, the ancient palace of the kings, was occupied by the representatives of the people, and the executive directory resided in the little Luxembourg; this was a sort of homage paid to the nation. On the 19th Brumaire (10th Nov. 1799), the representatives having been previously removed to St. Cloud, the new consuls, on being appointed, went to sleep in the apartments of the directors, which, however, were soon found to be too humble for the head of the executive. The new constitution, of the year VIII., had raised the first consul above all other national authorities, and had made him, in fact, the representative of the French people. On the 19th February, 1800, Bonaparte took possession of the Tuileries, where he fixed his residence. A file of carriages set off from the Luxembourg, escorted by the military, and with music playing. The consuls and their retinue were in full dress, but the private carriages were few, and the rest were hackney-coaches, the numbers of which had been hastily covered over with paper. The first consul had scarcely entered the splendid apartments of the Tuileries, when he came out again, mounted on horseback, and reviewed the troops in the court below, thus announcing that military affairs were always foremost in his mind. After the review he received the various ministers of state, each of whom presented to him in succession the secretaries and other officers of his department."

The first magistrate of the republic was now installed in the palace of the kings, surrounded on every side by recollections of the old monarchy. By a remarkable coincidence, the news of Washington's death had just reached Paris. He had died on the 14th December, in his modest country-house in Virginia, at the age of sixty-eight years, after having been conqueror, legislator, and magistrate, but having remained, at the same time, a citizen of the country which he had raised to the rank of a nation. The first consul announced his death to the army by an order of the day; in which he said that Washington's memory ought to be ever held dear by all freemen in both hemispheres, "and especially by the French soldiers, who, like the American soldiers, were fighting for equality and liberty." And he ordered that for ten days the flags and camp colours of the republic should be bordered with black crape.

---

tion of Cæsar's Commentaries—*Guerre des Gaules*—with excellent notes. By Jacobin Bonaparte must, in his case, have meant a republican, for certainly Berlier did not deserve the appellation in its odious sense.

Three days afterwards, the first diplomatic levee took place. The councillor of state, Benezech, who was charged with the internal administration of the palace, acted as master of the ceremonies, with an usher's rod in his hand; he introduced the foreign ambassadors into the cabinet of the consuls, who were surrounded by their ministers and the councillors of state. The minister of the interior received the ambassadors at the door of the cabinet, and the minister of foreign affairs presented them to the first consul. The ambassadors of Spain and of Rome, the ministers of Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Baden, and Hesse Cassel, and the ambassadors of the new Cisalpine, Batavian, Helvetic, and Ligurian republics, composed the diplomatic body.

It was soon after found that a regular court, with its officers and its etiquette, were required at the Tuileries. The organization of this new court took about two years; it was effected by degrees, slowly but without interruption. The old regulations of the monarchy were carefully examined; the former courtiers and valets of the kings were consulted and flattered. When Bonaparte was made consul for life in 1802, his court, as well as his power, were on the same footing as those of a king. Josephine was of great use in these matters; her amiable and really graceful manners captivated the company, and succeeded in taming many a bluff and restive spirit. The choice of the ladies who composed the society of Madame Bonaparte was made by himself, and he was particular with regard to character; he wished, above all, for propriety of manners, and a strict regard to appearances.

The costume was gradually altered also. The Greek and Roman fashions were discarded, and gave way, first, to the military costume, with boots and sabre, afterwards replaced by a civilian costume, with silk stockings and the long sword. With regard to head-dress, it was still in a state of vacillation, which drove the hair-dressers to despair. Some wore a bag, others a tail, a few wore powder, and the question of powder was seriously discussed in a court conclave. The first consul himself was against it, yet it was signified to the frequenters of the palace that the bag and powder, and lace frills, were most becoming and acceptable. Josephine was opposed to hair-powder, and feared, with some reason, that the next step would be to restore the hoops. She disliked stiffness and parade, and would often exclaim—"How tired I am of all this! I have not a moment to myself. I was intended for the wife of a labouring man."

At the head of the acts of government, a vignette represented the republic under the figure of a female seated and clad in an ancient drapery, with a rudder in one hand and a crown in the other, with the legend—*République Française, souveraineté du*

peuple, Bonaparte premier consul. This legend was, after a while, altered into the following: *Au nom du peuple Français, gouvernement Français.* The "liberty, equality, and sovereignty of the people" disappeared in form, as they had long since disappeared, or, to speak more justly, had never existed, in substance.

After the occupation of the Tuileries, it was thought that the country-house of Malmaison, which had been the favourite retreat of General Bonaparte, was too humble for the chief of a great republic. Among the former royal residences near the capital, St. Cloud was the nearest and most convenient. The inhabitants of the commune of St. Cloud were induced to present a petition to the tribunate, praying that the chateau should be offered to the first consul. Bonaparte, however, declared to the committee, which was to make a report on the petition, that he would not accept anything from the people during the period of his office and for a year after its expiration, after which, if a reward should be voted to him, he would gratefully receive it. Two years after this fine speech, being consul for life, he took, of his own authority, the chateau of St. Cloud, which became thenceforth his favourite residence.

Duroc then signified that every Sunday there would be mass at St. Cloud, after which the first consul would give public audiences; that the levees at the Tuileries would only take place once a month, on the 15th, and that in the interval the state apartments would be shut up. The audiences of St. Cloud became much frequented; three times a week there was a dinner of fifteen persons, and in the evening Madame Bonaparte received company. The first consul appeared at these *conversazioni*, in which card-tables were laid out, and Bonaparte at times played a game. The mass which preceded the audience was a terrible bugbear to many of those who wished to repair to St. Cloud in the morning. It is well known how Berthier contrived to lead the old generals of the republic to church for the first time. He invited them to breakfast, and thence took them to the levee of the first consul, whom they found starting for church, whither they could not well refuse to follow him.

We must now cast a glance at the course pursued by the various branches of the legislature under the consular government.

The two houses of representatives, the legislative body, and the tribunate, opened their first sessions in January, 1800. Public attention was wholly turned towards the tribunate, the only relic of popular representation. The moderate republicans, even among those who had sanctioned the revolution of Brumaire, mustered strong in the tribunate: that was their last stronghold.

Daunou, Benjamin Constant, Ginguené, Mathieu, Thibaut, Chénier, Gamilli, and others, whom Bonaparte described as metaphysicians and ideologists, formed the opposition. The executive proposed through its orator a project of law concerning the mode of proceeding and communicating between the various bodies which were to concur in the formation of the laws, namely, consuls, the council of state, the tribunate, and the legislative body. How was a project of law to be transmitted from one to another of these various authorities, and what forms were required before it could obtain a final sanction? This very first requisite of legislation had not been provided for by the constitution. The amendments proposed by the opposition in the tribunate were: first, five days at least to be allowed for the discussion of a project of law, and five days more to state and support their report before the legislative body; secondly, that the executive should preface the projects of law by a statement of the motives for which the law was required; thirdly, that the legislative body, and not the executive, should fix the day for opening the discussion; fourthly, that the executive should, if it chose, withdraw its project of law altogether, instead of requiring the indefinite adjournment of the discussion; fifthly, that an especial law should determine the cases of urgency, which ought to be very rare, in which a law was required to be passed without the customary delay. These very modest amendments were considered by the government party as a factious opposition. The orator in favour of the government ridiculed the amendments, inveighed bitterly against Benjamin Constant, for which he was three times called to order, made a fulsome panegyric on the first consul, and at last the project was adopted by 54 votes against 26. This triumph ought to have been sufficient for the executive, and yet the government journal, the *Moniteur*, spoke in a peevish tone of "petty passions having an influence "over the debates, of 'the friends of order' not being alarmed "by seeing 26 individuals among 80 disposed to thwart the "government in the most simple and innocent of measures, of "certain minds aiming at a perfection incompatible with human "institutions, &c." In the legislative body the project was passed by 203 votes against 23.

The place of meeting allotted to the tribunate was in the Palais Royal, which was then called Palais Egalité. In the preparatory arrangement of the premises, several leases were annulled by a mere act of authority; and some gambling-houses and brothels were shut up to make room for the representatives of the people. Some of the members complained of these arbitrary acts, and alluded also to the indecency of choosing such

a locality, as if to degrade the assembly in the eyes of the public. A member then rose to order, and congratulated the veterans of liberty on being assembled on the spot of their first triumphs (the revolutions in Paris have generally begun in the Palais Royal), and appealing to the recollections of 1789, said, that if any one should think "of raising an idol of a fortnight, they would remember that they had overthrown a worship of fifteen centuries." The allusion was deeply felt, and the *Moniteur* published an article headed, "On the Roman tribunes and those of France," in which the latter were smartly lectured on their temerity, on the respect that was due to the warrior who had saved the country, on Coriolanus, Camillus, the Tarpeian rock, &c.

A project of law for continuing the existing taxes, direct and indirect, for another year, gave occasion to a warm debate in the tribunate. The principal objection was by no means of a nature hostile to the government; it was that the ways and means did not appear sufficient for the probable expenditure of the following year. The project, however, was adopted by a majority of five.

The law for the formation of the court of cassation came next; it passed the tribunate by a majority of two only, and was thrown out by the legislative body. This was not in consequence of any jealousy towards the government, but owing to many faults of form and detail in the project. The executive then brought forward a law for the complete organization of the whole judiciary system, in which the former plan of the court of cassation was reproduced with some slight modifications, and the whole passed by great majorities! There were to be a tribunal "de première instance" in every arrondissement, a criminal court in every department, and twenty-nine courts of appeal in the chief towns. Thibaudeau here reflects "on the influence which habits of laziness exert upon deliberative assemblies, so that it is often easier to make them swallow an entire code in the lump, than a project of law technically defined in a dozen articles." Another law, by which the government proposed to exact a toll on the bridges *constructed by private individuals*, was rejected, as was also a law to restore manorial or land rents, which had been confounded with feudal rights in the sweeping decrees of the revolutionary convention. The state was possessed of from thirty to forty millions of these rents, and therefore was interested in re-establishing the payment of them. The tribunate rejected the project by 59 votes against 29, on the plea that the property subject to such rents had passed through many hands since their abolition, and that their re-establishment would open the way to innumerable reclamations, and "endanger the interests of the revolution." This was at the best a plea of indemnity for past

spoliation in favour of the purchasers. Another law was proposed to restore, under certain restrictions, the faculty of disposing of part at least of one's property by will or by donations *inter vivos*. This faculty, which appears inherent in man, had been long and eloquently discussed in the constituent assembly, in one of the last debates in which Mirabeau took part. The revolutionary convention had by the famous law of the 19th Nivose, year II., actually abolished the faculty of making a will, for fear, it was said, that the aristocracy should re-establish thereby the inequality of inheritance. According to this beautiful principle, which is still held by some in our own days, no man can dispose of his own property, and as by another principle of the same school no son has a right to his father's inheritance, the obvious consequence is, that at a man's death his property ought to revert to the whole community. The project of the government for restoring to men the faculty of making a will passed by 53 against 35 votes.

The government presented a plan for the division of the territory and the administrative organization. The departmental councils of administration were suppressed. A prefect in each department, a sub-prefect in the arrondissement, and municipalities all dependent on the executive, were established. Roederer, in the preamble to the plan, observed laconically, "The administration is the business of one man, to judge is that of many." The plan passed the tribunate by 71 votes to 25.

These were the principal laws discussed by the tribunate in its first session. The opposition was by no means of a nature to alarm the government. We have said that the people had the right to petition. Most of the petitions sent to the tribunate were referred to the ministers without discussion. Some members reproved the carelessness with which this remaining constitutional right of the citizens was treated. Benjamin Constant spoke in favour of organizing a committee of petitions. The tribunate passed to the order of the day. Petitions have seldom met with much attention in a French assembly.

The session of the legislative body lasted four months, but the tribunate was permanent, or, if it adjourned, it appointed a commission charged with convoking it again when it was necessary. The tribunate was not a convention, it was not the legislature, it did not originate the laws, it did not even sanction them ultimately: it was a body intended to watch over the other constituted authorities. The tribunate made a very modest use of its right of permanence during the eight months' vacations of the legislative body. It resolved upon having two sittings in each month, the 1st and 16th. These sittings were little more than *pro formâ*.

The executive, having established the prefects in every department, thought next of organizing the police. This is a word that has become famous in contemporary history. The ministry of police was a creation of the Directory. There had been of old a police for the great cities; we find a police of Paris established by the Prévôt Etienne Boileau, as far back as 1269, under the reign of St. Louis. This police issued ordonnances for the cleanliness, the good order, and security of the streets and places of public resort. Afterwards, there was a lieutenant-general of police for Paris. The police made a part of the local administration of each town, and the offences against public order and decency were tried by the local magistrates. There was, therefore, an administrative police and a judicial police. But it was reserved for republican France to invent a third kind of police, called a state police, high police, or secret police, a separate and irresponsible branch of the ministry, without definite attributions, extending over the whole state, watching the motions of every individual, and which has been called the eye of the government. The minister of police, established by a law in the time of the Directory, had no ostensible agents under his orders; he corresponded with the ministers of the interior and of justice. The constitution of the year VIII. said nothing about the number or functions of the ministers. The consular government found a minister of police and kept him. The law concerning the new administration of the departments said that the *maires* and their assistants exercised the police of their respective communes, but it added, "that in every town of 100,000 inhabitants and above (only four, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux), there should be a commissary-general of police, having under him commissaries for each district, and that he would receive orders direct from the minister of police, and that at Paris there would be a prefect of police, having under him commissaries in each of the twelve municipalities or districts of the capital." The gendarmerie was placed at the disposal of the minister of police, Fouché. This minister thought of extending the action of the police beyond all precedent, and his ideas found favour with the first consul, who had a weakness upon this point. As for the prefect of police of the city of Paris, Dubois, he told the citizens in a sort of proclamation, that he would watch over their security, their lives, their properties; "that he would protect the liberty of worship, the liberty of dress, and, above all, the liberty of pleasure."

All the branches of the administration received a fresh impulse under the consular government. The finances, which had been left by the Directory in the most confused state, were totally reorganized by Gaudin; strict order and economy, and regularity

of payment, were enforced; the treasury began to fill again; the bank of France was established; all the public securities rose. The arbitrary measure of forced loans was abandoned. The first consul had already, soon after the 19th Brumaire, proposed and obtained of the legislative commission the abolition of the cruel law of the hostages passed in the year VII., by which thousands of individuals were in prison and their property sequestrated because they were related to emigrants; and he immediately sent couriers to cause their prisons to be opened, and their property restored with interest. He himself went to the Temple, and told the hostages there confined that, "an unjust law having deprived them of their liberty, his first duty was to restore it to them." This was one of the finest moments of Bonaparte's life. The priests were next relieved from *surveillance;* those who were exiled were allowed to return, upon the mere declaration, before the local authority, that they promised fidelity to the constitution. Some of the priests refused to make this declaration, and the government took the pains of explaining to them, in the official journal, that this declaration "was a simple civil act, that it was not a religious oath; that they were not required to approve, support, or defend the actual institutions, but merely not to oppose them." The honour of a funeral and of a sepulchral monument were ordered to be given to the remains of the late Pope Pius VI., who had died at Valence the year before. "It became the dignity of the French nation," Bonaparte said, "to bestow these marks of consideration on an old man, respectable by his misfortunes, who had filled one of the highest offices upon earth, and who had been for a moment the enemy of France, because he was led astray by those who surrounded him, and who had taken advantage of his weakness."

La Vendée was pacified. The chiefs of the Vendeans, Bernier, D'Autichamp, Bourmont, &c., made their submission; Georges Cadoual laid down his arms, but refused to pay allegiance to the consular government: he was allowed to leave France and repaired to England. France was now internally at peace for the first time for eight years.

Of the astonishing campaign of Marengo it is not our business to speak, for we are following with Thibaudeau's original Memoirs the *civil* administration of the first consul.

The number of the political journals in Paris was fixed at thirteen, and the minister of police was ordered not to allow any more. All journals which should insert any "article contrary to the social contract, to the sovereignty of the people, and the glory of the French armies, or offensive to the governments and nations, friends and allies to the republic, even if such articles should be

extracted from foreign journals, should be immediately suppressed." Under such vague terms the government might find at any time a pretence for suppressing any journal that it chose. The *Moniteur* proclaimed itself the only official journal.

"The first consul made the *Moniteur* the soul and the force of his government, its organ of communication with public opinion at home and abroad. It was the most dreaded of all tribunals. Its political articles were often virulent against the enemies of the first consul; they expressed what the government wished to be believed. It was the business of sound criticism to find out the object aimed at, to distinguish truth from falsehood; for, if vulgar readers understand to the letter all they see in the official journals, discerning persons know that in most cases those journals contain nothing but mutilated truths or positive falsehoods, which the cabinets think useful to their policy."—(*Le Consulat*, vol. i. pp. 403, 404.)

This is a frank confession, and yet we find Napoleon at St. Helena saying that there was not a single sentence in the *Moniteur* which he should wish to see struck out.

A journal called *l'Ami des Lois* was suppressed on the report of Lucien Bonaparte, minister of the interior, because it had ridiculed the Institute, or Scientific Academy of France. This was a curious sort of offence. The minister of the interior exercised the police over the theatres; no play could be performed without his authorization. A play called Edward the Pretender, by Duval, was performed with great success. Bonaparte went to see it on the second day; he disliked the allusions; the play was suppressed, and the author was advised to travel; he went to Russia. Another play, in which three valets appeared together, was reported by some officious person to be intended as a caricature of the three consuls; Bonaparte, in a passion, ordered the author to be sent to St. Domingo: it was found, however, that the play had been written before the epoch of the consulate, and the author, after having been sent to Brest, was recalled to Paris, where Bonaparte made him amends for the mistake.

The re-establishment of the church forms an important event in the history of the consulate. Bonaparte took frequent opportunities of declaiming against the philosophers of the eighteenth century, whom he called ideologists. In his Italian campaign of 1800, and just before the battle of Marengo, having taken possession again of the city of Milan, he ordered a Te Deum to be sung in the cathedral, which he attended himself with great ceremony. He had written the day before to the two consuls, his colleagues, at Paris: "Let the atheists of Paris say what they please, I shall attend to-morrow the performance of the Te Deum in the cathedral." He afterwards summoned the paro-

chial clergy of Milan, on the 5th of June, 1800, and told them in a long speech that he was attached to the Roman Catholic religion; that he would protect it; that the vexations which they had experienced at his first entrance into Italy in 1796 were not sanctioned by his approbation; that he was then but the agent of the Directory, who did not care about religion; but that now, having full power, he was determined to use it for the protection of the church.

"The modern philosophers," he said, "strove to persuade the French that the Catholic religion was the implacable enemy of all democratic systems; hence that cruel persecution which the French republic carried on against religion and its ministers; hence all the horrors which weighed upon that unfortunate people....In any state of society, no man can be virtuous and equitable without knowing whence he comes and whither he is to go. Mere reason cannot fix our ideas on the subject; without religion we must be groping continually in the dark; there can be no good morality without religion. A society without religion is exposed to all the shocks of the most violent passions, and falls a prey to internal discord, which must infallibly produce its ruin. France, instructed by its own misfortunes, has at last opened her eyes; she has discovered that the Catholic religion is the sheet-anchor which can keep her steady in the midst of political agitation; she has therefore recalled it to her bosom. I do not conceal from you that I have mainly contributed to this good work. I can certify to you that the churches are again opened in France, that religion has resumed its ancient splendour, that the people see with pleasure their old pastors in the midst of their flocks. ..As soon as I can communicate with the new Pope (Pius VII.) I shall, I hope, complete the work of reconciliation....I wish that this expression of my sentiments should be perpetuated in your memory, and I approve of its being made public through the press, in order that my intentions may be known, not only to Italy and France, but to all Europe."—(*Le Consulat*, vol. i.—*Pièces Justificatives*, at the end.)

This address was accordingly published, not only in Italy, but in Coutances, in France, by Agnès, official printer to the *arrondissement*, year IX. On the same day in which this speech was delivered, Berthier, in a proclamation to the people of Lombardy, said that "their enemies, while boasting of their zeal for religion, had called heretics, and even infidels, into Italy," alluding to the Russians, the English, and the Turks, who had joined Austria in the coalition of 1799. Such was the language held by Bonaparte to the Catholic clergy of a country essentially Catholic, for Italy had ever remained so, notwithstanding the first French conquest. Public worship had never been proscribed or interrupted there as in France. The situation of the latter country was essentially different, and required greater caution; accordingly we find Bonaparte's language after his return to Paris considera-

bly modified. The Catholic clergy themselves were divided into "constitutionalists," who had sworn allegiance to the republic, and "refractory," who had refused to do so, and been persecuted in consequence. The bishops of the latter party had mostly emigrated. These two sections of the clergy were at open hostility with each other. The consular government protected the persons of both, allowed the constitutionalists to perform service in the churches, and winked at the refractories performing theirs in oratories or chapels, but did not recognize officially either party as forming a church.

In the larger work before us we find the following statistical summary of religion in France at the time, including Belgium and the departments of the Rhine:

Catholics who followed the constitutional priests....	7,500,000
Catholics who followed the refractory priests	7,500,000
Persons born of catholic parents, but following no mode of worship, either through indifference, or on account of the interruption and persecution of religion over a great part of the country	13,000,000
Persons belonging to no religion whatever, by their manner of thinking or acting.....	4,000,000
Protestants of various communions, Jews, &c.	3,000,000
	35,000,000

"We must not be deceived," observes the author of this statement, "by the votes and testimonials which were held forth by the organs of the consular government in favour of the re-establishment of public worship. The government well knows how to give the impulsion in such cases. The truth is that, as in an infinity of parishes all over the country there had been no religious worship performed for many years, religious ideas had become very much weakened in the minds of the people."—*Le Consulat*, vol. ii. p. 169.

After the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte invited the pope to enter into negociations on the subject of religion and the church in France. At the same time, he ordered General Murat to restore Rome and its territory to the papal authorities. The pope sent the prelate, Spina, and Father Caselli, a theologian, to Paris, in order to confer with the first consul, who appointed, on his part, Joseph Bonaparte and Cretet, councillors of state, and Bernier, the Vendean curate. The negociations for a concordat commenced; but numerous difficulties presented themselves. The first consul became impatient, and threatened; the others raised scruples, quoted precedents, wrote to Rome, and the affair made no progress. At length Cardinal Consalvi, the pope's secretary of state, set off for Paris; and, on his arrival, had several

long interviews with the first consul. The principal points of the concordat were now discussed in earnest. The first consul insisted on the right of appointing the bishops; but the pope was to bestow the canonical institution. The French negociators wished to fix a term, beyond which the pope should not refuse the *investiture;* but the court of Rome was determined upon the full prerogative, and the first consul was obliged to yield. The bishops were to appoint the parochial clergy, subject to the approbation of the government. A new division of France into dioceses and parishes should be made, and the existing bishops, whether constitutional or refractory, should vacate their seats, if required to do so, in consequence of these new arrangements. The churches which had not been sold were to be restored to the bishops. The government would take care that the bishops and parochial clergy should have suitable salaries; and pious persons should have liberty to make foundations in favour of the church. The Roman Catholic faith was acknowledged to be that of the consular government, and of the majority of Frenchmen, its worship to be public, but subject to the police regulations which the government should judge necessary. The pope, on his part, declared, "for the sake of peace," that neither he nor his successors should disturb the owners of church property which had been sold during the revolution. The bishops were to have a chapter in each cathedral, and a seminary in each diocese; but the government was not bound to provide for them. No mention was made of the re-establishment of monastic orders, to which the first consul was decidedly hostile. During these negociations, which were carried on with great privacy, Bonaparte elicited the sentiments of several of the councillors of state on the subject of religion. With one of them, perhaps Thibaudeau himself, he had a long and curious conversation, which is reported in the *Mémoires.*

"On the 21st Prairial, the councillor of state, N——, dined at Malmaison. After dinner the first consul took him alone into the park, and led the conversation to the subject of religion. He spoke at length against the various systems of philosophers, on public worship, on deism, on natural religion, &c. All that, said he, was nothing but ideology. He repeatedly styled Garat the leader of the ideologists. 'Listen,' said he: 'I was walking about this solitary spot last Sunday evening; every thing was silent around me, when the sound of the clock of the church of Ruel all at once struck my ear; I felt strongly affected; for such is the power of first impressions and of education. I then said to myself, what influence these things must have upon simple and credulous men! Let your philosophers, your ideologists, answer that. There must be a religion for the people; but this religion must be in the hands of the government. At present

fifty bishops, emigrants and in the pay of England, lead the clergy of France. We must destroy their influence; and for this the authority of the pope is required. They must vacate their sees, or the pope will supersede them. We will declare that, as the Catholic religion is that of the majority of Frenchmen, the exercise and worship of it must be legally organized. The first consul appoints fifty new bishops, the pope gives them the canonical institution. The bishops appoint the curates, and the state pays them. They must take an oath of fidelity; those who refuse shall be transported. The pope confirms the sale of church property; and thus consecrates the republic. They will sing in the churches *Salvam fac Rempublicam.* The bull is now arrived, and there are only a few expressions to alter. People will say that I am a Papist: I was a Mohammedan in Egypt; and I shall be a Catholic here for the good of the people. I do not believe in religions.....But the idea of a God....' And then raising his hands towards heaven, 'Who then made all this?' he exclaimed. N—— now spoke in reply, after having listened in perfect silence. 'To discuss the necessity of religion would be foreign to the present question. I will even grant the utility of a public worship. A worship must have priests; but priests can exist without forming an embodied clergy, without a hierarchy animated by one spirit, aiming at the same end. A hierarchy constitutes a power,—a colossal power. Were the hierarchy to have for its head the chief of the state, it would not be half so formidable; but, as long as it acknowledges for its head a foreign prince, it is a rival power. There never was so favourable an opportunity as the present to effect a great religious revolution. You have the constitutional priests, the apostolical vicars of the pope, and the emigrant bishops in England, and many shades in each of these three divisions. Citizens and priests, all are disunited; and the great body of the nation looks on all this with total indifference.' 'You are mistaken, the clergy exists; it will ever exist as long as there is a religious feeling in the people: and this religious feeling is inherent in the people. There have been republics, democracies, all that we see, but never a state without religion, without worship, without priests. Is it not better to organize the public worship, and put the priests under proper discipline, than to leave every thing at random? The priests now preach against the republic; ought we to transport them? No, let us bind them by proper regulations, let us then win them over to the republican government.' 'You will never win them over sincerely. The revolution has deprived them of their honours or their wealth,—they will never forgive that; they will always be in a state of war against the new institutions. Scattered as they are, they will be less dangerous than when organized and united.....' 'Shall I do the very reverse of what Henry IV. did.' 'Those were different times. For my part, if there is to be a national religion, I should prefer Protestantism. We are much more favourably placed than England or Germany were at the time of the reformation. In the present state of minds, you have only to say a word, popery is overthrown, and France becomes Protestant.' 'Yes, one half of it,

but the other half remains Catholic; and we shall have quarrels and contentions without end. Why provoke resistance on the part of the clergy and the people? Enlightened persons will not rise against Catholicism, because they are indifferent. I avoid therefore much opposition at home; while abroad I may, by means of the pope'.... and here he stopped. 'Yes, but at the cost of other sacrifices which will make you dependent on him. You have to do with a skilful antagonist, who is always stronger against those who keep on terms with him, than against those who have broken with him altogether. Now every thing appears smooth and fair; but when you think you that have done with the pope, you will find yourself deceived.' 'My dear friend, there is neither sincerity nor belief among men. . . . There is nothing more to take from the clergy. . . . It is now a purely political affair. . . . Things are too far gone, and the part I have taken appears to me the safest.' 'Why, certainly, as the bull of the concordat is arrived, all that I can now say is perfectly useless."

Thus the conversation ended.

On the 26th Messidor (15th July, 1801) the concordat was signed by Cardinal Consalvi, and was ratified by the pope on the 14th August following. Some days afterwards, the first consul communicated to the council of state assembled the articles of the concordat, and said that there would be fifty bishops and about six thousand curates; that he had regulated also the concerns of the Protestants. "The Calvinists have their metropolis at Geneva, and there is no difficulty about that. The Lutherans shall have a synod at Strasburg. As for the Jews, they form a nation apart, which interferes with no other sect, and they are in too small a number to meddle with them." He then broke off the council, without having asked a single opinion upon any article of the concordat; indeed he had clearly hinted that he stood not in need of their assent. The concordat was considered as being within the attributions of the executive. A project of law, however, was laid before the tribunate and the legislative body to regulate the execution of the articles of the treaty as well as the organization of the Protestant worship. But the first consul waited first for the renewal of one-fifth of the members of the tribunate, when most of the opposition were turned out. In April, 1802, Portalis, after a long preamble, in which he spoke of the necessity of religion, of the advantages of Christianity, assertions which few would have thought of disputing, said at last, with great frankness, "The Catholic religion is a powerful spring, which the government must make use of, for fear that others should take possession of it." He also said that a change of religion had become impossible in France, "not because the clergy and the citizens had any extraordinary attachment for Catholicism, but because there was no church property left to

offer to the priests in order to induce them to give up their hierarchy and their discipline." The project of law passed without discussion; 78 voted for it, and 7 against it. Lucien Bonaparte and Jaucourt carried the vote of the tribunate to the legislative body. Lucien spoke zealously in favour of the project, which was adopted by 228 votes against 21. The concordat thus became law.

On Easter Sunday the law of the concordat was solemnly proclaimed. On that day the consuls, senators, councillors of state, the diplomatic body, and all the chief authorities, civil and military, repaired to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where pontifical mass was celebrated by Cardinal Caprara, the pope's legate. The new bishops took the oaths, and a Te Deum was sung for the general peace of church and state. On his return the first consul asked General Delmas what he thought of the ceremony. "It was a fine mummery," gruffly answered the other; "it wanted only the presence of a million of men who have been killed in destroying that which you are now re-establishing." Delmas, having repeated his strictures on other occasions, was at last exiled. The first consul asked his aide-de-camp, Rapp, who was a Protestant, whether he would now go to mass. "No, General." "And why?" "These things may suit you best . . . After all, provided you do not appoint those people to be your aides-de-camp or your cooks, I care not a straw about it." Rapp had the privilege of speaking bluntly, on account of his known personal attachment to Bonaparte.—(*Mémoires*, p. 164.) The military were always the most averse to church ceremonies.

The first consul had numerous difficulties to encounter in the execution of the concordat, but his firmness, his irresponsible power, his iron will, and the perfect indifference of conscience with which he regarded the whole arrangement as a political measure, enabled him to surmount all. Constitutional priests, refractory priests and bishops, papal legate, the court of Rome itself, all were obliged to bend before his determination. He would be obeyed by both priests and laymen in all ostensible matters, although he protested that he did not interfere with their belief. But not a word must they utter in disparagement of his government, or do any act in disobedience to the regulations prescribed. The Abbé Fournier, an old emigrant, having made some allusions in a sermon against the actual system, was arrested; and, as other offensive sermons were found among his papers, he was sent by the prefect of police to a madhouse. He was afterwards exiled from France, and removed to the citadel of Turin, until Cardinal Fesch obtained his liberation. The curate of St. Roch, having refused to perform the funeral service over the body of an opera

dancer, was severely reprimanded, and the Archbishop of Paris ordered him to be suspended from his functions for three months.

"The civil authority was often at variance with the ecclesiastical authority, which by degrees attempted to call in question all that had been done during the revolution, and tried to enforce again old institutions and rights abolished by the laws, and to revive rules of conduct and usages no longer suited to the state of opinion in France. The first consul had much to do to maintain the equilibrium between the state and the church. With any other man the clergy would soon have reassumed its former preponderance, and brought on fresh calamities; for, although there were many prelates and priests really animated by a spirit of peace and charity, there was also a considerable number of ambitious men, fanatics and intriguers, who would have proceeded to any extremes."—p. 166.

In order to prevent the spreading of any address in which politics might be mixed up with religion, the minister of the interior wrote circulars to all the prefects, not to allow the publication of any writing addressed to the people by any authority whatsoever, without their approbation. The pastoral instructions and *mandemens*, or charges, of the bishops to their diocesans, were not excepted from this order. With such means it was certainly easy to keep the clergy in total submission, and we do not wonder at Napoleon asserting at St. Helena that he had never regretted having signed the concordat. Why should he? His power was so absolute, so overwhelming, so omnipresent, that any attempt at mutiny or resistance was crushed in an instant. The clergy, as a body, proved ever after docile to him in the extreme. They assisted him in raising the conscription; their addresses to him on different occasions were sufficiently laudatory. Even when he afterwards quarrelled with the pope, most of the French bishops ranged themselves on the side of the temporal power.

The *Moniteur*, 9th Thermidor, An. X., extolled the concordat "as the most glorious act of the consular government, which has gathered together the scattered branches of the Christian religion, and has restored the altars of the Gospel overthrown during ten years of barbarism. That eternal morality of nations has again found its ancient cradle. The Christians of Rome and those of Augsburg are again become brethren at the voice of the chief of France. Religious intolerance, as well as political fanaticism, after being by turns persecutors and persecuted, have disappeared for ever, together with the conspiracies and the sacrileges of revolutionary times. The law which protects and the Gospel which consoles mankind, have joined hands for the happiness of France. True philosophy has again found its natural auxiliary, and the atheist, driven away from the temple, has still time left for re-

pentance. False philosophy has no more influence, and the system of abstractions has vanished before the appearance of truth. 'If I had a province to chastise,' said Frederic the Great, 'I should put it under a government of philosophers.' The philosophers whom that great man here meant, shall no longer chastise France, because France has also a great man who has assumed the direction of her destinies." Leaving aside some of the flattery and flourish of the above passage, we certainly think that the concordat was a prudent and beneficial act of Bonaparte's government. Supposing even that only one-half of the French people were still attached to their religion, was it not wise and just to quiet their consciences, to quell controversy, and to remove scandal? The consular government satisfied the religious wants of those who were religiously inclined, while at the same time it did not force any one to join a church of which he might not approve. It kept that church subordinate to the state, and certainly Bonaparte's power was never after endangered by the clergy. He therefore did for once an act of justice and benevolence, without the least danger to himself or to any one else.

In the session of the legislative body for the year IX. (1801), the proportion between the opposition and the government party continued nearly the same as in the preceding year. Of ten projects of law presented by the government, three were rejected, but they concerned minor matters of administration. The law for the establishment of special tribunals in criminal matters excited a warmer debate, as it affected the personal security of individuals. It was proposed at the same time to reduce the number of the justices of peace, to take away from them the judicial police of their respective districts, and give it to special magistrates appointed *ad hoc* by the government. The numerous parties of outlaws, or *brigands* as they were called, who infested several provinces of France, were alleged as the motive of a project of law which annihilated the institution of the jury, and left the citizens without guarantee against arbitrary imprisonment. The law, however, passed the tribunate, though by a small majority. This was not enough for the first consul, who was irritated by the tone which the discussions had assumed in the tribunate. He could not bear publicity in such cases. He had repeatedly told several of the members, that, "instead of declaiming in the tribune, they would do better to come to him in his cabinet, and discuss the projects of law in familiar conversation, as he was wont to do in his council of state, where he allowed the greatest freedom of speech." In an audience he gave to the senate on the 9th Pluviose, after the debate on the special tribunals, he vented his spleen against the tribunate in that coarse guard-room oratory to

which he was accustomed to resort whenever stung by personal opposition. "Ginguené," said he, "has given the ass's kick. There are in the tribunate twelve or fifteen metaphysicians fit to be thrown into the Seine. I feel the vermin about my clothes.... They must not fancy that I will let myself be attacked like Louis XVI.; I shall not allow it."

The third session of the legislative body was opened in Brumaire, year. X. (November, 1801.) The two first projects of law concerning the civil code were rejected by the tribunate. The first consul held a long and warm conversation on this subject in his council of state. He said that the declamations of the opposition tended to degrade the government in the eyes of the French people, always prone to ridicule; that an opposition in France was a very different thing from the opposition in England, or in ancient Rome; that where there are no patricians there ought to be no public deliberative body; that the government in this case was the representative of the people. The first National Assembly was right in making the king subordinate to the representatives, because there were still a nobility and a clergy; but now every thing was changed. The constitution had created a legislative power composed of three branches, but each of these branches had not the right of organizing itself; that ought to be the subject of a law. We must, therefore, make a law to organize the mode of deliberation in each of these branches. The tribunate ought to be divided into five sections. The discussion of the laws will take place secretly in each section, where they may babble as long as they please. The section may discuss the projects with the corresponding sections of the council of state. The reporter alone will speak in public, and we shall then hear something reasonable. There must be unity of purpose in the great authorities of the state, otherwise we cannot go on, and a general uneasiness and want of confidence will spread through the nation. In so numerous a nation as France, the majority are incapable of judging soundly of public affairs. France is not yet a republic; it is yet a problem whether it will be able to constitute one. In five or six years this question will be solved. If the authorities remain in harmony together, we shall have the republic; if not, we may go on for ten or twenty years, and the aristocracy must return. It is the natural tendency of men and things. Once more, we must have no opposition. What can we do with such men as Ganilh and Garat-Mailla? (the nephew of Garat the senator). All those who surround Sieyes go on badly, and it is chiefly through his fault. He regrets not being grand elector.—*Mémoires sur le Consulat*, p. 224—231; *Le Consulat*, vol. ii. p. 411—416.

By the constitution of the year VIII. both the tribunate and the legislative body were to be renewed by one-fifth in the year X. (1802.) The senate was to choose the members of the new fifth. But nothing was said about the manner in which the members to be removed were to be picked out. This important question was discussed in the council of state. Some were for the ballot, others by scrutiny. The first consul of course was for the latter. The choice was left to the senate, which *of course* adopted the scrutiny. By this means the principal members of the opposition were removed from the tribunate, such as Chénier, Daunou, Benjamin Constant, Isnard, Chazal, Ganilh, Garat-Mailla, &c. Among the members chosen to replace them were Carnot, Daru, and Lucien Bonaparte. The tribunate thus renewed framed a regulation for its deliberations, by which it divided itself into three sections. After this the first consul convoked a new session of the legislative body in April, 1802. All the projects of law presented by the government in this session on the concordat, the conscription, public instruction, &c. were passed with scarcely any opposition, except those on the administration of the colonies, and on the establishment of the Legion of Honour. These last require some notice. By the treaty of Amiens, France had recovered her colonies both in the West and East Indies, and in Africa. In the discussion held in the council of state on the administration of the colonies, the first consul supported the project of establishing chambers of agriculture among the colonists, which might petition the government of the mother-country, and have their agents at Paris. "It was the only means," he said, "of making the sentiments, wishes, and wants of the colonists known to the government." He defended the conduct of the French colonists and Creoles, who were accused of being the cause of the disturbances which had broken out in several colonies. With regard to the Blacks, he spoke vehemently against the measure of emancipation decreed by the convention. The horrors of St. Domingo furnished him with a plausible text.

"After that experience," he said, "it would now be mere obstinacy to talk about the liberty of the Blacks. The Whites have been sacrificed and murdered, and you will not allow them to complain. I am for the Whites, because I am white myself; I have no other reason, but that is a sufficient one. Without going any further, would you have allowed Frenchmen to be made dependent on the Italians, on the Piedmontese? We should have been well served for it; they would have treated us as the Blacks have treated the Whites. We have been obliged, on the contrary, to use great precautions, and to keep them in dependence; and, if I had had to choose between sacrificing two soldiers of my army, or dooming all Italy to perdition, I should have sacrificed all Italy, because I am, above all things, of my army, and for my army.

Even now we must keep a sharp look-out upon that country, and yet they are Whites like ourselves; they are civilized people and our neighbours."—*Mémoires sur le Consulat*, p. 116—121.

He did not, however, limit himself to re-establishing slavery in the colonies, for which, perhaps, much might have been said at the time, but he re-established also the horrid slave-trade, which was carried on under the tri-coloured flag during the period of the peace of Amiens, and afterwards whenever their ships could escape the vigilance of the English cruizers. This was one of the greatest stains of the consular government. Bonaparte's exaggerated notions of the importance of colonies to France, and his eternal anxiety to rival England in maritime power, contributed no doubt to the adoption of that measure. And yet he had moments in which he saw matters connected with statistics and political economy with a clearer eye; but they were only lucid intervals, soon overcast by the mists of passion and wilfulness. In a discussion in the council of state, about the maritime inscription, which is in fact a regular conscription of sailors instead of the occasional impressment of the English, he argued on the necessity of such a measure, on account of the great geographical difference between France and England. "England," said he, "has an immense extent of coast, which furnishes her with plenty of sailors whenever she wants them. France, on the contrary, even with her recent acquisitions, has a dense body, and less coast in proportion. Nature has not been favourable to us in this respect. England is like a bump on our nose,—nature is for her. We must then substitute the force of legislation," &c.; as if legislation should strive to conquer nature, instead of adapting itself to the capabilities and natural advantages of each country. That was his usual foible, the weakness of a powerful but uncontrolled mind. The law upon the colonies and the slaves passed the tribunate by a majority of 54 against 27, and the legislative body by 211 against 63.

The discussion concerning the establishment of the order of the Legion of Honour was remarkably interesting. In the council of state, Dumas, although favourable to the project, proposed that the order should be exclusively military. Bonaparte opposed the idea. It was good for the feudal times, when the military qualities, force, and bravery were every thing. But the invention of gunpowder had changed the whole military system, and now the principal qualities which distinguish a general, intelligence, calculation, knowledge of men, administrative science, are all civil qualities. "I have told some military men that a pure military government would never suit France, unless the whole nation were first brutified by half a

century of ignorance. All such attempts will fail, and their authors will fall victims to them. The mere military man knows no other law but force; he refers every thing to himself, and to his corps. The civilian, on the contrary, sees the general good of society. The former wills every thing despotically; the latter appeals to reason, discussion, and truth. The national honours and rewards, therefore, are due to the civilian even in preference to the military."—(*Mémoires*, pp. 76—80.) What a comment this on his own subsequent headlong career of the empire! when every thing was carried by military force; when he acknowledged that he regulated his conduct chiefly by the opinion of his army, and boasted that with 800,000 men he could treat Europe as he pleased; when the populations subject to his iron sway were divided into two classes, *militaires* and *pékins!* But at the former period he still felt like a citizen; and he was not yet at the head of the armed forces of one half of Europe. Several councillors of state objected to the institution of the Legion of Honour, as an *order*, an organized body, a new aristocracy,—in short. Berlier mentioned the Romans.

"It is very strange, said the first consul, that, in speaking against civil distinctions, you should quote the history of the very people among whom they were most marked. All their constitutions, social, military, civil, and religious, were based upon distinctions. When the distinctions between the classes gave way, after that fine patrician body was destroyed, Rome was torn to pieces; the people were nothing but the lowest populace, and the proscriptions of Marius, Sylla, and the Cæsars, succeeded each other. People are always quoting Brutus as the enemy of tyrants: well! Brutus was nothing but an aristocrat who killed Cæsar, because Cæsar wished to curtail the authority of the senate in order to increase that of the people. But ignorance or party spirit have disfigured history. Where is the republic in ancient or modern times without distinctions? You call them gewgaws, but men are fond of gewgaws or toys, and are led along by means of them. I do not think that the French people care much about *liberty* and *equality;* the French have not been changed by ten years of revolution; they are still what the Gauls were, high-spirited and changeable. They have one feeling, that of *honour;* we must then administer food to that feeling, we must give them distinctions. See how they bow before the decorations worn by foreigners, how they seem struck by them!* What have the revolutionary governments done? They have

* When the Marquis Lucchesini, the Prussian minister, came to the audience of the first consul at the Tuileries, he was covered with ribbons and crosses of numerous orders. Bonaparte, who was standing at one of the windows, observed how the people gazed at them on his alighting from his carriage, and how impressed they seemed with a sense of the importance of the diplomatist who wore so many brilliant decorations. This is said to have first suggested to him the idea of the Legion of Honour.

destroyed every thing that had a hold upon men's minds, and substituted nothing instead. We have a government, we have constituted powers, but all the rest of the nation, what is it? a sandy level. We must throw upon this level some masses of granite, or we shall never have a republic."

After several sittings, the question of sending the project before the legislative body was put to the vote. It was carried in the council of state by fourteen votes against ten, who voted for the adjournment, under the plea that the session of the legislative body was drawing to a close. The project of law was strongly opposed in the tribunate; Lucien spoke violently in support of it, apostrophized the opposition as criminal, called the nation *pitoyable*, and by his violence increased the number of the opponents of the measure. It passed, however, by 56 votes against 38, and the legislative body by 166 against 110.—(*Consulat*, vol. ii. p. 484.) The opposition on this occasion was one of the strongest that the government had experienced. But it was also the last. The senatus consultum, which proclaimed Napoleon consul for life, reduced also the tribunate to fifty members, being one half of its original number. From that moment the last relic of representative government disappeared, and the projects of laws, instead of being discussed freely and in public, were examined in private committee of the respective section, or in conferences between two or three delegates of the section, and as many councillors of state, under the presidency of the second or third consul.

It was on the occasion of congratulations for the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, that the president of the tribunate proposed to that body to send a message to the senate to give to the first consul a splendid mark of the national gratitude. Lacepede in the senate proposed to extend the period of Bonaparte's consulate for ten years more after the expiration of the first ten. Another senator, Despinasse, proposed next to make him consul for life, but the president of the senate, Tronchet, put at once the previous question, which was adopted by sixty votes against the single vote of Lanjuinais. But this was not what Bonaparte expected. When the senatus consultum was brought to the first consul, he thanked the senators for their mark of esteem, but said he would not accept the prolongation of his consulship unless the suffrages of the people confirmed the act of the senate. The council of state was summoned for the 20th Floréal; the second and third consuls and all the ministers, except Fouché, were present. Having read the senatus consultum and the answer of the first consul, Rœderer said that a mere prolongation of the consulship gave no pledge of stability, that a stronger measure was required, which the senate, however, could not take upon

itself; that therefore the question to be submitted to the suffrages of the people ought to be, "whether the first consul should be confirmed for life, and should have the right of appointing his successor." Portalis, Bigot de Préameneu, Dubois, &c. spoke in support of the motion. Portalis described Bonaparte as "a man on whom the destinies of the world depended, and before whom the earth stood in silence." The consulate for life was adopted, but, upon the right of nominating his successor, five councillors, among whom were Thibaudeau and Berlier, did not vote. The next morning, the *Moniteur* contained an arrêté of the consuls, by which, "considering that the people when consulted upon their dearest interests should have no limits put to their determination," it was decreed that the French people should have to decide upon the question, "whether Napoleon Bonaparte was to be consul for life," and that registers be opened in every commune for the citizens to inscribe their votes. The question of the succession was dropped as premature. Bonaparte declared that he was not aware of its being proposed. In a conversation he had at Malmaison with a councillor of state, apparently Thibaudeau, he discussed familiarly the subject of the consulship for life, and said it gave him great consideration, especially abroad. "I am now on a level with the other sovereigns, for, after all, they are themselves for life only. They and their ministers will respect me more, because they see that my authority is no longer precarious." And then he went on with one of his tirades against the ideologists, the liberty of the press, Sieyes, &c.

On leaving Bonaparte, the councillor went into Josephine's apartments; she took him into the park, and spoke to him, with great emotion, of her uneasiness and her fears, on account of the intrigues with which her husband was surrounded. She told him that Lucien wished absolutely to establish the hereditary succession, that he had proposed to her to adopt a surreptitious child, that Talleyrand had framed a plan of a new constitution with the hereditary succession, that Rœderer, Lacepede, Laplace, &c. supported the scheme, that Bonaparte listened to all, and, as no body contradicted these projects, he would be at last carried along. "I often tell him," said Josephine, "that weakness and ambition are the two main causes of the ruin of men. He then tells me to mind my own business. I don't speak for myself, for I don't pretend to any thing. But it is a great pity that a young man, who has so many claims to the homage of his contemporaries and to the admiration of posterity, should be led away by flatterers. It would be well to expose them in some journal, for that is the only thing that has any effect upon Bonaparte, who is extremely sensitive to the sarcasms of the English newspapers.

It is for this that he declaims so much against writers and lawyers. And yet I believe his father was a lawyer." Poor Josephine lived to see her fears realized, her predictions fulfilled, though not exactly in the way, nor so soon, as she expected. It is remarkable that she looked upon Fouché as one of the few real friends of her husband.

The registers of the departments being examined, 3,577,885 votes were found registered, of which 3,368,259 were in favour of the consulship for life. Then came various changes in the organization and attributions of the tribunate, legislative body, council of state, electoral colleges, etc. which in fact constituted a new constitution. Centralization of powers was the order of the day. The step from the consulship for life to the empire became a very easy one. Bonaparte's conversations with Thibaudeau and with Josephine upon these never-ending alterations are very curious.—(*Mémoires*, pp. 309—320.)

The character of Josephine appears to have been amiable and mild; she seems to have suffered greatly in her mind, not from her husband, who was kind to her, but through her fears of futurity, and her being tormented by the idea of having no children. This made her dread the question of hereditary succession, which she heard agitated by those around Bonaparte. Chapter XV. of the Memoirs treats of the military opposition, the only one that remained, of which Moreau and Bernadotte were at the head. Moreau, though a good general, was evidently a weak man, and was led by his mother-in-law, who had much vanity and ambition. His influence in France at the time appears to have been greatly exaggerated. There is also an account of Fouché's dismissal from the ministry of police, which was effected by his being made a senator, and which seems to have given fresh cause of anxiety to Josephine.

Chapter XVII., which treats of Bonaparte's mediation in the affairs of Switzerland, is highly interesting. There is a tone of real frankness pervading his conversations with the Swiss deputies, which, joined to the good sense and sound views he expressed on that occasion, give a very favourable idea of his character when not under the influence of ambition or vanity. His mediation of Switzerland was a beneficial act, and one of the few transactions of his foreign policy in which he appeared truly equitable, conscientious, and disinterested. We must regret that we have no space for extracts.

The discussions in the council of state concerning the civil code occupy Chapter XIX. It is well known that Bonaparte took a great part in these discussions, although on a subject which he could not know scientifically. Thibaudeau attests, and we fully believe him, that on these occasions he spoke with a freedom, a

soundness of judgment, and a total absence of pretension or dogmatism, which produced a most favourable effect on the assembly, and that his speeches, such as they appear in the *procès-verbal* of the discussions which has been printed, are exactly his own, and not made up afterwards, as it has been asserted, by Locrè, secretary to the council of state. This was again a subject on which Bonaparte found himself perfectly unbiassed by personal views or *arrière-pensées:* and he therefore gave full scope to his natural sense of justice and quickness of penetration.

The peculiar importance of Thibaudeau's *Mémoires sur le Consulat*, in an historical point of view, consists in the insight they afford into Bonaparte's political views and sentiments at the time, as expressed by him in confidential conversation to Thibaudeau himself and others of his councillors. And the value of these revelations is increased by comparing them with the statements Bonaparte made to Las Cases at St. Helena, which, when divested of all colouring and sophistry, serve to corroborate the truth of his former confessions, and to prove that his political opinions on the most material points had undergone very little change from the time of the consulate to that of his captivity. One of the most important of these points is that discussed in Chap. XVIII. of Thibaudeau's Memoirs, entitled "War and Peace." Bonaparte's sentiments, as expressed by him during the short period of the peace of Amiens, clearly settle, in our opinion, the long disputed question, whether the rupture of that peace was mainly owing to England or to himself. We extract the following familiar dialogue between the First Consul and a councillor of state, designated, as usual, by the initial N., and who, we take it for granted, was Thibaudeau himself, which took place soon after the ratification of the treaty of Amiens. This dialogue, we cannot tell why, has not been inserted in the larger work before us.

"'Well, citizen,' said the First Consul, 'what do you think of my peace with England?' 'I think, citizen consul, that it does much honour to your government, and that it is very acceptable to the French.' 'But do you think that it will last long?' 'I should wish that it might last at least four or five years, to give us time to reconstruct our navy, but I doubt it.' 'I don't believe it either; England fears us, and the continental powers do not love us. How could we expect a solid peace? But, besides, do you think that a peace of five years or more would suit the form of our government, and the circumstances of its position?' 'I think that such a period of rest would be very suitable to France after ten years of war.' 'You don't understand me: I don't question whether a sincere and solid peace be an advantage for a state whose government is solidly established; but

whether ours is so established as not to stand in need of fresh victories?' 'I have not sufficiently reflected upon so grave a question; all I can say, or rather what I feel, is that a state which cannot consolidate itself except by war is in a very unfortunate position.' 'The greatest of all misfortunes would be not to judge correctly of one's position, for when one knows it, one can provide for it accordingly. Now answer me, do you believe in the feeling of persevering enmity of those governments who have just signed treaties of peace?' 'It would be a difficult matter for me not to believe it.' 'Well, now draw your inferences. If those governments hold still *in petto* the thought of war, if they mean to renew it some day, better it should be soon than late, for every day weakens in them the impression of their late defeats, and in us the enthusiasm of our late victories; all the advantage in gaining time will, therefore, be on their side,' 'But, citizen consul, do you reckon as nothing the use you might make of peace for the organization of our internal affairs?' 'I was just coming to this point. Certainly this important consideration has not escaped my mind, and I have shown, even in the midst of war, that I did not neglect that which concerns our internal institutions and good order, and I don't mean to stop there, for there is yet much to do; but are not military successes also as necessary as ever in order to dazzle and to restrain the people of the interior? You must consider, that a First Consul does not resemble those kings by the grace of God, who look upon their states as an inheritance, and whose power is supported by traditional habits. With us, on the contrary, old habits become obstacles. The French government of this day resembles in nothing the governments by which it is surrounded. It is hated by its neighbours, and is obliged to restrain in the interior several parties of discontented men; in order, therefore, to overawe so many enemies, it stands in need of brilliant actions—of war, in short.' 'I acknowledge, citizen consul, that you have much more to do in order to consolidate your government than the kings our neighbours in order to maintain theirs; but, it may be said, also, that Europe knows already, by experience, that you can conquer, and she does not require fresh proofs of it every year in order to remember it, and that, on the other side, the labours of peace are not always obscure, and you may still command admiration by effecting great national works.' 'Old victories, seen from a distance, strike the mind no longer, and great works of art make no great impression except upon those who see and inspect them, and these form but a small number. It is my intention to multiply this kind of works, for which posterity, perhaps, will give me more credit than for my victories; but, for the present, there is nothing that can command attention so much as military successes: that is my thought; it is a misfortune in my position. A new-born government like ours, I must repeat it, is obliged in order to consolidate itself, to dazzle and astonish the rest.' 'Your government, citizen consul, cannot, I think, be called new-born. It assumed the *toga virilis* at Marengo; and directed as it is by a strong head, and supported by thirty millions of people, it holds already a rank sufficiently conspicuous among the

governments of Europe.' 'And do you consider that, my dear friend, as enough? *It must become the first government of all, or it will fall.*' 'And in order to obtain this result do you see no other means but war?' 'Yes, citizen . . . . . I will bear with peace if our friends know how to keep it; but if they oblige me to take up arms again before our swords become blunted by effeminacy or long inaction, I shall look upon it as an advantage.' 'But, citizen consul, what period will you assign to this state of anxiety which would make us wish for war even in the bosom of peace?' 'My dear friend, I do not see clearly enough into futurity to be able to answer that question; but I feel that in order to expect solidity and good faith in treaties of peace, either the governments that surround us must become in their forms more like to ours, or our political institutions must be a little more in harmony with theirs. There is always a spirit of hostility between old monarchies and a republic totally new. This has long been the root of European discord.' 'But might not this hostile spirit be checked by recent recollections and by the attitude which you can assume?' 'Palliatives are not remedies; in our position I consider all treaties of peace as mere truces, and my ten years' consulate (he was not yet consul for life) as a period of almost uninterrupted warfare. My successors will do as they can. For the rest, you must not suppose that I shall be the first to break the peace; oh no! I shall not act the part of the aggressor. I feel too well the advantage of leaving the initiative to foreigners. I know them well; they will be the first to resume hostilities, or at least to furnish me with just motives to resume them myself. I shall keep myself ready for all events.' 'If so, citizen consul, that which I said I feared some months hence is precisely what you wish.' 'I am waiting; and my principle is, that war is much better than an ephemeral peace; we shall see how this will turn out. Peace is just now of great value, for it seals the confirmation of my government by the acknowledgment of the power which has opposed it the longest; that is the most essential point. The rest, that is to say, futurity, will be according to circumstances.'"—*Memoires sur le Consulat*, p. 389—395.

Having faithfully translated the above conversation, we leave it to every reader whose mind is unbiassed to draw his own conclusions from it. To talk after this about Malta being the real cause of the rupture appears to us mere trifling.

By a senatus consultum of 24th Fructidor, year X., Piedmont was united to France, and formed into six departments. The First Consul issued what he styled an amnesty for all political crimes of which the natives of Piedmont might have been guilty against France! By this curious amnesty he allowed those who had absented themselves from their country or had followed their former sovereign to Tuscany or Sardinia, till the 1st Vindemiaire, year XI., to return; after which those who still absented themselves should be declared as banished, and *their property*

confiscated for the benefit of the national domains. What would the liberals of our day say to such an amnesty? The editor of the *Histoire de Napoleon* cannot help remarking that this was creating emigrants in Piedmont, at the same time that those of France were struck off the criminal list.—(*Le Consulat*, vol. iii. p. 83.) It is certain, that the crime of voluntary emigration figures very strangely in the penal code of a state calling itself free. By another senatus consultum of the same month, the island of Elba, on the coast of Tuscany, was likewise united to France. Spain had already given up Louisiana to France. Holland was still occupied by French troops. Bonaparte gave a new constitution to Liguria and to Switzerland, of which he became the protector. The equilibrium contemplated by the treaty of Amiens was thus completely destroyed. And when the English ambassador, Lord Whitworth, in his famous interview with Bonaparte, alluded to these topics, the First Consul answered, that "the annexation of Piedmont, Elba, &c. were mere trifles! that they ought to have been foreseen by the English cabinet during the negociations for the peace, that it had now no right to speak about them."—*Ib.* p. 234. And the editor finds this reasoning perfectly just, and throws all the blame of the rupture upon England, because she did not choose, in the face of all these new encroachments of Bonaparte, to deliver up Malta! But it is absolutely useless to attempt to reason with those who admit as a principle Bonaparte's already quoted profession, that *his government must be the first in Europe*, which is saying that he had in fact the right of doing as he pleased on the Continent. This reduces the whole question to the very simple argument of the right of the strongest. Were the advocates of Bonaparte frankly to acknowledge this at once, it would save a vast deal of words and paper.

The indemnities, which by the treaty of Luneville were to be given to the German princes, were another source of political scandal. France and Russia became joint mediators in this business.

"Most of the German princes who claimed indemnities, being aware that the granting of them depended more upon France than upon the Germanic Diet, addressed themselves to that power as well as to Russia, which last showed an ambition to interfere in the affairs of Germany. From the beginning of 1802, the transactions concerning the indemnities were transferred from Ratisbon to Paris. The German princes flocked thither to solicit the protection of the First Consul, and the good graces of his minister Talleyrand. Germany was put up to auction in the offices of the department of foreign affairs."—(*Histoire de Bonaparte, Le Consulat*, iii. 95.)

Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria, however, did not wait for the result of the negotiations; they seized what suited them best.

"The Prussian troops occupied Hildesheim, Erfurt, Eichsfeld, and Munster; the Bavarians took the towns on the Lech, and entered the Bishopric of Passau, but Austria seized upon Passau for herself as well as on Salzburg. We have said that during the negociations for the indemnities Germany was put up to auction; it was now given up to pillage."—*Ib.* p. 99.

Baden and Wurtemberg obtained considerable accessions of territory, owing to French influence. "The object of the First Consul was to substitute the influence of France for that of Austria, and to create among the secondary German states allies and dependents."

Thibaudeau's original Memoirs terminate with the manœuvres and intrigues preparatory to the establishment of the imperial power. The fourth volume of the larger work before us is chiefly engrossed with the particulars of that memorable transition. Two years had not yet elapsed since Bonaparte had declared that hereditary succession was impossible in France, when the discovery of the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru was made a pretext for reviving the question. The senate in an address to the First Consul (March, 1804,) told him, "that he ought to eternize the new era he had begun; that splendour was nothing without stability; that his work remained to be completed." Bonaparte replied cautiously that he would take time to consider. At a sitting of the council of state, Cambacères said, that the First Consul wished to know the confidential opinion of each of the councillors upon a question which would be stated to them by Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely. Cambacères then withdrew, and Reynaud put the question, "whether it was desirable to make hereditary succession the basis of the government of France?" Berlier spoke against it, but, after a long discussion, protracted for four days, the question was answered in the affirmative by twenty votes against seven. At the same time the leading members of the senate, the tribunate, and the legislative body, were told confidentially, at various meetings which were held at the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, that they must hasten to declare themselves, lest they should be forestalled by the army; that Napoleon was going to review his camps along the northern coast, when the soldiers would elect him emperor by acclamation; that it was therefore wiser for the great councils of the state to take the initiative, in order to preserve their own influence and consideration. The first mooting of the question took place in the tribunate. Curée, a former member of the convention, gave notice of a motion consisting of three resolutions: 1st. That

the government of the *republic* should be entrusted to an *emperor*; 2d. That the *empire* should be *hereditary* in the family of Napoleon Bonaparte; 3d. That the other institutions of the country which were as yet incomplete, should be definitively settled in accordance with the new organization of the government. When the day for the discussion arrived, no fewer than twenty-five members rose successively to speak for the motion. One solitary orator opposed it; this was Carnot. The question was of course carried. The senate followed next, in the same spirit. The legislative body was not assembled at the time, but the president Fontanes collected those members who happened to be at Paris, and carried an address to the First Consul, expressive of the same sentiments as those of the senate and tribunate. In his speech he said, among other things, that "the desire of perfection was the worst disease that could afflict the human mind."

"During these transactions, the First Consul held private councils, to which he summoned several members of the great councils of the state. Each stipulated for himself and made his own conditions. The tribunes wanted the period of their functions to be for ten years instead of five, with a salary of 25,000 francs instead of 15,000, which they were then receiving. The members of the legislative body wished also for an increase of salary, as well as of the duration of their office. The senators wanted their dignity to be made hereditary, and to have an absolute veto on the projects of law, and other privileges. The council of state alone asked nothing. Bonaparte listened to every body, matured his own plans, determined the extent of his own power, and granted as little as possible of it to the others."—(*Le Consulat et l'Empire*, tom. iv. pp. 23, 24.)

At last the senatus consultum appeared, proclaiming Napoleon Bonaparte emperor of the French, the imperial dignity being made hereditary in his family, besides various other organic changes in the great council of the state and in the administrative system. Three votes only in the senate had been found negative; Gregoire's and Lambrecht's were two, the third was believed to be Garat's. The senatus consultum was presented by the senate in a body to Napoleon at St. Cloud, on the 18th May, 1804. Without waiting for the sanction of the people, he immediately assumed the title of "Emperor by the grace of God and the constitutions of the Republic." Soon after, however, the "Republic" was suppressed, the juxtaposition having been found too glaring, and he styled himself Emperor by the constitutions of the empire. The question of the hereditary succession was then laid before the people for their sanction. It had the usual number of favourable votes, about three millions. Then the addresses of congratulation poured in from all the functionaries, and the language of

flattery was indulged in without restraint. Seguier, president of the imperial court, was the first to bow at the foot of the throne. The clergy did not remain behind. In their addresses they called Napoleon the messenger of the Most High, the man of his right hand; others called him a new Moses, Matathias, Cyrus, etc. One archbishop actually compared him to Christ. Well might Napoleon say he did not regret the concordat! It was only among the military that some dissent manifested itself. Several officers resigned their commissions. But the army in general felt proud of the exaltation of its favourite chief.

Thus ended the French republic, after a stormy existence of hardly twelve years. It began in blood and spoliation; it terminated in trickery and mystification. The great body of the people had never understood it, and yet a million of men were slain in its behalf. The abolition of exclusive privileges, which was the pretext for it, had been accomplished before by the first assembly, which proclaimed the constitutional monarchy. But they afterwards rashly destroyed that constitution, and now, after twelve years of continual agitation, they took refuge under the shade of an imperial throne, without any popular representation whatever. Such is ever the reaction produced by extremes. Of the governments that succeeded each other during those twelve years, the consular was by far the best. With all its faults, Bonaparte's consulship is an epoch which we love to dwell upon in memory; it was a season of peace for France, a breathing time for mankind, scared by the sanguinary violence of the convention, and the still more odious profligacy of the directorial government. It was a return to order and reason, when the language of frenzy made way for that of humanity and justice, when the various classes and nations again understood each other. It was a brilliant epoch, in which many a good man in every land of Europe had his hopes fixed on him whose star seemed then to shine with a benignant lustre. For a time at least he evinced a respect for public opinion and morality; he displayed feelings of benevolence; he turned his attention to civil matters; he re-organized the social system. He showed himself liberal to his friends, merciful to his enemies, just towards all. France was greatly indebted to him for that period, in which he reconstructed it as a state, and laid the basis of its permanent greatness. To himself that was a dignified resting-place, after the brilliancy of his former campaigns. Had he contented himself with a magistracy for life, surrounded by ample prerogatives, had he preserved at least the essential principle and forms of a representative constitution, had he chosen to make France a great, industrious, and commercial nation instead of a military and conquering one, he might have lived in honour, and died in peace, followed by the blessings of men. The Bourbons

were nearly forgotten, their cause had been abandoned by all the powers; we have Napoleon's own assertion of the fact. The only plausible excuse for following the course he preferred was the uncertainty of his life, and the conspiracies that were repeatedly hatched against him. But the plea is insufficient, for no conspiracy really endangered his life after that of the infernal machine in 1800; and, after all, did the assumption of absolute power secure in the end the hereditary succession in his family? His being childless ought to have been an additional reason for his being satisfied with a temporary and limited power. See how many false steps that phantom of succession and hereditary dynasty led him into? He repudiated the wife of his choice, allied himself to a rival house, and fell at last notwithstanding all, and his only son hardly reached the age of manhood after him. He chose to act the more vulgar part of a conqueror, and as such he will be chiefly remembered in history. Through the headlong career of his conquests we have neither the wish nor space to follow him at present. We feel no inclination to pass through the lurid glare, the gloomy glory, of the empire, with its barbaric grandeur and gigantic expeditions; its armies of half a million of men; its periodical fields of battle or rather carnage; its despotic decrees and turgid bulletins, and the attendant desolation of some of the fairest countries in Europe; all these things have no attraction for us. A real history of the empire remains yet to be written; for it ought not to be merely the history of France alone, but that of all Europe during that epoch; it ought to be gathered not merely from French or English materials, but from the national records of Germany, Spain, Italy, Holland, Russia, of all the countries that were tormented for ten years through the restless ambition of a single individual. To talk of such a man being still the champion of a great popular principle against the aristocracy of Europe, of his being forced into war in his own defence, appears to us mere *verbiage.* Was he forced into the wars of Spain or of Russia? Has he not acknowledged himself that he aspired to universal monarchy? And were other nations quietly to submit to his dictation? But it is useless to discuss this now thread-bare argument. One great distinction appears to us to be generally overlooked in Napoleon's character; the ruler of France and of North Italy was a very different man to his subjects from what Napoleon, the invader of Germany, of Holland, of Spain, of South Italy, and of Russia, was to the people of those countries. The sentiments, therefore, of many of the French and North Italians towards him ought not to be taken as a criterion of the feelings of Europe at large.

ART. V.—1. *Collection de Documents inédits sur l'Histoire de France, publiés par Ordre du Roi et par les soins du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique. Rapports au Roi et Pièces,* 4to. Paris, 1835.

2. *Collection, &c. Première Série; Histoire Politique. Journal des Etats-Généraux de France, tenus à Tours en* 1484, *sous le regne de Charles VIII., rédigé en Latin par Jehan Masselin, député du bailliage de Rouen, publié et traduit pour la première fois sur les Manuscrits inédits de la Bibliothèque du Roi,* par A. Bernier, Avocat à la Cour Royale de Paris. 4to. 1835.

3. *Collection, &c. Première Série; Négociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV., ou Correspondances, Mémoires, et Actes diplomatiques concernant les Prétentions et l'Avénement de la Maison de Bourbon au Trône d'Espagne, accompagnés d'un Texte historique, et précédés d'une Introduction,* par M. Mignet, Membre de l'Institut, Conseiller d'Etat, Garde des Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. 4to. 1835. Vols. 1 and 2.

THE age in which we live is certainly one of great and successful exertions, and consequently of great works, and the energy which has been elsewhere in action has not been wanting to literature. It is an age of great literary undertakings; and, in the advances which it has made, it is not altogether employed upon the present, not so far wrapped up in its own selfishness, but that it can spare time to look back upon the past. By nothing more, indeed, has the present age been already distinguished, than by the new views and the new lights which have been given to the history of former times.

The age which is gone was to historians one of building without, or almost without, foundations—the edifice was often handsome and elegant, but not solid—the attempts, which were latterly made to build firmly, only showed how deep and broad must be the foundations—how much riches and intelligence would be required to dig them. We are now gradually laying those foundations, and a period is fast approaching when the historian will have bases whereon to work in safety. He will be no longer obliged to draw upon himself the reproach of having written fable, whilst there existed that which might have established truth.

We are, indeed, arrived at an entirely new era of the writing of history. Our former historians have, it is true, used documents and records, such as they could get at, but those were not good, being chronicles and passing notices, coloured by the feelings of the parties who wrote them, and mere literary documents, preserved in public libraries—or, when the more accurate records of

the public offices have been consulted, it has been partially in the extreme, and they have been often entirely misunderstood, from the limited knowledge which the historian has possessed of documents of this kind. The old historians of ancient Rome worked much in the same manner—they had their documents and their records, not so numerous, it is true, as our own, nor perhaps, except in some instances, so good, which were more or less perfectly used, according to the opportunities of the writer. Their earlier documents were, like part of our older chronicles, founded only upon still earlier songs, which had long lived in the memory of the people—but all are now lost, and it has been the aim of late writers on Roman history to conjecture, from the notices of those who saw them and used them, what was the nature, the authenticity, and the spirit of those records. If all our records were destroyed, and only the works of our historians were preserved, some new Niebuhr would have to pursue the same process, and would find the same difficulties in arriving at truth, or at an approximation towards it. For, in the histories of our forefathers which we now possess, there are equal, if not greater, errors and misrepresentations than in the histories of ancient Rome—not only are facts wrongly stated in hundreds of instances, but the very spirit of the times is misunderstood, and all our historians abound with errors not much less than as though some future historian should represent the Radicals of our day as sticklers for the aristocracy, and should, at the same time, condemn our Conservatives as lawless wretches who sought openly the destruction of church and state. Equal and similar misrepresentations have long existed in our ancient histories. There we had no public records to consult. But how are we sufficiently to lament such errors in our own history, when we have hundreds of waggon-loads of records of every period—authentic documents of transactions under the hands and seals often of those who acted the chief parts in them,—documents which would set everything right?

We mean, however, by no means to disparage the value of chronicles and contemporary histories, although written by individuals, themselves partial and prejudiced, and often having no better authority than hearsay and common report for what they tell. They also possess a great and essential value. As the Rolls and other public records are necessary to verify and correct the Chronicles, so, without these latter,—which give us the regular chain of events in their connection with each other, and which furnish us with very much information of a kind which, from their nature, the others could not contain,—it would be often impossible to understand, and always impossible to reduce into a consistent narrative, the unconnected entries of the rolls, and the

statements of the letters and other state-papers which were written for those who had before their eyes the events in all their reality. Moreover, from the individual and unconnected nature of those records, here and there in the course of centuries one (sometimes unfortunately more) has perished, and, the chain being thus broken, the chronicles, the only records we have left, can alone help us out. In the earlier times, too,—as in England till the twelfth century, and in France to a much later period,—they are almost the only historical documents we have. From their more inviting form, and their extent, these were, as might be expected, the first historical records that were printed by those who published them, in a great measure, for books of general reading; and the Duchesnes, the Camdens, the Spelmans, the Gales, and a host of other writers, have merited well by their labours in this field. Nor must we forget the noble works of the Benedictines of Sainte-Maur.

During the seventeenth century, the value of the public records for historical purposes was beginning to be duly felt, from the circumstance that men who were best able to appreciate them, and who were themselves distinguished by their historical labours, were then placed in positions that gave them easy access to the repositories in which they were laid up. It was the century in which, in England at least, more enlarged feelings and views took root; and, as those views expanded, there arose simultaneously, early in the last century, both in England and France, an eager desire for the publication of the national records. Its first result in this country was the celebrated collection of the *Fœdera* by Rymer, which was followed by the appointment of a commission, that continued its researches into the nature and condition of our domestic records for many years. The French government was pursuing a somewhat similar course. In 1723, appeared the first volume, in folio, of the important collection of the *Ordonnances des Rois de France de la Troisième Race*, collected and edited by M. de Laurière, a learned Parisian lawyer. M. de Laurière had prepared the second volume of this great work, but he died before its completion, and it was printed under the care of M. Secousse, who also edited the six following volumes, and prepared the ninth. This last, however, was not published till after his death, when it was edited by M. de Villevault, who, in conjunction with M. de Bréquigny, one of the most learned palæologists of his day, published the tenth volume in 1763. The eleventh and twelfth volumes were also published under the name of Villevault, and the six following were all the work of Bréquigny. It had long been the desire of the French government to institute a search into the English archives for documents relating to the

history of France; and in 1764, during the peace, the Duc de Praslin, then minister for foreign affairs, despatched M. de Bréquigny on a mission to London, accompanied by skilful assistants to aid in transcribing everything that was most valuable. The results of their labours, a rich harvest, have not hitherto been used, and are deposited in the Royal Library at Paris.

In the two countries, indeed, the national records are, and have been, in a widely different condition. The public archives of France are extremely poor in ancient documents. The earlier state records of that country, from the little care which has formerly been taken of them, from the convulsions which have so often agitated the kingdom, from the want of a fixed repository for their preservation in the earlier times, have been almost all destroyed or dispersed. History tells us how, at the battle of Belle-Foye in 1194, when Philippe-Auguste was surprised by Richard I., the whole of the national archives of France, which were then carried about with the court, were captured by the English; and it was an important charter of Philippe's, lost on that day, and supposed to be preserved in the archives of the English Exchequer, that formed a grand object of M. de Bréquigny's inquiries. It is probable, however, that in England little care was taken to preserve the foreign records which conquest threw into our hands, and it would, indeed, be a vain hope, that of finding much of the plunder at the present day.* But a few circumstances related in the histories have led the French antiquarians into the error of supposing that everything of this kind, which is not in France, must be in England,—an error which has perhaps been perpetuated by the mystery that has hung over the contents of our record offices. The fame of the Tower and its marvellous treasures, amongst our continental neighbours, is incredible. We ourselves have known an instance where a French gentleman paid a visit to the Record Office in the Tower with an urgent entreaty to be allowed a sight of a document which he understood to be preserved there—that document was the original copy of Cæsar's Commentaries, in the hand-writing of its author! Our neighbours have generally a very erroneous idea of the nature of the Tower manuscripts—they do not seem willing to conceive the notion that they are entirely state records.

By the causes just alluded to, and by the revolution of 1793, which dispersed so many of the smaller and provincial archives, the number of the ancient records of France has been greatly

* We have some few manuscripts which are known to have been brought into England during our wars in France. The royal MS. 19, D. II. in the British Museum, as an ancient note in it tells us, "fut pris oue le Roy de Ffraunce à la bataille de Peyters."

diminished. The archives of the public offices generally reach only as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century. The Registers of the Parliament, now deposited in the beautiful Sainte Chapelle (Section judiciaire des Archives du Royaume), are the oldest regular series of records. They commence by a set of ancient registers, not very numerous, classed under the title of *olim*, which go as far back as the time of St. Louis, about the middle of the thirteenth century.

In England the case is entirely different. We have, among the records themselves, documents of different periods, which show how, in the earliest times, they were guarded with the greatest care. In the thirteenth century they were spoken of as the "people's evidences;" and many entries on the earlier Parliament Rolls show with what a jealous eye they were watched. In a general petition, in the parliament of the 46th Edward III., the commons request that all the records be carefully sought after, so that they may be produced on demand, whether their tenor be against the king or in his favour;* and we have at least one of the bonds which were made between the persons who quitted the office of keeper of the records in the Tower, and his successor, specifying exactly the number and date of the rolls and other documents which were in his care. Foreign invasion has for centuries been unknown to us; and it is probable that our civil wars did no great injury to the contents of our national archives —even in the violent convulsions of the seventeenth century, there were few willing to second the wild proposal of the fanatic Peters, that it was "very advisable to burn all the old records, yea, even those in the Tower, the monuments of tyranny;" and they have descended to us mangled only by the injuries which they have sustained from neglect in the three last centuries, from consequent accidents, and from individual rapacity. That they have suffered from this latter cause, we have evidence in at least one authenticated instance;† yet we look upon the charges brought against

* "Item prie la commune, qe come recordes et qeconque chose en la court le roi de reson devoient demurer illeoqes pur perpetuel evidence et eide de touz parties a ycely, et de touz ceux a qeux en nul manere ils atteignent, quant mestier lour fuist; et ja de novel refusent en la court nostre dit sire de serche ou exemplification faire des nulles riens qe purra chier en evidence encontre le roi, ou desavantage de ly: Qe pleise ordeiner par estatut, qe serche et exemplication soient faitz as touz gentz de qeconque recorde qe les touche en ascun manere, auxi bien de ce qe chiet encontre le roi come autres gentz."

The answer was, "Le roi le voet."

† The following was a case in the Star Chamber, "De termino Pasche, 15 Eliz."—"*Imbeseling of Records. Lawrence Hollingshed* comitted to the Gatehouse and fyned at c^{li}, and noe more hereafter to bee admitted to deale in any office of like place for [imbezeling] the Records of the Tower to a greate number and importance, a thousand at the least, many of them touching her highness right to other foraigne countryes, hee being then serv^{t} to M^{r} Hennage, who hath the charge of her Ma^{ties} Recordes in the Tow^{r}."—*Hargrave MS.* No. 216, p. 312.

Milton and some of his contemporaries, of having committed this kind of plunder, as instances of the slander which was so abundantly propagated during the two following reigns.

It is not, indeed, without pride, that we look upon the regular series of our national records, continued generally, with but few *lacunæ*, from the end of the twelfth, and beginning of the thirteenth centuries, up to the present day. Thus, of our rolls, the Placita or Plea Rolls, preserved in the Chapter House, which, containing the chief pleadings and judgments in the king's court (curia regis), and before the justices itinerant, "give the most important information upon every subject respecting which men wage legal war with each other," begin with the latter part of the twelfth century. The first of the Pipe Rolls is of the 31st Hen. I.; with Hen. II. they begin to be very regular, and are so continued to the present time. We have also the chancellor's duplicates of these rolls, though the series is not so complete, which, by the suggestion of the Record Commission, have been deposited in the British Museum. In the Tower, the grand repository of the earlier rolls, the Charter Rolls, containing grants of privileges, markets, fairs, &c. charters of incorporation, of land, and the like, begin with the first year of the reign of John: the Patent Rolls, of which Sir Harris Nicolas has observed, "there is scarcely a subject connected with the history or government of this country, or with the most distinguished personages of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which is not illustrated by them," begin with the 3d of John: the Close Rolls, still more varied, begin with the 6th of the same reign: the Liberate Rolls, containing orders of payment from the king's treasury for an infinite variety of purposes, begin with the 2d of John (A.D. 1200): the Norman Rolls begin the same year: the Fine Rolls begin with the 6th of John: the Gascon Rolls and the French Rolls both with the 26th of that reign. These latter, with the Roman and Almain Rolls which commence a little later, are chiefly diplomatic. The Gascon and Norman Rolls contain entries relating to those provinces while under English domination. We have a Misæ Roll of the 11th of John; and some other rolls of the same reign. Besides these, there are others which commence somewhat later, as the Welsh Rolls beginning with the 4th, and the Scotch Rolls beginning with the 19th Edw. I. We say nothing of the mass of early documents of a different form, in the Tower; in the Chapter House; in the Augmentation Office, where the *cartæ antiquæ* go back nearly to the Conquest; in the Pell Office; in the State Paper Office; &c. &c. The Rolls of Parliament begin with 18 Edw. I. The collection

of rolls in the Tower ends with the reign of Edw. IV., after which they have been deposited in the Rolls Chapel.

The foregoing slight enumeration of the principal *series* of documents which are preserved in our public offices will give our readers an idea of the mass of materials which exist, unused because hitherto inaccessible, for the compilation of a correct history of our country. The Gascon, Norman, and French Rolls, which were known only by most imperfect calendars, with the miscellaneous documents of the Tower and the Exchequer, were, after the archives of Philippe-Auguste, the grand object of Bréquigny's visit to England, and his account of the state in which he found those records, soon after the middle of the last century, is extremely interesting.* He began with the "Exchequer":—

"The pieces preserved at the Exchequer are divided into two classes. Those which are in daily use, shut up in a great number of closets, are placed in fair order, and are well known to those who have the care of them. Those which are regarded as useless, are partly heaped together in a garret, in a mass about sixty feet long and four feet high; others are piled up without order in an obscure cabinet, covered with a thick lining of moist and stinking dust, a proof of the long repose in which they had been left, and which would seem sufficient to have damped every wish to disturb them.

"I worked for three months in this kind of chaos, which I turned over without any scruple, for I had no fear of augmenting its disorder. The attendants, who always accompanied me, witnesses of the obstinacy with which I persisted in this painful and disgusting work, regarded me with a smile of commiseration, persuaded of the uselessness of my researches.

"In fact, amongst this immense mass of old parchments, the only pieces I found relating to France were ancient statements of the receipt and disbursement of the revenues of some of our provinces formerly occupied by the English. However, as the vouchers were joined to these statements, many appeared to me to be of value in throwing light upon some points of the ancient administration of these provinces, in recalling the memory of usages now forgotten, in clearing up the genealogies of our nobility, of which a part, particularly that of Guienne, was long attached to the service of the kings of England. I transcribed a tolerably large number of these vouchers, and I made also extracts from different accounts of revenues of different parts of France, in the fourteenth century, mere objects of curiosity. For instance, in examining a bulky register of the duties of the Custom-House of Bordeaux in 1350, I saw that there had quitted that port, in the course of a year, a hundred and

* It is not true, as has been reported, that there has been any loss sustained by the Tower records since the time Bréquigny visited them. On the contrary, a vast mass of records has been discovered and sorted of which he knew nothing, and the only injuries which the others have sustained is probably that occasioned by the frequent ablutions to which he confesses that he had recourse.

forty-one ships, laden with thirteen thousand four hundred and twenty-nine tuns of wine, which had produced, in custom-house duties, five thousand one hundred and four pounds and sixteen pence, money of Bordeaux."

After having made some more valuable collections from the manuscripts contained in old chests at the "Exchequer," Bréquigny repaired to the British Museum, whose manuscripts yielded him a rich harvest of letters, as well as of charters and original acts of great interest. Lastly, he repaired to the Tower.—

"I hasten to the most celebrated and the least accessible of the depôts of London, the only one I had now to visit—the archives of the Tower.

"Th. Carte asserted that these archives contained no other pieces relating to our history, except the entries on the Gascon, Norman, and French rolls; and it was my intention to confine myself to the transcription of the most essential of these, but I learnt, with as much joy as surprise, that there were also twelve very bulky parcels of titles which concerned France, of which there had never been made a catalogue, and which I might consider as hitherto unknown.

"These parcels, as far as I could judge by my eye, appeared each to contain at least five or six hundred documents; but they were in the greatest disorder, and in the most deplorable condition: all equally thrown together without care, crumpled in a thousand folds, delivered to the worms, to the dust, to the fermentation which the natural humidity of parchment produces: part were considerably damaged, and the writing in particular so defaced, that, without the continual ablutions which were permitted me, the sight of these riches would only have served to make me regret their loss.

"I can here only give a general idea of them. I at first perceived about forty original letters of St. Louis, of the queen Blanche his mother, of the queen Marguérite his wife, and of several princes of his blood; fifty-five of the French kings Philippe-le-Hardi, Philippe-le-Bel, Philippe-le-Long, Louis-le-Hutin, Charles-le-Bel; the minutes of the answers of Henry III., king of England, of his wife Eléanore of Provence, and of the three first Edwards.

"I found several very curious letters, written in Syria in the thirteenth century, on the position of the affairs of the Christians in the East, in which our ancestors then took so great a part; a list of the grand-masters of the Templars, of which we had not an exact series, and which was made in 1347, a very short time after the destruction of that order.

"I found several ordonnances of Philippe-le-Hardi, of Philippe-le-Bel, of Philippe of Valois. * * *

"I found such numerous memoirs on the differences between the kings of France and England during three centuries, that one might, from them alone, compose a very detailed history of the fatal quarrels which so long exhausted England and devastated France.

"I found a prodigious quantity of petitions of the cities and burghs of the French provinces which had passed under the English domination. Their ancient privileges, or those which they desired to obtain, are gene-

rally stated, and the answer of the prince is at the foot of the petition. Thus these acts establish at once two things of importance—the antiquity of the rights which the new master confirmed, and the origin of those which he granted."

During the latter part of the last century, we must not look for much attention paid to the national records in France. In England, though generally the records were most grievously neglected, measures were pursued by government for the publication of a few, and the Doomsday Survey was chosen to begin with. In those days, however, such measures were not pursued with much spirit: in 1767 was given the royal order for the printing of Doomsday Book; in 1770 the work was begun, and not till 1783 was it completed—that is, sixteen years after the order for its publication! In the last year of the century began to be shown a wish for more vigorous measures for the preservation of the contents of our public offices—a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine the condition of the records of the nation, and to devise measures for making them more public. Circulars of questions were transmitted to the keepers of all offices of public records throughout the kingdom, and the answers, which are printed in the Report, furnished a certain degree of information. But in this point the work of the committee was very incomplete, and a capital error was committed at the first outset, in trusting to the information of persons on the spot, instead of sending competent persons to examine everything. The consequence of this was, that everybody sent the minimum of information, and in many instances that minimum was rendered doubly unsatisfactory by the incompetency of the person who communicated it. In one instance, the keeper of the cathedral records confessed honestly enough his incapability of reading or deciphering the documents which were committed to his charge. Another evil, equally great, was that everybody stuck so close to the letter of their directions, that nine-tenths of what really formed an important part of our national records were unnoticed. Of this we have lamentable proof in the insignificant returns from the universities, and from most of the cathedrals.

This same year (1800), on a petition of the House of Commons founded upon the report of their committee, a Commission was appointed by the king, for the purpose of carrying into effect the measures which they had recommended, namely, the improvement of the places where, and of the circumstances under which, the records were preserved, and more especially the printing and publication of such records and calendars of records as should appear to be of the greatest importance. After thirty years' labours, which had at least had the effect of increasing the know-

ledge of, and interest in, our state records, and which had thus had some share in raising up those who were to show its defects, this Commission became an object of great and general dissatisfaction. During that period, as might have been expected, a certain number of volumes had been published, but they were neither so numerous, nor, in many cases, so accurately edited, as they ought to have been, when we consider that during that period a sum of £350,000 sterling had been expended. In fact, the public money had been squandered most extravagantly; the editing of records had become a kind of sinecure; and the volumes which were produced, after all the money which had been thrown away under the heads of transcribing, editing, collating and correcting, can seldom be used with any confidence. Early in 1831, the proceedings of the Old Commission were made a subject of public inquiry, which ended in its being replaced by a New Commission, with modified, and, in some cases, more extensive, powers.

The condition of the records in France had now again begun to occupy the attention of the French government. In a Report, dated 31 December, 1833, the minister of public instruction, M. Guizot, proposed to the king the formation of a commission under the *surveillance* of his department, whose object should be to publish the inedited documents illustrative of the history of France, which lay buried in the archives and libraries of the kingdom.—

" For about fifteen years," he said in this Report, " the study of the sources of history has resumed a new activity. Men possessed of a clear-sighted intellect, of uncommon knowledge, and of laborious perseverance, have penetrated some into the vast depôt of the archives of the kingdom; others into the manuscript collections of the Royal Library; some have carried their researches as far as the libraries and archives of the departments. In every instance, the first attempt, in rummaging completely at hazard, showed that great treasures have remained buried in them. The efforts were redoubled, and were quickly crowned by discoveries as important as they were unexpected, by true revelations, which throw a new light on different events, on particular ages, of our history; to that degree that we may perhaps be allowed to presume, that the manuscripts and original monuments which have been hitherto brought to light scarcely surpass in number and importance those which have remained inedited. * * *

" It is in the power of the government alone, in my opinion, to accomplish the great work of a general publication of all the important and hitherto inedited materials for the history of our country. The government alone possesses the resources of every kind which this vast enterprize requires. I leave out of the question the means of meeting the expenses which would be necessary for it; but, as guardian and depository of these precious legacies of past ages, the government can enrich such a publication with a mass of materials which private indi-

viduals might labour in vain to obtain. It is a liberal work, and worthy of the patronage which YOUR MAJESTY affords to the propagation of public instruction and the diffusion of light.

"But each day of delay renders the task more difficult; not only are traditions disappearing, and thus depriving us of many means of completing and interpreting the written testimonies; but the monuments themselves are becoming materially injured. There are many depositories, more particularly in the departments, where the more ancient pieces are disappearing or becoming illegible, for want of necessary care. I think it therefore urgent that the enterprize should be put into execution, and that it receive at once a sufficiently great extension."

The proposals of the minister were at once embraced by the king. M. Guizot began to lay the foundations of a full and extensive collection of every kind of important historical document; a commission was formed, and a grant of 120,000 francs was voted in the budget to be devoted to this purpose. In the November of 1833, M. Guizot addressed a circular to the prefects of the departments, requesting from each a precise and detailed account of the situation and contents of the libraries and archives of his province, both with a view to improving and regulating their administration and funds, and of ascertaining and making available the documents which they might contain. With a similar object, a few months later (July, 1834), a circular was addressed to the academies and societies of learned men which had been formed in the provincial towns. In this latter month, a committee was formed, under the presidency of the minister, to inspect and direct the details of the undertaking, which was to meet at least once every fortnight. The members of this committee were all men distinguished by their historical knowledge and writings: MM. Villemain, Daunou, Naudet, Guérard, Mignet, Champollion-Figeac, Fauriel, Vitet, Jules Desnoyers, Granier de Cassagnac, and Fallot, who was to act as secretary. In November, 1834, M. Guizot presented to the king a Report more peculiarly confined to the *Commission Historique*, in which he dwelt at some length on its objects, and on the steps which had already been taken to carry them into effect, and described several important publications which had already been commenced. The vigour and activity of M. Guizot's commission, at its commencement, presents a strong contrast to the proceedings of our first Record Commission. The minister's last Report, dated the 2d of December, 1835, announced the completion of four quarto volumes of the collection, and gave the titles of about seven others which were actually in the press and in a greater or less state of advancement, as well as many which were in preparation. To do all this, the chamber was only called upon for a grant of less than £5000 a year.

M. Guizot's first anxiety was to examine the collections in the provinces, because their existence and preservation was always the most precarious, and their contents the least known. In his Report of Nov. 1834, he observes—

"In Paris, and certain towns, few in number, the archives are methodically classed, and exact inventories of the pieces deposited in them have been composed, but everywhere else reign disorder and confusion. At the epoch of the revolutionary troubles, a vast quantity of documents, till then preserved in the ancient monasteries, in the castles, or in the archives of the commons, were at once delivered up to plunder and devastation. Heaps of papers and parchments, transported to the neighbouring municipalities, were thrown carelessly into barns or deserted halls; in several places even the remembrance of these translations, made negligently and without formalities, is lost. Hence the generally established opinion which has become, as we may say, tradition in many departments, that everything perished in those times of agitation. Yet it is certain, that we may still recover a considerable part of the ancient archives, especially in the episcopal towns and in those where the parliament was held, and that a mass of important documents has been saved and restored to the towns, when, at a later period, a conservative authority caused to be deposited in the chief places of the districts the wrecks of the ancient abbeys, confounded with the charters and other authentic monuments."

In France, almost every town of any consequence possesses its municipal archives and library. In a few instances their contents had been tolerably well arranged and catalogued, but in by far the greater number they lay in confusion and neglect. Those who had the care of them were in general totally unfit for the task, and we have heard of an instance where the office of town librarian and keeper of the records was disputed between a shoemaker and, we think, an innkeeper, and in another case a similar office had been given to a bookbinder, on account of the supposed necessary connection of his trade with literature, and after his death it was found that what had been noble volumes of MSS. on vellum were reduced to mere covers, whose contents had strengthened the back of many a goodly volume which had passed through the librarian's shop. M. Guizot hoped to raise in the municipal authorities some emulation of preserving and collecting their records; he established a correspondence with such persons in the provinces as were capable of examining and appreciating the documents themselves, and where no such persons could be found he supplied their place by archæologists from Paris. Lists were also circulated of the places where records had existed before the revolution, which would serve to point out the probable position where such as had not been destroyed might be sought.

In some of the towns were formed branch commissions, as at Besançon. The public library of Besançon is the depository of the vast collection of papers of the cardinal Perrenot de Granvelle, principal minister of Charles V. and Philippe II., consisting of his correspondence, of the notes of his agents, and of all the pieces relative to his administration in the Low Countries and in the kingdom of Naples. These papers have been subjected to a complete analysis, and the more valuable are now in preparation for the press.

"The rich and precious archives of the ancient counts of Flanders are preserved at Lille: they contain documents whose date goes back as far as the eleventh century. I am taking measures, in concert with the préfet du Nord, to cause these archives to be explored, and to select those documents which may appear worthy of publication.

"The remains of the ancient archives of Roussillon are preserved at Perpignan. Among them will be found interesting information relating to the history of that province and to that of the relations between the kings of France and those of Aragon. Numerous spoliations and a long neglect, from which these archives have at length been preserved by the zeal of the librarian of the town of Perpignan, have not so impoverished them but that they may yet offer important documents.

"To Poitiers, where are deposited the archives of the ancient province of Aquitaine, I have sent, with the title of archivist of the town, M. Redet, one of the most distinguished pupils of the Ecole des Chartes. M. Chelles, of the same school, has in like manner been sent to Lyons with the same title."—*Report of Nov.* 1834.

In his last Report, M. Guizot reverts again to the researches which were carried on in the departments—

"Already the greater part of the libraries, or collection of archives, have been carefully explored. The correspondents of my ministry have been assisted in their researches by the persons whom I have sent into different places, and by a great number of learned men, who have offered themselves voluntarily to the administration. Several general and municipal councils have voted extraordinary funds to be applied to the purpose of cataloguing and classifying their archives.

* * * * * * *

"Dr. Leglay, one of my most active and intelligent correspondents, has been employed in bringing to light the rich depôts of the department du Nord, and particularly those of Lille and Cambrai. He has continued the inventories which were compiled with so much care by the Godefroys before 1789; he has pointed out, in the Catalogue of the Manuscripts of Cambrai, two chapters of the chronicle of Molinet which are not found in the printed edition; lastly, he has made known two works which appear to be worthy of attention, the *Memoirs of Robert d'Esclaibes*, a gentleman of Hainaut, who served in the army of the League in the times of Henry III. and Henry IV., and those *of*

the Baron de Vuverden, containing a mass of interesting and inedited information concerning the public affairs of the seventeenth century.

"Messrs. Redet and de la Fontenelle have explored the archives of Poitiers, M. Moreau those of Saintes, M. Maillet those of Rennes, M. Monniers those of the Jura. Similar labours have been commenced by M. Mermet at Vienne in the Dauphiné; by M. Ollivier at Valence, by M. Morellet at Albi, by M. de Formeville at Lisieux, by M. Maillard de Chambure at Dijon and at Semur. Various manuscripts and curious documents deposited in the library of Lyons have been pointed out and examined by Messrs. Monin and Péricault.

"At the same time that the correspondents of the ministry were employed at certain stations in seeking inedited monuments relative to the history of their towns or of their ancient provinces, several journeys were undertaken by my orders both in France and abroad.

"M. Weiss was charged with an excursion in the departments of Doubs and Jura, for the purpose of examining all the public or private collections of books or manuscripts.

"M. Michelet has visited all the collections which occur from Poitiers to Bayonne, from Pau to Toulouse and Montauban, from Cahors to Bourges and Orleans. The result of his investigations has been given in a long Report which he presented to me on his return.

"M. Granier de Cassagnac, in a visit to the South of France, placed himself in personal relation with the correspondents of my ministry in all the towns through which he passed, and he examined the state of the depôts in which they were employed, the results which up to the present moment they have obtained, the direction which it will be desirable to give to their ulterior researches, and the means which can be placed at their disposal to aid them in their labours."

Thus the examination of the provincial libraries and archives has in France already produced very beneficial results, and has furnished several works now in the course of publication. We think that our own commission has too much neglected the country libraries and archives; for, though from many circumstances they are not so promising as were those of France, and we would not willingly have any of the valuable works which have been carried on in the national archives of the metropolis, the Tower, the Museum, the Chapter House, &c., neglected for the more doubtful results which a search in the provincial depôts might furnish, we still believe that there remains much to be gathered.* The numerous libraries of the universities are rich in manuscripts of which the larger portion is to all useful purposes entirely unknown. It is probable that they would not furnish many works of which the publication would come within

* We believe that there are many important collections of MSS. in this country which are as yet unknown. The attention which has of late been given to them has brought many to light which no one had even dreamt of, and scarcely a day passes without our hearing of some new discoveries.

the present plan of the Record Commission, whose objects, from the vast mass of materials of a more decided character which exist in England, must necessarily, for a time at least, be very much circumscribed. Perhaps all that we have a right to expect of the Commission is a tolerably accurate catalogue of the most important historical manuscripts preserved in the universities. Yet we confess that we look forward to something more. We have long been in the habit of reading the manuscripts of one of our universities, and we know how valuable are the short scraps and notes of an historical nature with which they abound, notes written down by contemporaries more or less interested in the events, and which often supply circumstances of history that are nowhere else to be found. We desire fervently to see a catalogue, wherein all the larger historical manuscripts shall be carefully and accurately described, and wherein everything of the kind to which we have just alluded shall be printed at length. The value of such a work may be easily conceived, and the task is by no means so difficult or so great as at first sight it may seem to be.

There is another class of historical documents which the provincial libraries may afford, documents of a very high value,—we mean ancient correspondence. Both the Commission Historique and the Record Commission have shown their esteem for such material. As family correspondence, what can be a more interesting and more valuable illustration of the history and public feeling of a somewhat remote period than the Paston Papers, of which five quarto volumes have been published. And we believe that much correspondence, and that of a more public character than the letters of the Paston family, still lies concealed in different parts of England. In an ancient family residence in the county of Durham, a tradition had long existed that there were somewhere concealed in it important documents relating to the great rebellion of the north in the reign of Elizabeth. It had been so long repeated, that it began to be looked on as a mere tradition, when a gentleman acquainted with the family resolved one day to make a complete search after the supposed historical treasures of the house. Every corner was carefully examined, and the enterprise was on the point of being relinquished in despair, when curiosity attracted their attention to an old strong box, which was thrown aside among the lumber, and which had no appearance of having been opened for centuries. It was now at last opened, and was found to be full of documents, extensive correspondence of the time of Elizabeth, with many royal letters; they related chiefly to the rebellion, and there were interesting diaries by people concerned or nearly

interested in it. The gentleman to whom we owe the discovery of these relics is Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, who we believe has now in the press a history of the northern rebellion of 1569, chiefly founded upon them.

After the universities, the most important, probably, of all our provincial archives are those of the cathedrals, and there is the greater necessity of making an immediate inquiry into the nature and condition of the documents preserved there, because they have in so many cases and so long been left in a state of the most deplorable neglect. Every one who has read Gunton's History knows what a beautiful collection of manuscripts the cathedral of Peterborough formerly possessed. We had ourselves, no long time ago, occasion to make inquiries after certain manuscripts which we believed to exist there, and to our surprise we were informed that there was not a single manuscript on vellum left, that a few paper manuscripts were all that remained. Of course this information did not apply to the muniments, among which is the precious "Liber Swaffham," containing the life of the Saxon hero Hereward, which the writer is at present editing from a transcript that was formerly made for the antiquarian Gale. Here, it is supposed that many of the treasures of Peterborough library have found their way into private collections. The cathedral of Lincoln contains many valuable records and other manuscripts, so do those of Worcester and Hereford and Exeter, and many others, and the rich library at Durham is well known, many of whose treasures are likely to be made public by the meritorious efforts of the Surtees Society.

Many important documents are lurking in private repositories in our provinces. How many valuable chartularies of monasteries have been bought and sold of late years! Some have been rescued from the most obscure corners—even, we believe in one instance, from the shop of a dealer in miscellaneous curiosities. The archives of the castles were dispersed at a much later period than those of the monasteries. The last guardians of Ludlow Castle, the ancient court of the marches of Wales, were obscure persons who enriched themselves upon the plunder and sale even of its furniture and ornaments, and tradition points out private individuals of the county as the possessors of many important records which formed part of the spoils. Some rather early rolls and other documents which formerly belonged to some of the Welsh castles and municipalities lately passed through our own hands. We consider it the duty of a Record Commission to look carefully into such things—they should use their judgment in printing that which is most necessary, but they should leave nothing unknown. We think, indeed, that the government should

cause diligent inquiries to be made after the records which are not deposited in public offices, that a report should be obtained stating their nature and situation, and the possibility of collecting them. It must not be forgotten that a large portion of the most valuable of the Admiralty documents now line the shelves of the Pepysian library at Cambridge. It is by no means creditable to our government that the important collection of the records of the ancient abbey of Battle should not have been, ere this, deposited in some place of safety, and their value as legal documents properly attested.

We would willingly suggest to the consideration of our Record Commission, the propriety of publishing the whole or, at least, a selection of our monastic chartularies. Their great historical value is well known to all who have read the history of our constitution by Sir Francis Palgrave, who has given some most interesting illustrations from those of Battle, Abingdon, Caen, &c. The chartulary of the abbey of Barnewell contains much valuable and curious information relating to the earlier history of the university of Cambridge. Many chartularies are preserved in the British Museum, many are found in the libraries of the universities, and many are, as we may say, scattered over the world.

Although we would not desire our Record Commission to neglect any of its publications by incurring the expenses necessary to a complete and satisfactory inquiry into the contents of the provincial libraries, we still think that those libraries, even for their intrinsic value, have claims to their attention before those of the libraries of other lands. We look, indeed, with some dissatisfaction on any money expended upon foreign correspondence, because we cannot see any proportionate advantages which are likely to be obtained by it. In this respect, the French Commission hold a position entirely differing from our own, both because the records of France have been scattered over Europe, and because the objects of that commission embrace in a great degree the history of literature and philosophy, of which the documents are naturally more widely dispersed. It was on this account, that M. Guizot sought to establish a connection with the historians of foreign countries, and that more particularly in England, whither, as early as the August of 1833, he sent M. Francisque Michel, a gentleman so well known by his publications of the early French and Norman literature. The first and grand object of M. Michel's mission was the transcription of the large metrical history of Normandy, written in the twelfth century by Benoît de Sainte-More; but his general objects were more of a literary than historical character. It is, however, not easy to draw an exact line between what is historical and what is merely literary in the writings of these remote ages, and many of the publications

which have already arisen from M. Michel's researches, which were confined to London, Cambridge, and Oxford, are equally valuable in whichever point of view we regard them. One of the most important results of his mission will be the two volumes of inedited documents relating to the Norman Conquest of England, of which the first has lately been published.

The volumes of the collection of the *Commission Historique*, which are now finished, partake more of the nature of our State Papers than of the general publications of our Record Commission. While they want nothing of the severe accuracy of state documents, they still possess a sufficient interest for the general reader. Three volumes only have been actually published; a fourth waits, we believe, for the completion of a volume of folio maps, which are to illustrate it.

The first volume of the series is a diary of the proceedings of the States General of France, held at Tours in 1484, drawn up by John Masselin, an ecclesiastic and one of the deputies for Rouen, who by his zeal and talents acted a very prominent part on the occasion. The abuses and disorders which had crept into every part of the state during the reign of the ninth Louis, and the feebleness of the government which immediately followed his death on the elevation of a minor to the throne, rendered it necessary to call together the representatives of the three estates of the kingdom; and their proceedings, which Masselin has given at full length, afford us an interesting picture of the little immediate good which arose from the endeavours of men who, from the circumstance of their labours and counsel being so rarely called for, were not accustomed to state business, and who therefore were not skilful enough to make their endeavours efficient by unity of action. The chancellor of the kingdom opens the parliament by a sufficiently long and sententious address, well larded with quotations from ancient authors, in which he enters most fully into the praise of the nobleness and authority of their new king, mixed up with flattery of the deputies on the score of the tried loyalty and obedience of his subjects, not without some bitter reflections on what he considers the wicked inconstancy of the Commons of England.*

"Nowhere do we read that even for a single day either inconstancy of mind, or the too great severity of the royal orders, or the victories of the enemy, or any extent of evils, have constrained the people of

* In another place the Normans pay a high compliment to the moderation of the English, in their wars,—"What disorders of war will you compare to so great a desolation? Would you speak of the English? They did not burn our towns like the Burgundians; they did not plunder; they did not kill or take your people; they sought only to retain the country, not to destroy it."—p. 554.

France to be faithless to their kings. Quite the contrary! the people have been ever ready to run to arms with all their might, and even to die willingly, if fate so ordained. The greatest difficulty becomes easy, when it is a question of defending the person, or obeying the orders of their sovereign. Your histories of the French are full of examples of faithfulness and constancy; whereas, let us open the chronicles of foreign nations, and we often see princes abandoned by their subjects for the slightest cause. Insomuch, that had I come to cite special proofs of your devotement to princes, and of the treasons of others, truly a whole day would have been as nothing. Let it suffice to mention our neighbours, the English. Consider, I pray you, the events which have occured in that country since the death of King Edward. Look at his children, murdered with impunity, in spite of their age and good qualities, and the crown given to the assassin by the favour of the people! And if we ascend higher into the past history of that nation, it will appear that scarcely two or three at most of her kings have been allowed to mount the throne quietly and without revolutions, so much she loveth to change the reigning families, and to desert the legitimate heirs. We read even that since the time when the first William conquered that country, they are at the ninth change of dynasty, and, to date from the beginning of their monarchy, it is the twenty-sixth. No one, doubtless, will reproach the faithful French with such inconstancy and such a mass of crimes."—p. 36.

Without doubt the chancellor dated the commencement of our monarchy from the days of ancient Brute.

The discourse of the chancellor was followed next day by the solemn administration of the mass and a sermon, in which "among other things the preacher commended the innocence of the king, which, like a canvass, clean, polished, and white, is given us to paint upon, and that it was necessary above all things to take care that no stain or false colours should touch it; for, as one spot of dirt is enough to spoil a white wall, so the least stain of sin soils and destroys innocence. But it ought to be painted and adorned with true and noble colours, with gold and silver, with purple and azure, that is, with the four cardinal and royal virtues. He preached long upon this theme." When the deputies met on business, their first care was to divide themselves into six divisions, for the sake of avoiding confusion, which six divisions were each to deliberate separately, their several resolutions to be afterwards compared together by a council composed of a certain number of persons from each. Their choice of a president was not very happy, and the honest spirit of Masselin breaks out more than once into indignation against his conduct.* At first,

* The president, it seems, was guilty of revealing the secrets of the assembly to the nobles. On one occasion Masselin lets slip the following threat. "Censum, plane dicam, dominus præsidens et quidam alii profecto digni sunt, sentientque calamum, si post hæc non rectius ambulent." See particularly pp. 114—120.

though there was much want of agreement in their deliberations, things went on very fairly; the dukes of Orleans and Bourbon encouraged and flattered the commons, doubtless with their own particular views; but, when the zeal of the deputies began to give umbrage to the party in power, the latter began to show that their only object was to deceive them, to obtain their money, and then to treat them with disrespect. In one instance their repugnance to agree to what they considered the exorbitant demands of the court upon their purses drew upon them gross insult, and the person who uttered it is supposed to have been the Duke of Bourbon himself—

"I," said he, "know well the manners of clowns. If they are not sufficiently oppressed with burthens, they soon become insolent! If therefore you relieve them entirely of this tax of *tailles*, they will immediately show themselves, mutually and towards their lords, rebellious and intolerable; thus they ought not to be allowed to know liberty, but only subjection. For my part, I consider this tax as the strongest chain by which they can be bridled.

"Strange discourse!" observes John Masselin, "and unworthy to be uttered by so eminent a person! But in his mind, as is commonly the case with old men, his covetousness had increased with his age, and he appeared to fear the diminution of his pension."—p. 420.

The deputies, however, showed much spirit, and, when their labours were ended, separated with anything but satisfaction. One, a bold and zealous theologian, gave vent to his feelings before the chancellor in no measured terms—

"After they have obtained our consent for the raising of money, there is no longer any doubt that we are cajoled; it is clear that everything has been treated with contempt, both the demands inserted in our *cahier*, and our final resolutions, and the limits which we have established. As for the money, they have only granted us one point, namely, that the tax shall no longer be called a *taille*, but in future a free grant, as though our labours and the good of the state were but an affair of words. Truly we would rather have the tax called a *taille*, or even a *maltôte*, or a worse name still, if one could be found, so that the people might be relieved. May they have the malediction of God and the execration of men, whose actions and plots have been the cause of all this! They are the most dangerous enemies of the people and of the state. Where is their conscience, to take thus from us, against our will, and in spite of a solemn agreement, what is our own, and that without there being any danger of the state to render it necessary? O ye detestable and public thieves, ministers of a tyrannical power! is it thus that the state will prosper? I call God to witness, that all are bound to restitution, not only those who do and procure these things, but all those who have aided or consented in them, and even those who shall receive the money of which we have been robbed.

"Him, thus speaking, and eager to continue, although he was not far from the truth, many blamed and constrained to be silent."—p. 644.

This interesting journal is preserved in several manuscripts, and we agree in the surprise of its editor, M. Berner, that it should have remained so long inedited. The honesty and good sense of its author are conspicuous throughout, and there can be little doubt that he entered the transactions of each day as soon as it was ended. Like all the volumes yet published by the Commission, it is most ably edited. The Latin text is accompanied with a French translation, which is rendered valuable by having incorporated with it verbatim reprints of such of the speeches, &c. of this assembly as were printed in black-letter at the time.

The two other volumes of the *Commission Historique* which have been published form part of the grand series which will be compiled from the archives of the different ministerial offices. They are the first of seven volumes, whose materials, relating to the negociations concerning the Spanish succession during the reign of Louis XIV., are deposited in the office of the minister for foreign affairs, and they are compiled and edited by M. Mignet, the distinguished keeper of the archives of that ministry, who has prefaced them with an exquisite sketch of the political state and relation of France and Spain, up to the end of the period which this work will embrace. M. Mignet's book is not a mere collection of documents—the official papers are interwoven in a circumstantial narrative, which gives it all the interest of a diplomatic history. The first volume of the corresponding collection from the archives of the minister of war has been finished some months, but it waits, we believe, the illustrative atlas of maps. The editor of this series is general baron Pelet.

Although the collections of the public archives generally afford materials for only a very late period of history, their contents during that period are tolerably complete. Those of the minister for foreign affairs begin with the seventeenth century, but they are thence continued in a perfect series of about 12,000 volumes, having received no injury by the revolution of 1793. The same may be said of the archives of the department of war. Those of the minister for the marine are not as yet available for historical purposes: they were separated from the other archives under the minister Seignelay; they were thrown into confusion in 1793, when each noble family endeavoured to seize and carry away the papers which related to itself; and that confusion was afterwards increased by their arrangement in alphabetical order. They are at present at Versailles, but they are to be transferred to Paris, when the historical section of the ministry of the marine will be employed in arranging them.

The publications which the Commission has at present in the press relate to distant points of a wide extent of time. The period of the first two races of the Frankish kings will be illustrated by two early and important chartularies, that of the abbey of Saint-Bertin, now preserved in the library of St. Omer, and that of the church of Notre Dame of Chartres. The history of Neustria, under the Normans, will be given in the vast and hitherto inedited chronicle in Anglo-Norman verse, by Benoît de Saint-More, from the MS. Harl. 1717, in the British Museum. Of this work, edited by M. Francisque Michel, the first volume will be published in November. The chronicle of Benoît will be followed by that of the monastery of Mont Saint-Michel, by William de Saint-Paer, also in Anglo-Norman verse, which has been communicated to the Commission by Mr. Thomas Wright, its correspondent in London.

A long period will receive interesting illustration from the collection of letters of the kings, queens princes, and princesses of France, to the kings, queens, princes, and princesses of England, from the middle of the twelfth to the end of the sixteenth century, selected by M. Champollion-Figeac, chiefly from the collections made by Bréquigny during his residence in London.

The long space from the date of the above-mentioned works to the end of the fourteenth century has, as yet, only furnished one document of importance—the history, in Provençal verse, by a contemporary, of the wars against the heretical Albigenses, which will be published from a manuscript in the Royal Library, with a translation, by M. Fauriel. We have, however, some hopes of seeing printed in the collection, a very long and interesting poem in Latin elegiacs, by a French ecclesiastic of the middle, or rather of the first half, of the thirteenth century, relating to the same wars, and to the affairs in which France was concerned during the latter end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries.

The reigns of Charles VI., Charles VII. and Louis XI., have afforded two most important chronicles—that of the monk of Saint-Denis, and that of Amelgard. The history of the sixteenth century will receive much light from a selection of the vast materials contained in the papers of the Cardinal Perrenot de Granvelle, chief minister of the Spanish monarchs Charles V. and Philip II., which are preserved in the Public Library of Besançon, and from the Memoirs of Robert d'Esclaibes, a gentleman of Hainault, who served in the army of the League in the days of Henry III. and Henry IV. The papers of Cardinal Mazarin will also yield a rich harvest. For the history of the seventeenth century there are already in preparation, a History, in sixteen

books, of the Wars of the Franche-Comté from 1632 to 1642, by a counsellor at the parliament of Dôle, the Lord Girardot of Beauchemin, who was at this time a member of the government of the province; and the Memoirs of the Baron de Vuverden.

The Commission appointed by M. Guizot has also ordered and commenced several larger collections, whose contents are restricted to no particular period. M. Guérard will make a selection of documents from three depositories—from the original Registers of the Parliament of Paris, from the Registers of the Chambre des Comptes, and from the Treasury of Charters. A still greater work has been entrusted to M. Champollion-Figeac, that of making a selection from the whole of the State Documents contained in the *Bibliothèque Royale*. Three very extensive collections have already been subjected to analysis—that of Dupuy; that of Brienne; and that of Bréquigny, consisting of his transcripts from our Exchequer, Tower, and British Museum. The collection of Colbert, so rich in materials of every kind relating to the foreign and domestic affairs of France, is at present undergoing the same process, and the first volume of the series is to go to press during the present year. A collection of the Charters of Towns and Corporations, from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, will be edited by M. Augustin Thierry.

Such are the historical publications with which the French Commission has commenced its labours. The publications of our present Record Commission relate to an earlier period of history than the generality of those of the *Commission Historique*. The most important of them all—the grand collections of our rolls—have found an admirable and learned editor in Mr. Duffus Hardy, of the Tower Record Office. There are already published, or nearly ready for publication, under his care, the first volume of the Patent Rolls, containing the whole of the reign of John; the first volume of the Close Rolls, embracing the same period with the eight first years of Hen. III.; Liberate, Misæ, and Prestita Rolls, of that reign; a volume of Norman Rolls, and one of Oblate and Fine Rolls, of the same period; a volume of French Rolls; and the first volumes of the Charter Rolls and the Gascon Rolls, each relating to the reign of John and part of that of his successor Henry. At present the original rolls are printed verbatim; but after a certain period they become so numerous and extensive, that we can hardly suppose that our Commission entertains the idea of continuing the printing of the originals. We recommend strongly that they should be continued in the shape of calendars; but these calendars must be carefully made—not such things as were formerly dignified by that name, whose only use was to blind people as to the contents of the original rolls. One of the most crying sins of the first Record Commission was the reproduction of the Fœ-

dera; and it certainly became a difficult question with the Commission that followed, whether the money, which had been thrown away, at the rate of about £5000 for a folio volume of 500 pages, on the reprinting of a work which was already on the shelves of every great library, should be entirely lost, or whether some value should be given to the work by throwing more money after that which was gone. We are glad, however, that the production of the future volumes has been entrusted to the care of Mr. Stevenson, a gentleman in whose hands they will certainly be edited with accuracy and judgment. Into his care also has been given a work of extreme interest and value,—a collection of Letters partly from the British Museum, but by far the greater part from the Tower, beginning with the early part of the twelfth century, and closing with the middle of the fourteenth: they will make three thick volumes in octavo. We believe that it is also in contemplation to print some of the Rolls of the *Cartæ Antiquæ*, consisting of what are supposed to have been very early transcripts of the charters brought into Chancery to be confirmed.

Two volumes of the Rolls of the Curia Regis, consisting of pleas before the king's justices, including the reign of the first Richard and the first year of the reign of John, have been edited by Sir Francis Palgrave. A volume of the Fines levied on lands or other possessions, from 7 Rich. I. to 16 John, in five counties, as well as the Pipe Roll, which is attributed to the 31 Hen. I., have been published by Mr. Hunter. A Chancellor's Roll, or duplicate of the Pipe of 3 John, has also been printed by Mr. Hunter. Mr. Roberts, of the Tower, has edited selections from the Fine Rolls of the reign of Hen. III. As we approach the later periods of our history, the publications of our Record Commission are much less numerous. Mr. Hunter has given a volume of Select Rolls from the Chapter House, which contains, besides a patent roll of 7 John, six rolls relative to the confiscations of lands in the barons' wars of the reign of Hen. III., and transcripts of letters-patent of the reigns of Hen. V. and Hen. VI. Mr. Hardy, in his volume of Norman Rolls, has given the very interesting one of the first year of Henry V., when the series of those rolls is resumed. But by far the most important illustration of the history of this period is found in the five volumes, by Sir Harris Nicolas, of the Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council, published from MSS. in the British Museum, which contain the reigns of Rich. II., Hen. IV., Hen. V. and Hen. VI., to the year 1445.

We have long expected anxiously, from its great importance, the first volume of the grand collection of the English Chronicles, (comprising the Saxon period,) by Mr. Petrie, who has formed a plan somewhat similar (though more extensive) to that of the

celebrated collection of the Historians of France by Dom Bouquet. We know that this plan is by no means universally approved; yet, on a fair comparison of the advantages and inconveniences of both plans, that of printing each chronicle separately, and that of the French Benedictine, we think that, for a regular and complete series of chronicles, where, as in Mr. Petrie's collection, the time is judiciously divided into periods so as not to cause too much cutting up of single authors, the latter is decidedly the best.*

In the formation of the *Commission Historique*, M. Guizot's plan embraced an extent which was never contemplated by our Record Commission—the development and progress of philosophy, literature, and the arts, have ever marched hand-in-hand with those of political events.—

"After the political history, the intellectual and moral history of a country have an equal claim upon our attention: there is no grander or nobler part of the destinies of a people than the series of their efforts and of their progress in philosophy, science, and literature. Without doubt the abundance, and the special character of the monuments of this kind, prescribe to us in this respect some reserve; they must not be taken too readily, or in too great number, into a collection, of which what is properly termed history is the main object. But the works which, at certain epochs, have strongly agitated men's minds, and have exercised a powerful action on the intellectual development of contemporary generations,—those which have opened, in the movement of

* The following observations on the inconvenience of minute divisions in Dom Bouquet's plan, from a Report by Messrs. Naudet and Daunou, the editors of the nineteenth volume of the series, are, we think, extremely judicious:—

"Il est fort probable que, fidèle au plan adopté, à partir du tome v., par Dom Bouquet, Brial n'aurait pris pour matière de la dixième série que les deux règnes de Saint Louis et de Philippe III., de 1226 à 1285, 59 ans. Nous prions l'Académie d'examiner s'il ne vaudrait pas mieux comprendre dans cette série nouvelle Philippe-le-Bel et ses trois fils, Louis X., Philippe V. et Charles IV., jusqu'en 1328. L'espace total serait de 102 ans, et correspondrait en grande partie au xiii^e^ siècle. On éviterait par cette disposition, ou l'on restreindrait du moins les morcellements que la critique a plus d'une fois reprochés aux éditeurs de ce grand recueil. En effet, il leur a fallu partager en neuf sections et distribuer en autant de volumes les chroniques de Saint-Denis, découper en de minces fragments et presque en parcelles beaucoup d'autres chroniques moins étendues, interrompre soudainement les relations des guerres, des révolutions, des entreprises de tout genre, qui, commencées sous une de ces séries, n'ont été poursuivies ou consommées que sous la suivante. A la vérité, cet inconvénient est un résultat inévitable de toute division d'un corps d'annales par des époques déterminées; mais on l'aggrave en multipliant les points d'arrêt: on le rend moins fréquent, moins sensible, quelquefois moins réel, à mesure qu'on agrandit les périodes. Quand il ne s'agit que d'un seul et même ouvrage historique, un partage en livres ou chapitres, qui ne tend qu'à distinguer les règnes, ne rompt pas l'enchaînement des faits: un récit n'y est interrompu que pour être continué à fort peu pages de distance; au lieu qu'en un recueil tel que celui qui nous occupe, les narrations, arrêtées dans leur cours naturel par la clôture d'une série, ne se reprennent qu'en d'autres volumes publiés quatre ou cinq ans plus tard. La distribution en sections a sans doute des avantages; mais nous doutons que ce soit bien servir les intérêts des lecteurs que de morceler et de disjoindre à ce point les matériaux de l'instruction qu'on leur prépare."

ideas, a new era—those, lastly, which, under a form purely literary, reveal to us forgotten manners, customs and facts of social life, the traces of which have disappeared,—such works are closely allied with history; and, should we discover some monuments of this kind, we should consider it our duty to undertake at once the publication, in forming a particular series of such works in the general collection.

"Lastly, Sire, the history of the arts ought to occupy a place in this vast sum total of researches, which embraces all the parts of the national existence and destinies. No study, perhaps, reveals to us more clearly the social condition, and the true mind of past generations, than that of their religious, civil, public, and domestic monuments, of the various ideas and rules which have presided at their construction,—the study, in a word, of all the works and all the variations of architecture, which is, at the same time, the beginning and the summary of all the arts."—*Report of M. Guizot*, Nov. 1834.

A separate Committee was named in January, 1835, to superintend the formation of this branch of the grand work. Like the former, they were all men distinguished in literature or science, the most eminent in those researches over which they were now called to preside. They were Messrs. Victor Cousin, Vitet, Auguste Le Prévost, Pierre Mérimée (the inspector-general of historical monuments), Victor Hugo, Ch. Lenormant, Albert Lenoir (the architect), and Didron, who is the secretary of the Committee.

The labours of this Committee are naturally but secondary to those of the other, and their extent, in the number of volumes at least, is much more circumscribed. The only one which has yet made much advance is the volume of inedited works of Abelard, by M. Victor Cousin, which we believe is just published, or on the point of publication. It is divided into three parts, the first of which contains the *Sic et Non*, (from a manuscript in the library of Avranches,) the work which caused Abelard's condemnation at the Council of Sens, in 1140. The second part consists of fragments of a Treatise on Dialectics, in the form of a long commentary by Abelard on the *Organon* of Aristotle; and the third part will contain a collection of fragments and lesser philosophical works of Abelard, among which will be printed his interesting *Glossæ in Porphyrium*. We believe that M. Cousin is also preparing some important but hitherto inedited works of our countryman Roger Bacon, one of the most distinguished scholars of the Parisian university.

Under the direction of the Second Committee, M. Sainte-Beuve is drawing up an account of the successive developments, during the three last centuries, of the study and critical history of the Ancient Literature of France; and M. de Wailly, chief of the administrative section of the archives of the kingdom, is employed on a concise Manual of Palæography.

As far as the labours of this Committee are directed to the history of philosophy and literature, whose monuments are written documents, the plan which presented itself naturally in the works of the First Committee, is that which must be adopted here also, namely, the simple publication of such inedited monuments as appear to be of sufficient importance. But, when we enter upon the history of the arts, it becomes necessary to follow quite a different course, to produce works much more complete and much more comprehensive. We cannot describe the measures taken by M. Guizot to attain this object better than in his own words:

"When we quit science and literature to occupy ourselves with the arts, we must necessarily change our method. Here it is no longer an affair of discovering and printing inedited works. With the exception of a small number of special treatises, the history of the arts is not in books; it is written in the monuments themselves, whose forms, variable according to times and places, represent not only the principles and the rules followed by the different schools, but, above all, the mind, the ideas, the knowledge, which belonged to the ages of which they are memorials. It is, therefore, the forms of the monuments which we must reproduce, by means of a short but exact description, taking care to note minutely the characteristic differences which are remarkable in each. All the monuments which have existed, or which still exist, on the soil of France will be the object of a particular study in each town, in each hamlet, in each group of habitations. To the descriptive notices will be often joined a plan, a section, and at least one or two elevations of the structures mentioned; all the plans and designs shall be reduced, as far as possible, to one scale, and the collective sum of these works will form a true monumental statistic of France, studied according to its different ages.

"At this moment M. Ramey is executing a specimen of this work for all the monuments which exist in three cantons of the department of the Oise, and M. Grille de Benzelin, for two arrondissements of the department of the Meurthe.

"M. Mérimée, inspector of the historical monuments of France, and one of the members of the Committee, has surveyed, during the last months of this present year, the whole of the ancient province of Brittany. The numerous observations which he has sent me relate chiefly to the history of the Breton architecture, in which he thinks that he has discovered a particular style. He has, moreover, addressed to me, as well as to the minister of the interior, various propositions relating to the conservation of the buildings of the middle ages which he has visited. Lastly, he is gone, by my orders, into the department of la Vienne, in order to examine the remains of the ancient abbey of Charroux, to make a statement of the present condition of this monument, and to take the necessary steps for insuring its preservation.

"In every part M. Mérimée has remarked a great readiness to preserve and study the monuments of our history. Learned societies are busily engaged in describing them; a great number of artists and of private individuals are making researches at their charge; every one is

zealous to enter, as far as it is in his power, into the views of the government. Nevertheless, such researches require a special knowledge, and consequently ought to be made according to detailed and precise instructions. The Committee has undertaken to compile these instructions, which will themselves form a considerable work. M. Albert Lenoir, member of the Committee, is engaged on all that concerns the public monuments, Gallic, Greek, Roman and Christian, up to the eleventh century; M. Auguste Le Prévost, on the religious monuments from the eleventh century to the present day; M. Mérimée, on the military architecture of all epochs, including the roads, which, in their origin, are all military. M. Lenormant has composed a treatise on all the moveables of different ages, on vases and ornaments, on medals, on vignettes and miniatures of manuscripts, &c. &c. The first part of these instructions is completely finished, and will soon be put to press. Engravings on wood, added to the work, will render it clearer and more easy to understand.

"I considered that, at the moment when they are executing with so much care, under the ministry of war, the map of France, it would be desirable to have made, by the skilful engineers of that department, a map of ancient France, with an indication of the ancient ways and the ancient towns of all epochs. General Baron Pelet, the director of the depôt of war, has agreed to this proposition, and has offered to compile from the great map of France a map in four sheets, where all the monuments, and all the data relating to archæology, shall be noted in a particular manner. General Pelet has given instructions to this effect to the officers of the staff, who are engaged in the formation of the general map."—*Report of Dec.* 1835.

From what has been already done, and from the judicious manner in which it has been done, we look for much from the *Commission Historique.* It bears in all its members the marks of the great man under whose auspices it arose, and the strong character which he has given to it will not easily be changed by after circumstances. The government seems to feel deeply the importance of the undertaking, and is evidently desirous of co-operating in the pursuit of its objects. The annual grant of 120,000 francs* has gone, and will go far, particularly where so much economy is shown in its distribution; in fact, if we take into consideration the different value of money in the two countries, and of the expenses of work and materials, it ought to do as much as the expenditure of our own Record Commission. But it enjoys several advantages: for no person who is a member of the Commission is paid for literary labour, and the commissioners have generally been most zealous in volunteering their services. Other persons employed receive, as in our Commission, a certain remuneration under the two heads of transcripts and editing.

A writer in our monthly contemporary, the Gentleman's Ma-

* We learn that the minister of public instruction intends to ask for 150,000 francs in the budget of the ensuing year, but, at the same time, we are told that he has not much confidence of obtaining it.

gazine, in reviewing the first publication of the Surtees Society, has committed a slight inadvertency, in arguing our superiority over other nations from the supposed circumstance that societies of individuals here do that in which elsewhere the government interferes, and in considering, as far as we understand him, the interference of the government for the publication of the national monuments as a badge of despotism. In this point we differ little from our neighbours. In other countries such societies are as numerous, and even more numerous, than in our own; and their publications, with some exceptions, have been infinitely superior, because they never adopted the childish system of exclusiveness, and the still worse systems of feasting, of paying great salaries to inferior servants, and of making toys instead of useful books, which have too often characterized the societies in merry England. The Surtees Society has begun its labours in a better spirit, and promises us a few books of great historical value. It is still left to the chance labours of such societies, or of individual zeal, to print the monuments of our moral and intellectual history.* The most promising of all attempts which have hitherto been made is that of our antiquaries. The Society of Antiquaries has, indeed, raised good hopes by the establishment of its *Saxon Committee*—its Cædmon will, we have no doubt, find a worthy successor in Layamon, of which we hope soon to see the first volume; its Exeter Book, on which Mr. Thorpe is at present engaged, will be the most important publication it has yet undertaken. We would counsel the antiquaries to follow it up with the works of the illustrious Alfred, which in Mr. Kemble, who, we believe, has long had the idea of collecting them, would find a skilful editor; and they might next give us what is much wanting, a good edition of Piers Plowman, that most important monument of the language and of the moral and political feeling of the fourteenth century. By proceeding vigorously in the path which has been struck out for them, the antiquaries will purchase the good opinion of posterity. But we fear that the spirit which gave life to the Saxon Committee is weak and short-lived. The great-mindedness of the seventeenth century, which, besides securing to us our political rights by its wisdom and its blood, has left us so many noble monuments of individual industry in the publication of our historical monuments, is but just awaking after its long slumber; we hope and trust that it may have gained strength and freshness by its repose.

* In France there is, what we ought long ago to have had in England, a Society of History—it has lately published, under the judicious care of M. Champollion-Figeac, a beautiful volume, containing two curious chronicles relating to the Establishment of the Normans in Italy and Sicily; and it has in preparation what will, we have no doubt, be an excellent edition of Gregory of Tours.

Art. VI.—*Briefe an Johann Heinrich Merck, von Göthe, Herder, Wieland, und andern bedeutenden Zeitgenossen. Mit Merck's biographischer Skizze.* Herausgegeben von Dr. Karl Wagner, Lehrer am Gross-Herzoglichen Gymnasium zu Darmstadt. (Letters to John Henry Merck, from Göthe, Herder, Wieland, and other eminent Cotemporaries. With a Biographical Sketch of Merck's Life. Edited by Dr. Charles Wagner, Teacher at the Grand Ducal Gymnasium, Darmstadt.) 8vo. 1835.

This work is not only full of attraction for the man of letters, and the lover of modern German literature in general, but it equally invites the attention of the poet and philosopher, of the artist, naturalist, and geologist; comprising, as it does, a series of letters from most of the eminent men (between the years 1770 and 1790) who belong to those classes. For more than half a century have these interesting documents of the most interesting period of German and perhaps of general literature been kept back from the world. The person to whom they were addressed, Johann Heinrich Merck, was a gentleman of ample fortune, resident at Darmstadt, whose varied talents and enlightened appreciation of merit have linked his name with the first geniuses of that prolific period. Of him Göthe declares—"This singular man has, of all others, exercised the greatest influence over my life." Herder exclaims—"Good man! Heaven grant me always a friend like you!" And Wieland, in the fulness of his warm heart, says—"Should it ever happen that I could love nothing more, I should still love Göthe and Merck;" and, on another occasion, "Excellent friend! before I desert you, I shall have poisoned my wife and strangled my seven children!" Göthe, in his own early biography, gives an account of Merck, which we here insert rather as illustrative of part, than as a complete picture, of his character.

"Of his early education I know but little. After completing his studies, he accompanied a gentleman to Switzerland, where he remained some time, and returned married. When I first knew him, he was paymaster of the forces at Darmstadt. Endowed with the highest intellect and understanding, he had made himself extensively acquainted more especially with modern literature, and particularly studied the history of mankind and of the world in all ages and places. He was peculiarly gifted with the power of judging accurately and acutely. As a man of business also, and a ready accountant, he was much distinguished. By all, save those in whom his biting sarcasms had excited personal dread, was he hailed as a welcome acquisition to society. His visage was long and thin, with a pointed prominent nose, and light blue eyes, approaching to grey, which seemed eagerly to observe all around him, and gave his expression something tiger-like. Lavater's Physiognomy has pre-

served his profile. A strange incongruity characterized his mind. By nature noble, trustworthy, and upright, he had become so embittered against the world, and had so yielded to this morbid feeling of irritation, that an almost irresistible inclination for mischief, and even for knavery, seemed at times to overpower him."

Here it must be remembered that Göthe was not sitting as a moral judge, but rather reviewing the picture of human life in a poetic sense; and that "rogue" and "knave" bore very different meanings in his vocabulary from what they did in Lavater's. Göthe adds:—"But as we willingly seek the excitement of that danger from which we believe ourselves secure, so was I the more anxious for the enjoyment of his good qualities, feeling convinced that he would not turn his evil side towards me." He continues in the same strain to expatiate on his peculiar and seemingly contradictory qualities, and the subsequent correspondence amply fills up the measure of his character; which we here see reflected in that of others over whom he exercised a never flagging sway, and whom he was constantly urging, by seasonable encouragement or undisguised sarcasm, to the fulfilment of that contract which great talents tacitly make with the public. No lack of energy, or falling off of power, escaped his eagle eye; the friend who had once obtained his interest felt that he must labour to retain it; and even the name of Göthe did not screen him from Merck's criticising lash;—of which an instance occurs in the short preliminary biography from which these particulars are extracted. When that great poet sent him his Clavigo to peruse, Merck reminded him of his higher powers, adding, "You must not write such stuff again—anybody could do as much."

With regard to himself, fortune had made him too independent, and nature too versatile, to acquire great individual celebrity. To enumerate the various subjects on which he tried his powers will suffice to prove why he did not attain any European fame. To few is it given to be great in more than one line. Merck excelled alike in poetry, descriptive prose, tales, satire, and epigrams. A few of his smaller satirical poems are annexed to this work, and remind us of the humour of Swift. As a critic he stood the first of his day; all the cotemporary writers were reviewed by him, and in him the candidate for fame either hailed or feared the stern examiner, whose opinion would make or mar his fortune with the public. His criticisms on the works of the day formed one of the great supports of the *Teutscher Merkur* (German Mercury); and Wieland, the editor of that periodical, emphatically says, "Your reviews give life or death to the Mercury:" and again—"Really and truly, dear friend, you ought to write more; all you have hitherto thrown on paper is pure gold." There is every

reason also to assert that his pen was always employed on the side of truth, and for the maintenance of a severity and purity of taste, which had a most salutary effect upon the numerous candidates for fame at that period. In all subjects connected with art he displayed the same powers of judgment. His own house was a museum of collections. In him rising talent of every kind found a ready patron, and several of the distinguished German artists of that time owe their outset in life, and their support on the road to improvement, to his judicious advice and liberality; while the letters from the Grand Duke and Duchess of Weimar, and from Göthe, evidence his high repute as a connoisseur. Notwithstanding all these occupations, and the regular attendance which his official situation required, he found time for deep research into natural history, geology, and physiology; and prosecuted these sciences with an ardour which attracted the notice of the first professors, and procured him the correspondence of a Blumenbach, a Camper, and a Sir Joseph Banks.

With all long-established prejudices of society—with all fallacies of system, or mannerisms of style—Merck waged unceasing war. No moral imposture, or quackery in literature or science, eluded his scrutiny; and, no matter how exalted the individual, or how triumphant the party, the darts of his sarcastic spirit were always hurled at them. On all occasions he was clear, severe, and practical; with sufficient shrewdness and knowledge of the world to know where harshness and ridicule would be good, and with kindness and poetry enough in his nature to feel where tenderness and encouragement would be better. For his own peace of mind, his ideal of perfection was placed too high. He knew too well what was excellent, to be satisfied with what he himself did. His was indeed "the quick bosom to which quiet is a hell;" and, in change and multiplicity of avocations, he sought that satisfaction which one alone would not afford. "Whenever," as Göthe says, "he began to curse his own abilities, and was disgusted at not finding his powers of production come up to the standard which he had fixed, he would throw aside the politer arts, and transfer all his energies to some public speculation or mercantile enterprise, which, while it yielded pecuniary profit, also afforded food for a while to his restless mind." Such was the man who held in his hands all the ends of that graceful knot of Weimar *beaux esprits*, and was either the open friend, or confidential arbiter, of its poets and princes—of its literature and politics.

On reviewing his character and life, we are struck with a congeniality in many respects between Merck and the late William Roscoe. In thirst for knowledge, in versatility of talent, and in philanthropic efforts for the dissemination of science and the pro-

motion of intellectual pursuits, there is a striking coincidence between them. Happy were the task of the biographer had the resemblance extended throughout life, and the same serene sky marked the setting of each bright luminary. Suffice it here to say, that, disappointed in spirit, and exhausted with a painful disease, Merck put an end to his life with his own hand, on the 27th of June, 1791, at the age of fifty. Let us deal gently with his memory, and leave judgment to Him who alone could know the force of the temptation, or the severity of the conflict.

Of the variety of subjects discussed in the letters composing this work, some conception may be formed from the following list of correspondents:—

Herder.
Sophie de la Roche.
Boie.
G. Schlosser.
Nicolai.
Göthe.
Wieland.
Grand Duchess of Weimar.
Grand Duke of Weimar.
H. Fuseli.
Caroline Herder.
Ursinus.
F. Jacobi.
Baron von Beroldingen.
Louisa von Gochhausen.
Dalberg, Prince Primate of Frankfort.
Bode.
Wille.
W. Tischbein.
Zentner.
Count von Veltheim.
Bertuch.
G. Forster.
K. Hess.
Voigt.
von Schmerfeld.
von Sömmering.
Lichtenberg.
G. M. de la Roche.
Göthe's mother.
Knigge.
P. Camper.
Baron Hohenfeld.
Blumenbach.
Sir Joseph Banks.
Faujas de St. Fond.
Hemsterhuis.
Prince Gallitzin.
A. Camper.
Count Frederick Stolberg.
Baron de Luc.
Schneider.
Eberhard.
Wyttenbach.
Sarasin.

Such a list of names as the above seems almost to supersede the necessity of any further remark. Fortunate should we esteem our countrymen, had any of those bright cycles of talent, which at various periods have illumined, and still illumine our progress to civilization, bequeathed to us so rich a legacy of biographical characteristics as is here presented. For although we have no lack of posthumous correspondence of the good, the great, the witty, and the notorious of our own country, yet we know of no English work which can compare in aggregate value with the one before us. Dating from the most prosperous period of German literature, it includes the chief actors on the theatre of letters, and more especially that brilliant constellation of genius which

encircled the ducal coronet of Weimar during the latter half of the last century, and from thence shed its light over the whole cultivated world. To those, therefore, who are at all conversant in the writings and biography of this poetical groupe, we would earnestly recommend this correspondence as an indispensable supplement—as a test by which they may prove the conclusions to which that study has advanced them. Here they will find the hopes, the fears, and the ambitions of the poet's heart; the varieties of character under which the same productive principle displays itself—by turns the careless thought, or profound reflection —the spontaneous opinion, or mature criticism. Here they may trace the first conception, the opening childhood, and the gradual ripening of those works which we now behold only in their full-grown form; and compare, as it were, the private cipher of the man with the public autograph of the author; while, in the numerous letters from the grand duchess, and her enlightened son, Charles Augustus, we recognise the intelligent and philanthropic patronage which at once inspired the talents, and secured the welfare of their illustrious literary dependents.

To the English reader, also, who has only a common share of patriotism, the high rank awarded to our literature, in the course of these Letters, cannot be a subject of indifference. We remark, with undisguised pride, the veneration of these writers for their English predecessors in the beginning of the eighteenth century; while the excellencies of Shakspeare, whose genius has become European property, are gladly claimed by them as current coin for the acquirement of human knowledge, and the interchange of poetical feeling. Our remarks must chiefly be confined to the Weimar circle, and we shall be gratified if, by a few translated specimens, we can induce those possessing the language-key, to unlock and partake of the feast before them; and still more so, should some spirited individual be thereby encouraged to present the collective work to the public in an English dress.

Herder's letters we find first in order, commencing in 1770; between the age of twenty-six and twenty-eight, and, as such, too early to exhibit more than that ardent thirst for knowledge and deep-seated affection for mankind and truth, which afterwards overflowed in his maturer works. He commences this correspondence while travelling with the unfortunate Prince of Holstein, immediately on quitting Darmstadt. There he had first made the acquaintance of Merck, and, under his auspices, been introduced to Caroline Flachsland, the lady who subsequently became his wife. His stay there lasted a fortnight, and he left the place betrothed in heart and hand. This was an attachment which formed the main staff of his domestic happiness throughout

life, and upon which he could always rest his weary mind, amidst the disappointments and vexations which always attend the promoter of any good, or the opponent of any corrupt public system, and which finally and prematurely brought Herder to the grave. These letters, therefore, occurring at this eventful time, are marked with all those alternations of hope and despair, sunshine and gloom, which the excitement of loving and being loved, first awakened in such a mind, could not fail to exhibit. Merck was the confidant of his affection, and the bearer of his letters to its object, whom he recommends urgently to his kindness. "Countless times during these last two days," he writes in his first letter after their separation, "have I been with you all in Darmstadt. How can I help it, if you are of such material natures as not to feel my presence?"—and in a postcript he adds:—

"The enclosed I beg you to deliver; but, of course, only into the hands and before the eyes of her for whom it is intended. The contents, upon my priestly conscience, are only such as will make you no go-between, although, like the left hand in Scripture, 'you know not what your right hand doeth.'"

In these letters we find frequent outbursts of that admiration for Ossian and Shakspeare which first suggested his collection of different National Songs, ("Volks Lieder,") by which he has unfolded a page of popular tradition, as valuable to the historian as to the poet. His enthusiasm on this subject is best told in his own words.

"In rummaging my papers a day or two ago I found some translations which I had made some time back from the finest English ballads, and especially from Shakspeare. Concluding that you have not given up Shakspeare, I enclose a few of these scraps. In the original English, with their own metre, old-fashioned rhymes and peculiar fable style, each is excellent in its kind, and in the places where they are introduced of most astonishing effect. But precisely for this reason are they entirely untranslatable. On this account has Wieland* omitted, or at best most unmercifully mutilated them. This last is especially the case with Ariel's song, and indeed with both the songs in 'The Tempest;' the one so solemnly mystical, the other so etherially sylph-like joyous; both which, as far as I can remember from a couple of lines, are miserably travestied by Wieland. The latter song, 'Where the bee sucks,' &c. has been also attempted by Moses, and by the translator of the 'Essay on the Genius of Pope;' but neither of them to my fancy. Just see now whether my version satisfies you better; but, for the life of you, attend only to tones, not to words—you must only sing, not read. The Cuckoo song has been charmingly set to music by Handel; in German, however, the play upon words is not so striking, at least not to the perception of

* Wieland translated 22 of Shakspeare's plays between the years 1762 and 1766.

every blockhead. Besides this, I cannot help thinking that I have discovered some faint traces of this cuckoo prophecy, and of the owl's song, (the latter, however, in the character of a death-watch,) amongst the provincial traditions of my own father-land; which induces me to deviate entirely from the English version. The ballad 'Come away, come away Death,' has a wonderful effect where it is introduced, and Shakspeare has done well in making the duke, before whom it is sung, so loud in its praise. This is an old romance, much older than Shakspeare; as also 'Take, oh take those lips away.' These old songs have that effect upon me, that I am firmly resolved, should I ever set foot on British ground, merely to skim through London, just peep at the theatre and Garrick, pay my respects to Hume, and then fly off to Wales, Scotland, and the Western Isles; on one of which, like the youngest son of Ossian, Macpherson sits enthroned. There shall I hear the Celtic national songs wildly chanted in the real language and tone of the country—those songs which, in their present metamorphosis into hexameters and Greek metre, I can only liken to a painted perfumed paper flower, instead of that living and fair-blooming daughter of the earth, who exhales her fragrance on the wild mountain side. But to return to Shakspeare; help me to bewail a loss, at which certainly every other honest man would only laugh. During my frenzy for Shakspeare, I had particularly studied those scenes wherein he opens to us his world of ghosts and fairies—those parts which the English prize as his finest, and in which I took the more delight having dreamed away my childhood among such fables. I had, for instance, translated the fairy 'divertissement' in the Midsummer Night's Dream, (which Wieland has, I believe, entirely omitted,) and the witch scene in Macbeth, where the witches are boiling, conjuring, muttering, and bubbling through a whole discant of ghostly tones—but my translations have disappeared, and I can find nothing, nothing but a few soliloquies from King Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, &c. This is enough to make me tear my eyes out. In short I find every thing but my conjurations, and these must have been swept away, or burnt, when the witches last cleaned out my rooms at Riga. To my own private gratification such a loss is irreparable;—but I continue prating about Shakspeare, whom I never can leave, when once I get upon him."

Herder sojourned some months at Strasburg, whence the greater part of these letters are dated, and where he parted from the Prince of Holstein. This city had a double claim upon his recollections, having led to his first acquaintance with Göthe, whom he characteristically describes, (as Göthe does him in his Life,) and also as having been the scene of a series of painful operations for a fistula lachrymalis under which he laboured, and which he describes with stoical detail. His disgust of Strasburg on first entering it is expressed with a true lover's whimsicality. "Strasburg," he says, "is the most miserable, the most barren, and the most disagreeable place, that, speaking with all due consideration, I have yet seen in my life. Here is not even a wood, or a spot,

where one can repose with one's book and one's genius in the shade—and then that it should lie so near Darmstadt, and yet not be Darmstadt, is certainly great part of the annoyance, but I assure you not all." In short, in these letters he runs down every note of the gamut, from the highest glee of mirth to the deepest gloom of despondency. For the latter, he had, however, besides the circumstance of being in love, some rational grounds, having been assailed in the most sensitive part by the officiousness of some individuals, who, as Herder's wife, alluding subsequently to this period in her "Erinnerungen," says, "interfered in our engagement, and wanted to model it to their own way of thinking." Writing on this to Merck, Herder says, "Let me embrace you, dear friend, for all the affection, patience, and kindness you have shown to me, and my, or rather, your friend, (for in many respects she belongs more to you than to me,) in her present uncomfortable situation—a situation at which I am as much annoyed as astonished. Really between four or five people such an entangled skein of love, friendship, jealousy, hatred and humbug has been drawn, as would hardly be credited to exist in so eventless a little circle; and, as all the ends seem to lead towards you, I can only call to you, 'Hold tight, dear Merck, till time shall in pity have unravelled some of the shreds.'"

Göthe and Merck were at this time engaged in the "Frankfurt Journal," to which Herder evidently largely contributed; reviewing, among others, several English works; and it is not a little interesting to notice the different effusions, now an original ode or versified translation, of which the post between Strasburg and Darmstadt (and doubtless a slow one) was the bearer. In his fits of lightheartedness, which were here and there spiced with a little irony, (for Herder rather piqued himself on resembling our English Swift, and was on that account nicknamed "the Dean" by his friends,) he seems to have struck rather harder than he intended. Merck's peculiar temperament disliked perhaps to be encountered with its own weapons, and in his last letters Herder labours to remove some unfriendly impression with all the earnestness and generosity which man as man could exert, or as friend require. We could almost forgive Merck his ill-temper for having brought to light so beautiful a side of Herder's character; but, with these letters before us, we cannot exculpate the man who could read them to misinterpret, or, what is worse, to pervert. And this it seems was the case; for the acquaintance apparently ceases with these letters, and some after-passages bespeak no kindly feeling on Merck's part towards his former friend.

We continue to catch glimpses of Herder's career through the letters from the Weimar circle, which he joined in 1776. One

passage in Wieland's correspondence is too superb in itself, and too flattering to the excellent Herder, to be omitted. In mentioning the birth of an heir to the house of Weimar, he says, "*Herder spoke at the Baptism of the Prince like a God.* His discourse shall be sent to you when printed. There are only five sheets of it, but I know nothing more pure, more sublime, more simple, more touching, more finely conceived, or more exquisitely delivered, either in the German or any other tongue. I doubt whether a nobler or more impressive baptism was ever conferred on any German prince. Welcome be therefore Charles Frederick, Dei Gratia, and may it be well with our grandchildren, by, with or under him—*over* him will come none '*ex nostris.*'"*

It were much to be desired that we possessed some complete biography of this delightful poet, sound divine, and amiable man. Those published in Germany, although severally of great merit, do not even collectively do justice either to the extent of his usefulness, or to the spirit which dictated his writings. His only daughter, a lady of the highest worth and talent, resident at Weimar, is in possession of most interesting documents; and especially of her father's correspondence with a certain princess, which, in point of epistolary style and beauty of moral and poetical sentiment, stands unrivalled.

The short sketch of his life and works, in the late William Taylor's Survey of German Poetry, offers, as far as it goes, a comprehensive view of Herder's character.

Sophie de la Roche's letters follow next. She is celebrated as having written a novel called "Fräulein von Sternheim," "Rosalie's Letters," and other light, but interesting works; as having been the first love of Wieland, and the grandmother of Bettina von Arnim, whose correspondence with Göthe was reviewed in Number XXXII. of our Journal. Madame de la Roche's letters are interesting, as showing the place awarded to female talent in Germany, and the union of the domestic wife and mother with the now exploded character of "blue stocking" at an earlier period even than with us. She writes with much elegance and lively anecdote, but seems thoroughly afraid of Merck's satirical vein, although not too much to tell him so in the plainest terms.

Next follow six letters from Boie, which are highly interesting, as belonging to that period when he, and his circle of young associates, Burger, Gotter, Voss, Hölty, the two counts Stolberg, Miller, Leisewitz, &c. of whom Boie was the eldest, formed by a study of the Grecian poets, and especially of Homer, by a perfect familiarity with Shakspeare, and by a new acquaintance with

* This baptismal Sermon is printed among Herder's collective works.

"Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," which unlocked to them the beauties of the real ballad style, kept the muses in full employment at Göttingen, and poured forth upon the world a stream of lyrical poetry through the much frequented channels of the "Musen Almanach," and the "Deutsches Museum." Boie was co-editor with Gotter of the Almanach, and announces in these letters his cession of it to Voss (the celebrated translator of Homer), who married his sister, and his having engaged with Dohm in the "Deutsches Museum," which he subsequently carried on for years alone. His assiduity in collecting contributions for these periodicals is most entertaining. (Herder not inaptly calls him the Muses' Accoucheur.) Merck was evidently a contributor of no little importance, but always in a strict incognito. This correspondence also shows that, with all the boisterous wit and joviality of the Göttingen party, and their resolution to enjoy life, cost what it might, Boie was not happy. Towards the close we find him satiated with dissipation and sighing for quieter joys. "Pity me," he says; "I have a heart, and am banished to a university, where I cannot use it. My situation, it is true, has much of real good; but I am lonely in heart and desponding." Of Herder he speaks delightfully. "I am tired," he writes, "of the students, and of being the learned man, and still more so, since I have known Herder—the only sage in whom I have found the *man* as I wished to find him. The friendship he has granted to me is one of the purest joys of my life."

G. Schlosser, brother-in-law of Göthe, known by several small didactic pieces, has three letters here, as distinct in character as they are separate in time. In a strain of sentimental philosophy, he analyzes the difference between the understanding and the heart; the independence of the one, the miserable dependence of the other. Evidently unprovided with the rudder of religion, he longs for the haven of peace which he cannot find, and touchingly laments that mental darkness in which his thoughts run foul of one another. From various natural arguments he adduces the fact of another world, and appeals to Merck to confirm his trembling opinions. "I have, and you know it, always hoped and believed in a future state; now I hope and believe, because I need it more than ever. Without it the creation would be an imperfect work, and I would rather be a stock or a stone—any thing but a man." The other letters are more cheerful; time and a wife having effected much, his style becomes matrimonial and contented.

Nicolai's letters next appear. He was known as a great bookseller at Berlin; as the author of the "Joys of Werther"—of a novel called "Sebaldus Nothanker"—as editor of the "Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek," &c. He was cotemporary, friend

and follower of Lessing, and one in whom the nervous opposition of that great genius to the prejudices of the age, and the trammels of an over-formal orthodoxy, had degenerated into a jeering rationalism, and a denial of the higher aspirations of our nature. From his editorial chair, which was a conspicuous object in the intellectual arena, he waged continual war with the ranks of authorship. In this correspondence Göthe appears as head culprit, and his spleen against this arch-innovator is the burden of every letter. They exhibit, however, a striking picture of the times, and of Nicolai's restless activity of mind, which afterwards induced that extraordinary state of nervous optical delusion, so interestingly recorded by Whiter; a portion of his biography best known in England.

Göthe now stands before us. His letters, twenty-six in number, commence at the age of twenty-five, and, carrying us to the very meridian of his powers, progressively show us the grand bases on which his wide-extended popularity was founded. The prevailing character of this correspondence, and especially of the earlier part, consists in that independent energy of mind, that animation of conscious power, which propelled him forward in the race he ran, with an impetus above the comprehension of timid minds; and which, subduing alike the passions of mankind and the difficulties of science to his will, would have rendered Göthe a great man, in whatever circumstances he might have been placed.

No mind has perhaps yet appeared before the public more difficult to decipher, more impossible to square with our usual sympathies, than Göthe's. In attempting, therefore, this analysis, we presume not to pronounce a decisive judgment, but only to present those impressions to which a knowledge of Germany, of Göthe's works, and more especially the private disclosures of this correspondence, have given rise. From the letters of the other Weimar literati, who seemingly acknowledged their allegiance to this monarch of intellect as willingly as he could have required it, these observations are equally gleaned as from his own. With regard, however, to the real motives and innate workings of his superior mind, which, in an intercourse of this intimate nature, might be expected to exhibit themselves, we are still left rather to guess than to decide. His character, on the other hand, appears as clear as day-light; but that character consisted precisely in never exposing his mind. He generally writes, also, in a hurry, giving biographical data rather than private feelings. Calm and dispassionate observation appears to be his great object in life; and though he occasionally utters a maxim, he never expresses a sentiment.

As this correspondence included no less a period than eleven

years, it necessarily involved the most momentous transactions of his life, and must have exposed Göthe, like other men, to the average vicissitudes of fortune; yet we find him invariably erect and collected, appealing to no sympathy, indulging in no affection, expressing neither hope nor fear; so that, with this total absence of all the usual topics of friendship, his attachment for the cynical but useful Merck seems rather to be the pretext than the object of this intercourse, and, although offering an indispensable aspect of his character, this work is adapted rather for the votary of science than of fancy. Poetry, it is true, peeps through every subject, forming at all times a graceful background, but seldom obtruding as a prominent object; and on this account we can indulge in but slender extracts for an article of this kind. The following letter, however, strikingly exemplifies the man, and shows when and where were laid the foundations upon which the mighty fabric of his Faust was erected:

"Weimar, August 5th, 1778.

"I must now tell you something about my journeyings. Last winter a tour through the Hartz gave me much pleasure: for you know that much as I hate to see Nature tortured into Romance, so much do I delight in finding Romance consistent with Nature. I started alone; about the last day of November—on horseback, with a knapsack—rode through hail, frost, and mud to Nordhausen, entered the Hartz by the Baumann's Höhle, and so by Wernigerode and Goslar into the Upper Hartz, (the details I will give you another time,) overcame all difficulties, and stood, I think, on the 8th of December, at noon, on the summit of the Brocken. A cheerful genial sun above—snow an ell and half thick on the ground, and the cloud-bedecked panorama of Germany beneath me; so that the forester, whom, having lived for years at the foot, and always deemed the ascent impossible, I had with difficulty persuaded to accompany me, was quite beside himself with admiration. Here I spent a fortnight alone—no human being knowing where I was: of the thousand thoughts in this solitude, the enclosure will give you some idea.

"In the spring I was in Berlin—quite a different spectacle. We spent a few days there, and I only peeped in, as a child into a penny show. But you know that I exist in contemplation, and a thousand new lights broke upon me. I saw much of old Fritz*,—of his gold, silver, marble, monkeys, parrots, and torn curtains;—and overheard his own minions snarl at the great man. A large portion of Prince Henry's army which we passed—the various manœuvres we witnessed, and the persons of the generals who sat opposite to me by half dozens at dinner, have made me much more familiar with the present war. Otherwise, I had no intercourse with mankind, and did not utter a word in the Prussian dominions which they might not have printed; for which I was exclaimed against as proud, &c.

* Frederick the Great.

"The Raphaels which the duchess has brought with her are a great enjoyment to me. Now I am in search of all kinds of drawings. I have also just re-opened an old quarry, which probably had been in disuse for centuries. The porch at the old castle was built of this stone, which can be worked to the greatest pitch of delicacy. It is very hard, but can be shaved or rasped with ease; has no cracks, imbibes no moisture, and is of that beautiful grey colour so much in request and so seldom found. French snuff-boxes are of the same hue—neither blue nor yellow. It is a woodstone—the middle sort between common and marble. Adieu, old man. Now you have heard again from me, tell me something in return, and don't forget me. Should there be no war, I will some day visit you."

In appreciating the vantage-ground which the collected mind obtains over the being of impulse and passion, Göthe seems to have aimed and arrived at that stoical atmosphere of self-possession, whence he could leisurely survey the vast mass of human nature (lying like the "cloud-bedecked panorama of Germany") beneath him; and deliberately choose and appropriate those portions best adapted for his use. To accomplish this, he necessarily sacrificed the indulgence of those affections by which the independence of other minds is compromised. To Nature he gave his heart, and felt it securely invested; to Mankind his understanding, and nothing more, and though, by the immense range and ardent cultivation of his versatile genius, for which no subject was so intricate that it did not seek to explore it, no fact so simple that it disdained to appropriate it, he indirectly included the direct benefit of his fellow-creatures, (he was, for instance, the original inventor and first projector of the excellent system of national schools in Germany,) yet we may safely question whether he was influenced so much by an expanded philanthropy as by a refined selfishness. At the same time, by the same process by which he controlled the elements of his own passions, was he enabled to agitate them in the bosom of others. No one could kindle stronger and more lasting attachments; no heart remain more fire-proof than his own. He despised not the sweets of love or friendship, and no author has more vividly described them, but he culled them only so far as was consistent with his prescribed law of independence. After his first boyish fancies, it may be doubted whether he ever loved; but as the fresh breath of youth is supposed to invigorate the failing energies of old age, so did Göthe refresh the powers of his imagination at the fountain of an overflowing heart, and catch the very tone of truth from the impassioned effusions of his votaries.*

* Those who may be startled at these opinions, we must refer to "Göthe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde," already mentioned.

"To disarm affliction of its weapons by voluntarily withdrawing from the objects within its reach, is the specious reasoning of many a cold-blooded Epicurean in happiness. Of this principle Göthe seems to have partaken. Like every system of human presumption, however, this involves its own punishment. "The man," as Bacon says, "who has wife and children, has taken hostages of fortune;" and he who has nothing to lose is more pitiable than he who mourns the lost. Göthe lived a worshipped but loveless life; his marriage was formed comparatively late in life by conventional decorum; his son proved no blessing; and, if selfishness were not the cause, it was at all events the result of such a policy.

This systematic coldness and reserve, which apparently date from his first elevation in the political world, naturally engendered discontent, as well in those who penetrated, as in those who misunderstood, its motives. Vanity it was called by some; pride, more correctly, by others. Even Wieland, the kind and sincere friend, laments the ill-will borne towards him; but even Wieland admits the change that had come over Göthe. Alluding to Göthe's employment in the state, he says, "His imagination seems quenched; instead of the all-enlivening warmth which used to emanate from him, he seems to be enveloped in an atmosphere of political frost. He is always gentle and harmless, but is friends with no one, and nothing can be done with him." The sincerity of this avowal may be confirmed by the following sentence. Speaking of a report of Göthe's being ill, which had reached Merck, Wieland adds, "About Göthe don't be uneasy, dear brother; he is well, and the gossip of certain good people about the decline of his health reminds me of the fable of the two wolves, who, hearing that the stag was ill, thus addressed the fawn: 'How is your father?' 'Better than you gentlemen could wish,' answered the fawn; and '*fiat applicatio*' as far and as much as you please."

In this correspondence we find a lively picture of the esteem in which Göthe was held by the reigning family and court of Weimar. His presence formed an indispensable portion of their public pageantry and private comfort; and we see his active and intelligent influence extending over every part of the state. Nowhere can the relation of prince and subject appear to such advantage as between the enlightened Duke of Weimar and his illustrious minister. Each seems to have found in the other the friend best fitted to develop the energies of his nature; and, whether in the public plans of agricultural improvement or state economy, of which these letters treat largely, or in the social tour and amusing search for works of art, where no professed picture-

dealer could drive a bargain with more *gusto* than the duke and his premier, we find them acting with one mind, and without a single interruption to their friendship. Here again, however, we must forbear to pry too deeply, or we may fancy we discern Göthe using Charles Augustus rather as the most valuable of his tools than as the most liberal of his friends. "I am now," he said, "mixed up in all court and political subjects, and shall probably not extricate myself again. My situation, however, is favourable enough, and the dukedom of Weimar and Eisenach a theatre sufficient to practise the *rôle* of the world."

On all subjects connected with science, this correspondence assumes a high biographical value, and for England, where Göthe is recognized as a great poet, and but little more, it is peculiarly adapted to fill up the measure of his character. Here we see him by turns the artist, geologist, anatomist, physiologist, and politician,—alike indefatigable in all pursuits, and passing from one subject to another with a rapidity in which we hardly know whether most to admire the depth of his research or the versatility of his powers.

In poetry, although he has bequeathed so much to posterity, he seems, like our Pope, to display rather a systematic versification of prose, than a spontaneous effusion of verse. He had neither the poet's timidity nor the poet's flights. Mankind he took as he found them, neither seeking nor caring to make them better. He fixed no ideal standard, therefore experienced no disappointment. He was highly receptive, but rarely sensitive—imaginative without an ideal—poetical without fiction; and the good old age to which he attained may be attributed less to his robust physical constitution than to the absence of all mental irritation. The enthusiastic reader, therefore, who may expect to find the flowers of fancy or the sweets of sentiment scattered in these leaves, must quit Göthe, and pass on to that poet of the graces, Wieland—whose sixty letters to Merck form the most attractive essence of this work. Considered either as a poet or as a man, the analysis of Wieland's character imposes both an easy and an agreeable task; and, among the rich harvest of ideas which these letters offer, the only difficulty is that of selection. High as the fame of Wieland already stands in the scale of public genius and private excellence, these letters were still wanting to pay the full tribute to his praise; and although we rejoice to be able to offer some of these epistolary specimens of his delightful mind, yet for the enjoyment of all their beauties not a letter ought to be retrenched. The "Teutscher Merkur," a monthly work, of which he was editor from the year 1773 to 1795, which formed not the least important of Wieland's pretensions to fame,

and mainly contributed to procure for Weimar the title of the German Athens, is the ostensible object of this intercourse. Merck largely contributed, especially in the way of reviews; and the correspondence opens by Wieland's formally making over to him the critical department. In this glance behind the scenes, we find him apprising Merck that Berlin and Vienna were the two cities that he would wish to have handled softly and *prudenter*. "All universities," he says, "I surrender to your mercy." Prussia, indeed, under Frederick the Great, seems to have inspired awe in all classes. Speaking of an historical novel which had attracted some notice, Wieland says, "Be as bold upon it as you please, only not *too biting;* for the author is a Prussian officer, and has a crowd of friends in blue coats (the Prussian uniform) whom I would not wish to offend." In this periodical most of Wieland's poetical works appeared piecemeal—a kind of rehearsal, before printing them separately, which both felt the pulse of public opinion, and contributed to that delicacy of polish which distinguishes his style.

From the length of time which this correspondence includes, and the perfect openness with which it is conducted, we are enabled to trace the progress of many of his popular works, and more especially of that master-piece of his genius, Oberon. The manner in which he details the beginning of this immortal poem, of which he gives no hint till he is fairly launched into its adventures, and the glimpses he affords of the progress of his constant couple through their various assailments, is no little acquisition to the lover of poetry. Seldom are we thus allowed to peep into the poet's work-shop. Indeed Wieland had not that confidence in his own powers which could induce him to expose the growth of this darling work even to the eye of a friend; on the contrary he mentions it with all the timidity and anxiety as to result which ever accompany true genius, and reminds Merck never to forget that, in the strictest sense of the word, he is "the only man on God's earth to whom he either would, could, or might, thus expose the inmost secrets of his mind, heart, and whole being." In many instances he complains of want of leisure and of the necessary repose of mind, and of the absence of all inspiration in the persons and things around him, (yet, if he found this not in Weimar, we know not where he would have sought it,) and makes it a powerful plea with Merck, in his reiterated requests for more contributory help to the Mercury, which at this time seems to weigh heavily upon him, and to call him from the dewy meads of imagination, which were his peculiar province, to the mere dusty highroad of business.

Speaking of his progress, he says, "My fifth and sixth cantos

are I think *entre nous*, so good, so *omnibus numeris* good, that I am only provoked that I cannot defer their publication until after my death." "Day and night," he adds, "Oberon is all my thought;" and again, "Oberon is my resource against a crowd of *desagrémens*. To those who maintain rapidity of composition to be a necessary test of genius the following quotation from Wieland's pen may prove either encouragement or reproof.

"Of the time and labour I devote to this work, no poet, great or small, of the Holy Roman empire can well form an idea. Those gentry, with few exceptions, seek how they may best make the task of verse-making easy. I, on the contrary, give myself all possible trouble. The difficulties which lie in the mechanism of my eight-lined stanzas, in the nature of the iambics, and in the comparatively limited range of our rhyming words; the fatigue of manipulating the stubborn clay into the exact image which I require, and of giving it that roundness and *fini*, without which I have no pleasure in the performance, are unspeakable. I vow to you, I have in this last week spent not less than three days and a half upon one stanza—the whole machinery being at a stand-still for one single word, which I wanted and could not supply."

He then proceeds to explain his pecuniary views with regard to Oberon, which, he says, are very "miserable," and describes the slender profits likely to arise. "But, says the German public," he continues, "why is this good gentleman such a fool as to devote so much time and labour to a work which no one will thank him for? and to this I have nothing to answer."

"With the *gloriola* of the thing," he adds, "it will be much the same as with the *utile*. Nine-tenths of the reading world are the last people to repay a poor fellow even in that coin. The remaining tenth, with the exception of about a dozen, are hard and fast determined beforehand not to give me any credit, but to pretend that they would weave such stuff as that any day *à la douzaine*; and for the dozen remaining honest folk, they will doubtless find real enjoyment in the work, but quite *in private*; and, should a parcel of saucy boys take it into their heads to pelt me the next day in the open market-place, no living soul would take my part—if even they did not join the assailants. On the other hand, I shall have full liberty to sit down and feast myself, *ad nauseam usque*, on the name and fame which awaits me in the twentieth century. These, dear brother, are my views, but again, I repeat, I complain not; my lot is of my own casting. Certainly, had I spent one-hundredth part of the time I have bestowed on my Idrises and Oberons in a well-turned panegyric on Maria Theresa, or Catherine the Great, my coffers would wear a different aspect; but such wisdom I never had, nor shall have. All that remains is to be resigned to my fate—to do what I can—to bear what I must—and to expect from mankind nothing I do not earn. And so much for Oberon."

In spite of these half-sad, half-playful prognostics, Wieland

was destined to reap much of that glory which Oberon has now permanently established.

In another letter we find an interesting account of Göthe's first introduction to the king of elves and sprites.

"Last week I had a delightful day with Göthe. He and I were obliged to make up our minds to sit to May, who, *ex voto* of the Duchess of Wirtemberg, was to paint us for her highness. Göthe sat both fore and afternoon, and begged me, *serenissimus** being *absens*, to bear him company, and read Oberon aloud. Fortunately for me, this generally capricious man was in one of his best and most receptive moods, and as *amusable* as a girl of sixteen. Never did I see a man so delighted with the production of another, as he was with my Oberon; especially with the fifth canto, where Huon acquits himself *verbo tenus* of the emperor's commands. It was a true *jouissance*, as you may guess, to me. A day or two afterwards, he owned to me that it might perhaps be three years before this degree of susceptibility and openness of every sense of enjoyment for a work *hujus furfuris et farinæ* would again come over him."

Wieland's modesty, it would seem, was one of the causes which conspired to spoil "this generally capricious man," who, with his vaunted coolness and self-possession, must, we fancy, have rather belied himself in owning that only once in three years could he command his own powers to the enjoyment of such a work as Oberon.

To all those acquainted with Wieland's works, the skill with which he identifies himself with the age and country in which he introduces his poetic personages, and the perfectly harmonious keeping of his rich and varied accessories with the principal subject of his piece, have been a matter of surprise and admiration; and, although accounted for, it is not diminished, when we observe how completely he concentrated all his powers on one object, and bent the whole energy of his mind to its attainment. The letters, at this time, are pregnant with fairy imagery, and, whether plaintive or jocund, Oberon is ever the burden of his song. Apologising for want of punctuality in correspondence, and trusting in Merck's friendship to excuse it, he adds:—

"And if it were not so, Heaven knows how impossible it would be for me to think, or attempt to think, or write, of any thing else but Oberon; and woe to me if it were otherwise! For I am only in the ninth canto, with three more before me, and must exert myself to the utmost, lest this immense *amphora* should turn out a mere *urceus* at last."

And on a previous occasion, with the reaction of spirits succeeding a difficulty overcome, he thus concludes:—

"Oberon sends you his compliments—I am now in the midst of the seventh canto; and my enamoured pair, hero and heroine, have just,

* The grand duke.

during a dreadful storm, been thrown overboard, without the incensed Oberon's deigning to take the slightest notice of them. Heaven help them out of this watery ordeal, and me to a happy conclusion! Amen."

Lastly, he announces the appearance of this master-piece, "which," he says, "is born just time enough to escape the effects of a miserable influenza, in which my soul is sticking like an oyster in the mud;" and adds, "the shares of my credit with the duke, Göthe, and the Weimar public, have risen one hundred per cent. in consequence of this little production. May it only fare the same in the larger world without."

We do not apologize to our readers for attracting their attention to those portions of this correspondence which treat of Oberon, feeling convinced that those, who know its full-grown beauties, cannot be indifferent to these early annals of its progress. That a work of this kind should completely engross the mind of its author, during the period of its composition, is not surprising; but Wieland's appears at times to have been kept at that extreme tension of productive excitement, which, though the surest earnest of his success, it is almost painful to trace, and which makes us wonder at the healthy longevity of mind and body to which he attained. He himself, in a letter to some one, expresses his surprise at this extension of power, having been, to borrow the late Mr. Taylor's translation, "a hot-house plant; reared within doors; too much nursed by women, and too much confined by study." The secret of this, however, seems to consist in the wholesome atmosphere in which his affections were ever maintained. Wieland's private character required no veiling: the poetical license which his charity inclined him to grant to the domestic failings of his genial friends, he never claimed for himself. And while his imagination wandered to the fertile shores of Greece, or the luxurious halls of the East, his heart and good sense, uncloyed by the voluptuous and sensual imagery which had been passing before his mental vision, were ever found stationary, and occupied with the little circle of his home-joys in Weimar.

Although peculiarly fitted, by the gentleness of his nature and the purity of his taste, to move in the politest circles, and called thither by the general recognition of his talents, Wieland never deviated from that simplicity which was his great charm. A poet without caprice, a courtier without intrigue, he pursued the even tenor of his way; and, though in the enlightened court of Weimar the distinctions of genius seemed to be substituted for those of rank, he never forgot where the friend left off, or the sovereign began, or ought to begin. Returning from a visit at Ettersburg (one of the ducal residences), he jocularly observes, "I have put it down as a *regula sanitatis et prudentiæ*, in my *liber memorialis*,

that none of my sort should stay longer than three days with a prince."

Nowhere, however, has the noble ducal family been more worthily panegyrised than in this correspondence, which teems with expressions of gratitude and respect, untainted by the semblance of adulation or ambition. Ambition, indeed, in the meaner sense of the word, was as foreign to Wieland's character as bombast to his muse; and, at the time when the court of Mannheim intimated a desire, and held out a lure, to attach him to its service, we find him thus answering Merck:—

"You remind me that I ought to profit by the favourable gale which seems to blow me towards the Neckar, and to turn my back on this land where no wine grows, where the water is good for nothing, and where Eurus and Boreas, during eight months of the year, make themselves as troublesome as possible. Yes, my dear sir, all well and good, if, *pro primo*, it were as easy as moving from one street to another; if, *pro secundo*, the cloven foot were not every where to be found ("wenn der Teufel nicht überall im Nest wäre); and if, *pro tertio*, it were not a hundred to one that, by so doing, I should jump out of the frying-pan into the fire (aus dem Regen in die Traufe). Then, although Hompesch,* I believe, would do all in his power, I am by no means certain how far this good-will in Mannheim extends. Granting, however, that they really desire my company, under what class and *quo titulo* could I appear? And what worldly advantages could compensate for all the leisure, peace, liberty, independence, esteem, and affection which I here enjoy? True it is that I *signify* (*bedeute*) but little here, and am, *in sensu politico*, seven times less than I signify. *But I neither wish to be, nor signify anything;* and in this precisely consists one-third of my comfort. The ruling personages here are perhaps the best in the whole world. They regard me favourably, do not oppress me, would do every thing for my comfort, and require so little at my hands that I am almost ashamed to eat their bread. Their serene highnesses in Gotha are almost as kindly disposed, so that, even should the greatest of misfortunes befal Weimar, I see nothing in a wordly sense to fear. I sit, therefore, peaceably beneath the shade of my own trees; and would it not be hard, if, from all the 110 beautiful apple, pear, and cherry trees which I planted last year, I were to have no fruit? Would it not be a folly in me to exchange the safety of my present obscurity (*qui bene latuit*, &c.), and plunge myself into the *mare infidum* of Mannheim, where, the moment one pair of eyes is sealed, I risk much more than here—even in case of the dreaded event of the extinction of the present line? Should I be wise to barter my delightful independence, my *sacrosanto far niente*, and the golden privilege of saying to all and anybody, 'What's that to me?' for the slavery, the grievous bondage of Mannheim vanity? Add to this a wife and five children, with a sixth upon the road, and an aged mother, all of whom concur to form a whole, which, in mutual love, harmony and joy, is one of the happiest in the world."

* Count Hompesch, minister to the court of the Palatinate.

He continues in this strain, and then adds:—

"*Au contraire,* I am fairly in the way for a lasting breach with the Palatinate. Guess why? Are there not sins which a poet, neither in this nor in the next world, can forgive? Only imagine; these Mannheim people have been teasing and baiting me to compose an opera for them, and, now it is all ready, it comes out that they have given their best actress, an angel of beauty and voice, *leave of absence for a year;* for a pilgrimage to London and Paris, to dance in the planets, or God knows where; and my little piece, which, with the assistance of the lovely nymph Danzy, might, must, and ought to have had the most splendid success, now, for want of an actress who can either look or sing like Rosamond, may be thrown to the dogs. Is not this enough to drive a man mad?—and are these the people I am to have any thing more to do with? So, fare ye well, ye banks of my paternal Neckar!"

In these sixty letters we have ample proof of Wieland's peculiar talent for and love of letter-writing. With a happy vivacity he details the minutiæ of the world of letters, of business, and of intrigue around him; and while he introduces us to the personages, habits, literature, and gossip of the day, leads us on with all the interest of an historico-biographic novel. His style, abounding in native wit and classic allusion, forbids the slightest approach to garrulity; and, whether considered as a picture of the times, or as a model of epistolary elegance, this correspondence is equally valuable.

To his wife, a being of simple nature and unaspiring manners, whom he often mentions, he was tenderly attached. She brought him fourteen children; nine of whom survived him, and every now and then he announces an accession to his family or to his works, with equal complacency. This called forth the following remark from the Grand Duchess to Merck:—

"'Danishmend (for so she complimentarily called him in allusion to his history of Danishmend the wise) has again been christening. *Je crains qu'à la fin il se ressente un peu*' at the indefatigable accouchements of his wife and of the Mercury. He appears, however, well pleased with both; so we must let him have his own way—*chacun à sa folie.*'"

Wieland was indeed just what a poet ought to be. Dwelling in a dream of beauty and home of love, no views of aggrandisement, or visions of perfection, disturbed the one or embittered the other. Health, peace, and competence, were all he sought for his muse, his family, or himself. Poetry he loved for poetry's sake, and, quoting from a former work of his own, he thus addresses his muse:—

"Thou art, oh, Muse! the blessing of my life,
And if the world be deaf, then sing to me alone."

Pure and lively in diction, fanciful and elegant in sentiment,

he neither provokes to mirth, nor depresses to melancholy. In the same relation as flowers and birds in the scale of animated nature, is Wieland's verse in the ranks of modern literature. He aspired not to form one of the seven pillars of the temple of wisdom, but his were the roses which clustered to the very pinnacle. And, to conclude in the words of the late Mr. Taylor—"If not the greatest genius among the poets, he was the greatest poet among the geniuses of Germany."

The letters from the Grand Duchess Amalie, and her illustrious son, Charles Augustus, though last in order here, are almost first in interest. Relating individually to Merck, they prove the high esteem in which he was held at the court of Weimar, and, generally, the liberal tone of politics and literature which these enlightened personages so mainly contributed to maintain at that period in Germany. Of the grand duchess, Wieland says:—

"The longer I live with her, the more am I convinced that she, *telle qu'elle est*, is one of the most amiable and glorious compounds of human nature, female nature, and princely nature, (Menschlichkeit, Weiblichkeit und Fürstlichkeit,) that ever appeared on this globe."

And in another place:—

"This lady is really one of the best on God's earth. I doubt whether there is one of her rank whose head and heart are superior, or who could live on more dignified and delightful terms with people of our caste. For my part, I should be the most ungrateful creature between heaven and earth, did I ever forget how much she has contributed to the happiness of my life. I assure you I cannot even contemplate the idea of losing her, should it be my lot to outlive this affliction before I am seventy years of age."

This was the tone of all who knew this excellent princess, who, without interfering in the government, exactly stood in that gap of the state which is best filled by, and seems intended for, a feminine mind. After resigning the regency, and viewing the fulfilment of all her hopes and cares in the person of her son, her's became the province of gracious remembrance, little kindnesses, and beneficent patronage, which, like their kindred, the gentle courtesies of speech, though small in cost are rich in produce.

Her highness's acquaintance with Merck originated in a tour among the Rhine scenery, where he accidentally met with her, and was induced to join her suite, and where, by the refinement and cultivation of his tastes, he greatly enhanced her enjoyment of the beauties both of art and nature. He was subsequently much at the court of Weimar, and on one occasion spent more than half a year in its delightful circle. From that period till shortly before his death, the grand duchess maintained a friendly

correspondence with him, which exhibits that interval, probably the happiest of her life, when, reposing from the anxieties of government, she enjoyed, without restraint, the literary society that she had been the first to summon around the court, and, little foreseeing the cloud which was to darken her latter days, spent her time in the dignified cultivation of her taste and talents. Writing to Merck she says:

"The good old Oeser* has been here, and has brought with him some splendid specimens of art and a Mengs of indescribable beauty. My love for drawing continues as strong as ever. I have a camera obscura, in which I sketch, and which I find most serviceable in facilitating an acquaintance with the proportions of Nature. For me, it is of great service, as I commenced my devotion to drawing rather late in life. This year I have also purchased an electrifying machine, which is good and powerful, and affords me much occupation. In the mean time the theatrical world is also flourishing, to which friend Wolf† is a faithful ally. You will shortly receive, through Frau Aja,‡ a new dramatic piece, which has just issued from the prolific pen of the privy councillor (Göthe). Thus pass our days quietly and cheerfully; and did not the lean cherries and unripe strawberries of our desserts remind us, we should almost forget that *Madre Natura* has visited us with a cold, nasty, summer."

Again, when Merck's fit of anatomy was at its height, she writes:

"Your elephant bone affairs appear to sever you from all human intercourse. We see nothing of you, and hear of nothing but bones and skeletons. Notwithstanding this, I pluck up heart to address you, having a request to make somewhat in character with your present studies. A short time ago, I was reading Camper's Lecture to the Academy of Painting, and was much struck by the truth and profundity of his remarks. I now wish, if possible, to procure some of Camper's drawings of the human head. You must know, dear Merck, that I have for some time past applied myself to portrait painting, and they flatter me by saying I am rather happy in my likenesses. In order, therefore, to perfect myself further in this line, I should much like to see some of those drawings where Camper has divided the head into compartments; and, having heard that you anticipate the pleasure of seeing him this spring, I beg you will employ this opportunity of facilitating my request; without, however, mentioning my name. As for the rest, dear Merck,

* A painter and engraver of some eminence, and a friend of Winckelmann's.

† An abbreviation of Wolfgang, Göthe's christian name.

‡ Göthe's mother, resident in Frankfurt; so named by the Counts Stolberg, from one of the popular traditions of the middle ages, where Frau Aja, a princess by birth, and mother of several brave sons, plays a conspicuous part. These old documents, which teem with poetic beauty and historic character, were much in vogue with the Weimar set; and, Madame Göthe's character partaking somewhat of the heroism and tenderness of her ancient namesake, she was generally known by this appellation among her son's acquaintances.

I should much enjoy seeing you here again. If bones are your only attraction, we can oblige you with a whole crop of them. Farewell, and keep me in good remembrance. Your friend,

AMALIE."

Without doubting the sincerity of Merck's devotion to the amiable duchess, he was evidently courtier enough to know how peculiarly he was adapted to serve her; and we find him at all times pouring into the ducal palace a succession of works of art, which, while they gratified her taste, renewed her remembrance of the sender. Her highness, in return, freely availed herself of his services, and frequently consulted him on little acts of patronage and benevolence, which she probably found to be better entrusted to the distant than to the nearer friend. But we must here leave the examination of her various excellencies, and proceed to the character of her son, in whom they were completely reflected.

The letters from the grand duke are twenty-three in number, and, both in elegance of style and moral excellence, exhibit that enlightened prince of modern days, who, although his reign has justly been compared to the Augustan age of literature, and to the later lustre of the Italian States, has left no obsequious flatteries to sully his fame. In this correspondence, conjointly with that of his illustrious mother, we find a delightful picture of sovereignty on a small scale—that happy degree which its owners may wear lightly and cheerfully, without compromising their dignity or denying themselves the indulgence of the social affections, and which, though circumscribed in public power, may be widely diffusive of private good.

The earliest date of these letters is at twenty-three years of age, and we find the young duke already familiar with the details of government, with the affections of a husband, and the hopes of a father. His young duchess, a princess of the House of Darmstadt, who, however, rather tried her husband's and people's patience in the hopes of an heir, is often mentioned by him with the most domestic complacency; and, in her firm but gentle character, seems to afford an earnest of the heroic matron who was one of the few at once to awe and win the heart of Napoleon during his insolent career of conquest.

His highness, as if determined to make his little principality the very essence of all the sweets of art and literature, here appears ardently engaged in forming a collection of pictures, prints, and drawings, by old masters; and from the number of his agents stationed in different parts of Germany, and the discrimination of taste evident in this correspondence, Sir Thomas Lawrence himself would not have despised the walls and folios of the Weimar palaces. The salutary influence of Merck's judgment,

and the respect shown to his talents, are conspicuous in every letter. Dating from Weimar, August 26th, 1780, his highness begins,

"Dear Merck: My letter has no object beyond that which the commonest flint in the world would effect with a genuine Darmstadt steel—namely, that of eliciting a spark. I am in the most miserable of letter-writing humours, and am so spoiled by your frequent and delightful epistles, that I can hardly live without them."

And again,

"This is only an avant-courier of the acknowledgment of all your kindnesses; among which I may class the *Everding*, which is exquisitely beautiful, and which, in spite of the wretched state of obtusity in which a succession of coughs, colds, and formal visits have imprisoned my senses, has given me the greatest pleasure. As soon as I am free from all three, I will write to you properly."

Evidently recognizing in Merck one of that rare species of the human kind who carry a practical good sense into all they undertake, his highness largely employed his talents in the advancement of his political plans; and, while sentiment was hardly to be expected from a friend and disciple of Göthe's, its place is occupied by that strong moral sense and practical philanthropy which are infinitely preferable in the head of a state. From the situation occupied by Merck in the Darmstadt government, he was the more adapted to promote the latter virtue, and it appears that a comparison between the economy of both states was frequently made with mutual advantage. The establishment of different manufactures in his territories seems here to be a favourite object with the grand duke; and, though he has been accused of being the man of letters rather than the man of business, this correspondence fully acquits him of any undue predominance. In the first letter, after a long list of commissions regarding works of art, we find his highness thus adding:

"And now for *politica*. In the first place I wish to procure some written account of the advantages attending the present disposal of the crown estates; with a calculation made from some individual instance of the same, in your country, in order that I may see how the old revenues are continued to be produced from them.

"Secondly, I want to see a description of the madder manufacture, as far as it concerns the agriculturist, and how the land is prepared for its cultivation; and I must beg you, dear M. Merck, to inquire, in a private way, among the Swiss, if they would not be inclined to establish a similar manufacture in other countries.

"Thirdly, Would you have the goodness to look out for a few *Anabaptists*, who would be induced to undertake a journey next summer to Eisenach, at my cost, in order to inspect an estate which I should be glad to let to them. You may promise them the following terms in my name:

"The expenses of the journey thither and back; whatever the result;

"Free exercise of their religion, as they enjoy it in other places;

"As long a lease as they can desire;

"Exemption from all surety and affidavits upon oath.

"If you can meet with a few people of this description to make the trial on these terms, they may apply next summer forthwith to the President von Herd, at Eisenach, inspect the estate, and enter as tenants the following autumn.

"My list of commissions is now at length finished; but your kindness in undertaking all requests spoils a person so much that one hardly knows where to set proper limits."

The reason for the duke's preference of Anabaptists as tenants for his estate does not appear. They seem, however, to have differed little in principle of conduct from their brethren of the present day, giving him much trouble by their extortion, discontent, and laziness; and they were at last ejected from the estate.

With these varied attractions in and around the sovereign, it will not appear surprising that so many travellers should have turned their faces towards Weimar. The Duke himself says,

"I have been living for the last three weeks in such a round of dissipation, that I have had time neither to think nor write. During this time we have had more strangers here at once, than the course of many years had previously brought to Weimar. This evening we also expect a fresh arrival, and one of a most interesting kind—Prince Augustus of Gotha, with the celebrated Abbé Raynal. I hear wonderful things of his powers of conversation, and all here, from the chief to the heyduke, are on the tiptoe of expectation."

We regret to be obliged to cut short our extracts, but the reader will probably be interested in pursuing the biography of a prince who so much promoted the advance of European intellect, and who, whether in art, science, or agriculture, would have created a Holkham out of a wilderness. Nor is the attraction of this correspondence confined to the character and pursuits of his highness. The events detailed, of course, assume a value proportionate to the station of the writer, and are adapted to supply many an authentic anecdote for future history. From the frequent and characteristic mention of Frederick the Great, who was great-uncle to the duke, a comprehensive sketch may be obtained, and though in some instances the foibles as well as the virtues of that monarch may be here exhibited, yet these are also valuable as illustrative of the spirit of the times.

Our limits forbid our proceeding further, and we must leave his highness's correspondence, together with the rest of the work,

to proclaim their own value to the mind of the reader. The list at the commencement of this article will show how small a portion we have noticed, and the large remnant yet untouched. Of this the correspondence of the artists, and that of the men of science, afford the two most distinct kinds of interest—to the general reader, the former especially, containing, as it does, many delightful letters from Wille, the celebrated engraver, and from Tischbein, the no-less-famed German artist. The latter, among other anecdotes connected with painting, details his intimacy with the Chevalier Hamilton (Sir William Hamilton) at Naples, and his admiration of a girl in the chevalier's suite, whom he describes as an angel of grace and beauty, and in whom we immediately recognize that modern Venus, both in morals and person, the lovely Lady Hamilton. A letter also from Fuseli to Lavater is here introduced, and we quite approve of its introduction, for Fuseli is here seen to the life, and all who at all remember the witty, clever, madcap president, will recognize him as distinctly in every line as in all the wild legacies of his pencil. But here we must stay our remarks, and conclude with expressing a hope that this comprehensive biographic correspondence may meet with the attention that it deserves.

ART. VII.—*Marie Tudor, Drame en trois journées, en prose,* par Victor Hugo. Paris, 1833.

THE observation of Cicero's, that the theatre should be the *speculum vitæ humanæ,* is so just, and so fraught with important consequences to the refinement and morals of a nation, that it cannot be too much insisted upon by those whose duty it is to investigate the merits of dramatic works and writers.

Theatrical productions, indeed, which have not for their end "to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," will neither descend to posterity themselves, nor confer immortality upon their authors. Novelty or fashion may sustain them for a season, but they will inevitably soon fall into oblivion and neglect.

Whether the author and the drama now before us are to be considered as belonging to this class, will appear from the following analysis and examination of the tragedy itself.

The heroine of this piece is Mary Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VIII. This princess, after succeeding to the throne of England, upon the demise of Edward VI., united herself in mar-

riage to Philip II. of Spain, one of the most detestable monsters of cruelty that ever cursed mankind. The blood with which she deluged England soon proved the congeniality of their dispositions.

The main subject of the tragedy is the queen's love for a Neapolitan, named Fabiano Fabiani, and the death of this paramour by order of Mary herself, when under the influence of jealousy. But, that the reader may have sufficient data from which to form his own opinion of the merits of this work, we shall, quitting generalities, proceed to its details, and follow the poet from the opening scene to the fall of the curtain.

The action is divided into three "periods," each having its own peculiar title; the first being "*The Artisan.*" The scene lies upon the banks of the Thames, near the house of a working cutler, named Gilbert. Simone Renard, the Spanish envoy, and several of Mary's courtiers, are introduced conversing (how and why they should meet and become so communicative in such a place, it is difficult to imagine) upon Mary's fondness for Fabiani, upon the popular indignation raised against him, and the general wish for his downfal. This wish, Renard assures his companions, shall not remain long unfulfilled. Night approaching, the courtiers disperse, while Renard, muffled up in the ample folds of his mantle, the better to escape observation, lingers near Gilbert's dwelling. With this last-mentioned person lives a young girl, of whom he has been long enamoured, and whom, now that she has attained to the full perfection of her charms, he anxiously desires to make his wife. Pity, which "melts the mind to love," had first created the interest he felt for her. He had found her when a babe exposed in the open streets at night, had carried her home, and brought her up as well as his means allowed. The honest lover little imagined that the object of his dearest hopes had already set her affections upon another—upon Fabiani—and that, seduced by the flattery and the presents of that gallant, she had no longer any thing to refuse him. But, although the victim of seduction, gratitude still maintained its place within her heart, and she ceased not to regard Gilbert with all that affectionate interest and esteem which benefits conferred naturally create in young and ingenuous minds. Such were precisely the sentiments which Jane (for that was the girl's name) expressed to Gilbert, as he was about to leave his dwelling, for the purpose of transacting some business in a distant part of the city. Having thus taken leave of him, she returns within doors.

A Jew, who, by a strange accident, which it is unnecessary here to explain, has come to the knowledge both of Jane's real birth and her connection with Fabiani, accosts Gilbert just as he

leaves his *protegée*, assures him that the girl has deceived him, advises him not to leave his house that night, and at the same time discloses to him that the object of his affections is the daughter of Lord Talbot, who, in the reign of Henry VIII., had perished on the scaffold for his adherence to the Catholic faith. He tells him moreover that Fabiani, who was aware of Jane's claims, having come into possession of all the property and estates belonging to that family, and being fearful that the secret might one day be discovered, had seduced the girl as much with a view to his interest as to personal gratification.

Grief, jealousy, and rage, by turns distract the breast of the artisan upon this communication, and he resolves upon vengeance at whatever cost. The Jew promises to further his views, provided he renders him a like assistance in a business of his own. While thus conversing, Fabiani, singing a love-ditty, and accompanying himself upon the lute, approaches, being on his way to meet his fair one at the wonted hour. Gilbert, following the Jew's advice, retires, and Fabiani is about to enter the house, when the Israelite, who is close by, advances, and without much preamble, informs him that he has in his possession certain papers, which prove Jane to be the legitimate daughter and lawful heiress of Lord Talbot, and as such to be entitled to all the property and estates belonging to her deceased father, including those held by him. Upon hearing this, Fabiani insists upon having these vouchers, but the Jew refuses to part with them unless in exchange for a paper signed by Mary, and given by her to Fabiani, which ensures to the person presenting it whatever favour he may demand. The Jew's intention is to avail himself of it, in order to recover from the queen 10,000 marks of gold. At first, Fabiani refuses to give up the paper, but afterwards, taking it out of his vest, as if for the purpose of giving it to the Jew, while the latter stoops in order to examine the signature, he plunges his dagger into his throat. While falling, the Jew throws from him (unperceived by Fabiani) the papers which cause his death. The Italian proceeds hastily to search the clothes of the murdered man for the important documents, but, not finding them, his next care is to dispose of the corpse by throwing it into the river; and, being unable to effect this by himself, he goes for the boatman who rowed him to his assignation every evening, to obtain his assistance. Whilst Fabiani makes his exit on one side, Gilbert enters on the other, and, finding the Jew just expiring, inquires of him who is the murderer; the other informs him, and at the same time points to the papers, by virtue of which the birth and rights of Jane may be proved and asserted. This done, he dies, whilst Gilbert picks up and secures the papers. Fabiani, who has

failed in meeting with the boatman, now returns, in order to make away with the body, and seeing Gilbert close by, desires his assistance in consigning it to the water. At first the artisan refuses, but Fabiani soon convinces him of the necessity of compliance, by threatening to accuse him of having committed the murder—a crime which in one of Gilbert's class is punishable with death, whilst he, being a nobleman, would escape with the nominal penalty of four-pence—such being the law of England at that time, according to our author: *The penalty for the murder of a Jew by a nobleman being four-pence.* . . . . Gross as may have been the barbarity of the sixteenth century, can any one believe that such a law could possibly have existed? Without, however, stopping to inquire the truth or falsehood of this alleged fact, we return to our narrative. After consigning the body to its watery grave, Fabiani proceeds towards the artisan's dwelling, when, perceiving himself followed by Gilbert, and thinking his object is to obtain some acknowledgment for the service he had rendered him, he offers him a purse. Gilbert makes signs of refusal, but after a moment's reflection accepts it. The Neapolitan again advances towards the house, but, finding the artisan still near him, orders him to depart. High words ensue. Gilbert declares that he knows all, and threatens to be revenged at some time or other, being then unarmed. Fabiani withdraws, fully resolved in his own mind upon the destruction of Gilbert, whose absence is now essential for his security. Left alone, Gilbert sees upon the ground the stiletto with which Fabiani had killed the Jew, and eagerly secures it. The Spanish envoy, who had been secretly lingering near the spot during the various occurrences of the night, and was consequently well acquainted with all, now enters, and, finding Gilbert breathing nothing but vengeance, takes advantage of his excitement to convert him into a fit and willing instrument for his own designs. After mutual promises of assistance, Gilbert engaging to further the Spaniard's views, and the latter pledging himself to gratify the vengeance of the cutler, who swears to accomplish his purpose, even at the sacrifice of his own life, they separate.

The second period is entitled "*The Queen*," and the scene of action is Mary's palace. The queen, having been informed by Simone Renard of Fabiani's infidelity, refuses to give credit to the accusation, unless supported by undeniable and convincing proofs. These the envoy declares to be ready. He had caused the young woman seduced by the Italian to be arrested during the night, and her evidence, corroborated by that of Gilbert, who cared not at what price he purchased vengeance, disclosed every thing. No sooner has Mary become convinced of her para-

mour's falseness, than her former love is converted into the most rancorous hate, to be satisfied only with the blood of the faithless one.

A tissue of the vilest iniquity here commences. The queen orders Gilbert to be brought in, but previously to his entering she places some of her guards in concealment in an adjoining chamber, with directions to rush in upon a certain signal. Gilbert is introduced, and, on being asked by Mary if he is ready to wreak, even should it cost him his own life, her wrath upon the Italian, and by this means avenge his own wrongs upon the seducer of his beloved, he refuses, because he is as yet not certain of Jane's infidelity. The queen promises to convince him of it, and for this purpose causes him to retire behind some tapestry, where he can overhear all that is said. Jane is then called in, and, being questioned respecting Fabiani, confesses every thing; but, while admitting her seduction by the Italian, she expresses her deep and heartfelt sorrow at having betrayed Gilbert, for whom she had ever cherished an affectionate regard. The latter immediately comes forth from his concealment, and, addressing the queen, declares himself ready to execute her behests, provided she will swear by her crown and the holy gospels to grant him one favour. Mary having given the promise upon oath, Gilbert makes known to her the existence of Lord Talbot's daughter and her seduction by the person then in possession of her estates; he then requires the queen to restore the noble damsel to her rights, having first compelled her vile seducer to make some atonement by marrying her. The queen, who is ignorant that Fabiani is the seducer alluded to, readily consents to see justice done to the much-wronged orphan, which promise being obtained, Gilbert declares the seducer to be Fabiani, and his victim Jane. The queen is incredulous, but the cutler shows her the papers given him by the Jew. The situation of Mary is most embarrassing, she having solemnly sworn by her crown and the gospels to grant Gilbert's request, while the execution of his promise to her is only conditional. In this dilemma, a sudden thought suggests itself to her with the rapidity of lightning. Having commanded Jane to withdraw, and being left alone with the artisan, she orders him to grasp in his uplifted hand a dagger, the same dagger with which Fabiani had deprived the Jew of life. No sooner has Gilbert obeyed this order than the queen seizes his arm, and, uttering a loud shriek, calls in the courtiers and the guards, and, affecting the greatest agitation, declares that Gilbert has attempted to assassinate her, and orders him to be carried off to prison. She then sends for Fabiani, whom she receives with her wonted kindness, telling him that she

has prepared an agreeable surprise for him, and immediately, upon a given signal, Jane appears. The Italian, being asked if he knows the girl, replies in the negative. Yielding to her rage, Mary strikes him in the face with her glove, and, using the bitterest invectives, informs him that Jane is the daughter of Lord Talbot, Countess of Wexford, and as such acknowledges her in presence of the assembled courtiers. She then again indulges in the severest reproaches against her late lover, and commands him to be committed a prisoner to the Tower of London, there to await his trial. The Italian protests against this treatment, solemnly denying his having been guilty of any act deserving punishment. To this Mary replies that it is not her intention to punish him for having seduced a lady, but for a very different crime. But, before declaring what that crime is, she orders the whole court to be assembled. This done, Mary accuses Fabiani of having made an attempt upon her life by means of Gilbert. The latter, already prompted what to do, confirms the accusation by confessing himself the hired assassin of the favourite, in proof of which he produces the purse he received from him, and the stiletto with which he had killed the Jew. The Lord High Chancellor, who is present, declares that in cases of treason confession could not save the culprit, and that it was even beyond the power of the royal prerogative to extend mercy to the offender.

This second act or "period," as the author is pleased to call it, concludes with the appearance of the executioner in the royal presence, why or wherefore it would be difficult to conjecture, much more to explain.

The third "period" is divided into two parts, and is entitled "*Which of the two?*"

In the first part, the action lies within the limits of the prison of the Tower of London. Fabiani and Gilbert have been condemned to death for upwards of one month, but the queen, in whose breast not only compassion, but even the most violent love had pleaded on behalf of the favourite, had from time to time deferred the execution. So loudly and so importunately, however, was his death demanded by all classes, so strongly was it insisted upon by the court, the people, and the Spanish envoy, that Mary could no longer delay inflicting the penalty of the law upon one who was the object of such universal hatred. Fabiani was therefore to suffer on that very day, and Gilbert on the next. But, although apparently compelled to yield to the popular voice, the queen was resolved to save her favourite, at whatever cost.

On the other hand, Jane was resolved to leave no means untried to prevent Gilbert from being brought to the scaffold. Both females, impelled by the same motive, and actuated by similar

feelings, introduce themselves into the Tower, Jane secretly, the queen openly. Simone Renard, who is in constant attendance upon the latter, and continually urging her to order execution, finding all his representations and remonstrances vain, and suspecting that Mary's intention is ultimately to save her lover, or at least to put off once more the infliction of the penalty, determines to excite popular commotion, and thus, by acting upon the queen's fears, to compel her to acquiesce in the general wish. In the mean time, Mary, having ordered the attendance of the constable of the Tower, enjoins him to favour Fabiani's escape, and he in consequence causes a boat to be placed quite close to a secret gate of the Tower, which overlooks the river. Jane, who had concealed herself near the spot where the dialogue took place between the queen and the constable, having overheard every word, conceives the idea of saving Gilbert by the very means of escape provided for Fabiani; so that, at the appointed hour, the honest Gilbert is substituted for the favourite, with the assistance of the constable himself, who, participating in the general hatred against the Italian, cares but little about disobeying the queen in this instance. But, at the very moment that he thus favours the flight of Gilbert, he orders the boatman not to hurry, a circumstance which is wholly unaccounted for by the author, and which must consequently be added to the many inconsistencies to be found in this drama.

In the mean time the people assemble tumultuously, cries of vengeance are already heard in the distance, and an infuriated mob is soon perceived advancing to the Tower. The queen, who at that moment has just left it for her city palace, there to devise the best means of appeasing the popular indignation, with difficulty succeeds in returning to and shutting herself up within its walls. The Spanish envoy, who is still with her, deriving fresh boldness from the danger in which he sees her placed, and which he himself has created, urges her still more vehemently than before. But obstacles and dangers only impart new courage and resolution to love. Mary is ready to confront every peril and to make every sacrifice to save a faithless lover. The crown of England itself is nothing when placed in competition with Fabiano Fabiani. She again summons the constable of the Tower, and inquires if her lover is safe. On being told that he is not, she gives way to the most furious transports of rage, and heaps curses and imprecations upon the court, the people, and the envoy. Nearer and yet nearer are now heard the cries of "Death to Fabiani! Death to Fabiani!" Simone Renard and the other noblemen renew their entreaties with Mary, who answers by stigmatizing them as cow-

ards, and by wishing for a few squadrons of her guards to disperse and cut down a vile mob, who dare to demand the head of the only man she loves. "Death to Fabiani! Death to Fabiani!" is again heard in sounds more fearful from their proximity. The mob are already under the Tower walls, the ditch is filled up, and preparations made for forcing the first gate; torches are lighted, the report of musquetry is heard, stones fly in every direction, the windows are beaten in, and fragments of glass are strewed about the floor and reach even to the feet of the queen. She can no longer resist. Pale, breathless, and half-frantic, biting her nether lip for rage, she allows Simone Renard to place himself at a window to address the people, and to promise them the death of Fabiani. The Spanish envoy then shows himself to the multitude, announces to them the immediate execution of the sentence, and adds, that the Tower bell will toll during the time the prisoner is conveyed from his prison to the scaffold, and that three guns shall be fired—the first when the prisoner ascends the fatal platform, the second when he lays his head upon the block, and the third when it is severed from his body. Lastly, he recommends that the city should be illuminated, in token of its joy at the event. The address of the envoy is answered by loud and deafening shouts of applause. "Long live Mary! Long live the queen!" are the exclamations of the same people who have forced her consent to the death of her beloved. The multitude then dispersing by degrees, quiet is again restored.

The queen, however, is not inclined to keep faith with the people, by fulfilling the promise made to them in her name. Ordering the constable into her presence, she commands him, on pain of losing his head, to save Fabiani, by substituting Gilbert for him, a thing easy to be done, it being the custom to conduct the condemned to the place of execution covered with a very long black veil. But how shall he execute the queen's command? Has the boat yet left? The constable runs to a window, and, seeing it still at the secret gate, promises, upon his life, to save Fabiani. Here ends the first part of the third period.

The scene of action is changed in the second part, and represents the Hall of the Tower through which prisoners are accustomed to pass on their way to execution.

Jane, who is accompanied by one of the guards of the Tower, is desirous of going forth in order to meet her Gilbert on the way to execution; but her request is declared impossible to be granted, no one being allowed to leave the Tower before the condemned. Slowly the latter crosses the hall with the usual *cortège*, and covered with the black veil before mentioned. A most interesting scene now ensues between the queen and Jane.

While the former is certain that it is not Fabiani thus proceeding to meet his fate, the latter believes exactly the reverse, and the dramatic interest is wonderfully heightened by the manner in which they mutually betray their belief and their feelings. The mournful tolling of the Tower bell announces to the two females that the condemned is already on his way to the scaffold. The city, brilliantly illuminated, is seen through a window at the end of the chamber, testifying the universal joy, with only two exceptions. At first Jane throws herself in a state of despair at the queen's feet, conjuring her to send some one to stop the execution. Mary, who is as yet unsuspicious of the truth, deigns not to listen to the lamentations and prayers of the unhappy girl, but, a sudden doubt flashing across her mind, she in her turn becomes agonized, and with cries of despair calls for the guards of the prison, and dispatches horsemen to stop the execution. But the bell has already ceased to toll—the Tower reverberates the first report of the cannon. "Ah! he is now ascending the scaffold!" shrieks the queen. The second report echoes through the vaulted chamber. "He kneels! he kneels!" cries the wretched Mary. At the third report, anguish chokes her voice. But which of the two was executed? A door at the bottom of the room opens, and Simone Renard comes forward holding Gilbert by the hand.

Such is the tragedy of Hugo, in which many beauties are more than counterbalanced by innumerable defects; resembling in this most of the other productions of its remarkable author, who, being gifted with more warmth of imagination than discrimination and judgment, allows himself to be carried away by the former in a far greater degree than would be expected in one who aspires to the first rank among dramatic writers. But, whatever may be the literary merit, and some it undoubtedly possesses, whatever may be the stage effect of the tragedy in question, what idea should be formed of it with respect to that loftiness of purpose, that ennobling end, which ought to characterize every dramatic production? What moral instruction is to be found contained in Mary Tudor? None: certainly none,—a case unfortunately too general with the tragedies of this author.

The imaginary amours and crimes of a queen are the subject of the tragedy. The former are of no interest to any one, and where is any moral instruction to be found in the latter? The least consideration will convince us that the only effect produced by this and similar dramas of Victor Hugo's is that of creating in the minds of the spectators a profound disgust and contempt for man and life itself. Every circumstance appears in the blackest colours, every fact is represented in the worst light, and

every action is attributed to the worst motives. No string which returns a cheerful and spirit-stirring sound is touched by our author; his touch awakens only those whose mournful and lugubrious resonance discourages and depresses the mind; he either does not or will not see that a never-ceasing repetition of the same strain generates not only ennui, but an extreme indifference, in the auditors, whose attention it will be almost impossible afterwards to arouse: in the same manner as opium, when administered in too large quantities to the Orientals, renders them stupid and insensible, nothing but an increase of the dose being able to produce in them the desired effect. By continually touching a string which should be struck not only seldom but with great judgment, the author has deprived himself of one great source of producing stage-effect; he has to a certain degree annihilated his terror-exciting power. Nor will it be irrelevant to point out to our readers how often Victor Hugo is in open contradiction with his own principles, or rather to show how totally void he is of any, and how determined never to acknowledge them.

In a short preface which precedes his Mary Tudor, the author, speaking with almost oracular authority, and as if in the name and on behalf of the romantic school, of which he of course assumes himself to be the head and chief director, thus characterizes the drama, which he wishes to see established in the 19th century:

" S'il y avoit aujourd'hui un homme qui pût réaliser le drame comme nous le comprenons, ce drame ce serait le cœur humain, la passion humaine, la tête humaine, la volonté humaine, ce serait le passé ressuscité au profit du présent, ce serait l'histoire que nos pères ont fait, confrontée avec l'histoire que nous faisons, ce serait le mélange sur la scène de tout ce qui est mêlé dans la vie; ce serait une émeute là et une causerie d'amour ici, et dans la causerie de l'amour une leçon pour le peuple, et dans l'émeute un cri pour le cœur; ce serait le rire, ce serait les larmes, ce serait le bien, ce serait le mal, le haut, le bas, la fatalité, la providence, le genie, le hazard, la société, le monde, la nature, la vie; et, au-dessus de tout cela, on sentirait planer quelque chose de grand."

Any one may see that in this passage there are many high-sounding words, but a great lack of reasoning and judgment. A principle however is to be discovered in it, the application of which, although likely to produce many and serious errors, will also originate an infinite number of beauties. The French poet is desirous, and certainly no one will totally oppose his wish, that every thing should be susceptible of being treated of in the drama; that the fancy of the dramatic poet should know no other limits than those of creation itself; and he affirms that an observ-

ance of this rule would be productive of something really grand. Now it appears to us that Victor Hugo has by no means followed his own dictum, for he has in most instances either not been able or willing to see things except on one side, and that one certainly not the most beautiful, the most noble, or the most generous. Where is to be found in his drama that grandeur of which he speaks in so grave a strain? It is true that here and there is to be found a scene not only beautiful but most beautiful; but this will not be much wondered at by those who reflect that he has thrown off all restraint, broken through every law, and that consequently a vast field lies before him for the indulgence of his fancy. Every obstacle being removed, and every difficulty overcome, a few scattered beauties can no longer be considered as wonderful in one who would really deserve the name of a genius, if he knew how to confine his fancy within proper bounds.

The above observations will perhaps enable us to determine, whether Victor Hugo is or is not to be considered as so great and surprising a writer as some have supposed him to be; the more so as he appears to depart from the principles hitherto most generally respected and observed, especially among polite and cultivated nations. For instance, of the following, which may now be considered as fundamental axioms, viz. all men are brothers, to whatsoever nation they may belong—men should not injure and oppress, but love and cherish each other—no nation or people can be stigmatised as wicked and cowardly, since man's nature is mixed up of good and evil—of these and such-like moral axioms, Hugo appears to be entirely ignorant; and he therefore considers himself justified in abusing every nation, excepting the French, but especially, and we know not from what motive, the Italians. It was first in his "Cromwell," and next in his "Lucrezia Borgia" that he launched out into his abuse of Italians in general, and of Neapolitans in particular in his "Mary Tudor." Will it be necessary for us to bring forward quotations? We apprehend not.

All we have to say in conclusion is, that the author of "Mary Tudor" does not appear to us, either in the tragedy before us or in the greater part of his other productions, to have fulfilled the duty or attained the end which we conceive is to be expected from the dramatic poet, or which should constitute his chief stimulus and highest ambition; that the path he pursues, though occasionally strewed with flowers, is decidedly a wrong one; and that, though one of momentary brilliancy, his will not prove a lasting fame.

ART. VIII.—*Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, del Cavaliere Abate Giuseppe Maffei, &c. &c. &c. *Seconda Edizione Originale, emendata ed accresciuta colla Storia dei primi trenta-due Anni del Secolo XIX.* (History of Italian Literature, by Joseph Maffei, &c. &c. &c. A Second Original Edition, corrected and enlarged with the History of the first thirty-two Years of the 19th Century.) 4 vols. 12mo. Milano, 1834.

SHORTLY after the first establishment in this country of a periodical expressly and exclusively dedicated to making the British reading public acquainted with the actual and progressive condition of intellect and literature in other lands, we reviewed at considerable length, and with appropriate eulogy, the *Storia della Letteratura Italiana* by Camillo Ugoni,* making, at the same time, honourable mention of the slighter and humbler production of a fellow-labourer in the same vineyard, Giuseppe Maffei. Upon that occasion we took a survey of the rise, development, and character of Italian literature, which, though brief and without reference to our author—indeed, Ugoni's history relates solely to the last half of the last century—was sufficiently comprehensive to render any recurrence to the subject, save in the way of controversy, a mere work of supererogation; and in such controversy we are not at present, or, for aught we know, likely to be engaged. Turning away, therefore, from the alluring field of original disquisition, and confining our pen, and yet more discursive thoughts, to the matter immediately before us, we shall begin by saying a few words of our former paper, intended to save trouble to the reader who may have forgotten it.

We therein devoted our criticism solely to Ugoni, from whom all our extracts were taken, whilst of Maffei we merely observed, "the work of Maffei is a pleasing *resumé* of the whole of Italian literature, from its earliest time to the end of the last century. The author, who is Italian professor at Munich, has compressed into a small compass the notices contained in the various Italian historians and biographers, Corniani and Ugoni included."

And, had Ugoni published the fourth volume, on the authors of the present century, of which we then spoke doubtfully, we should probably have again followed the same course; since it is self-evident that a writer, who allots three volumes to fifty years, must afford more food for reviewers than one who condenses eight centuries into the same space—which very comparison, by the way, shows us that we should have said, the fourth and fifth volumes, to keep any proportion between the quantities of mat-

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. II. p. 621.

ter contained in the different volumes. But Ugoni's continuation has not yet appeared, probably for the same reasons, whatever they might be, that originally suspended his purpose. We are, therefore, now fain to content ourselves with Maffei's fourth volume; which being the case, we must speak somewhat more at large of himself and the general character of his work.

Giuseppe Maffei, as we learn from himself, is a native of the Italian Tyrol, and a *Cavaliere Abate*,—an odd combination of titles, to English apprehension,—with more literary dignities and honorary additions to his name than we have patience to read, let alone transcribe; though we must needs state that, amongst other high offices, he held that of preceptor in Italian, or, more humbly, Italian master, to Prince Otho of Bavaria, now King of Greece. To this youthful monarch Maffei dedicates the present new and enlarged edition of his History of Italian Literature, and in his dedication thus intimates his expectations of what King Otho is to do for Greece and her literature.

"When I had the high honour of teaching your majesty the Italian language, I witnessed the zeal with which you learned it, the care with which you translated the first three volumes of this history of mine into German. . . . . When you read of the protection afforded to arts and letters by the Medici at Florence, the Visconti and Sforzas at Milan, the Aragonese at Naples, the Popes at Rome, the Estes at Ferrara, the Gonzagas at Mantua, and the Dukes of Savoy in Piedmont, I saw in your countenance how keenly you desired to emulate them. The lists are now open to you."

Having already stated this book to be a *resumé*, when we shall have added that it is designed rather to direct the course of reading of the learner of Italian, than to instruct and form the critical taste of the Italian scholar, need we say further that it is somewhat dry, the criticism little *raisonné*, and the biographical portion generally too short to be interesting? From this last censure, however, we may except those Italian classics with whose lives few persons, who are not absolute tyros in Italian literature, are unacquainted, as Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and their mighty compeers. But let us not be understood as meaning altogether to condemn Maffei's book. To the novice it will afford much useful information, besides teaching him where to seek more. To the Italian scholar, who has not fortitude to encounter Tiraboschi's numerous, over-circumstantial volumes,—which, moreover, only come down to the end of the 17th century,—it will recal and systematize his desultory knowledge.*

* That this work is well calculated to answer these ends, at least, seems to be the general opinion, if we are to judge from the information contained in a note, that "ten

We have hitherto spoken, be it observed, only of the first three volumes. The last stands upon very different ground with respect to its claims upon our attention. But we have not yet quite done with its predecessors.

There is one thing which, we frankly confess, marvellously conciliates our favour towards the *Cavaliere Abate* and his volumes, somewhat dull though they be. It is, that he does not adopt the new-fangled notion, started by a few modern Italian critics, respecting the great early poets of Italy and their amatory effusions. As this neo-critical fancy may not be, and indeed we hope is not, known to all readers, we must inform them that we allude to an hypothesis representing the loves of these poets to be not merely a little fantastical, which we are willing to allow, but actually and altogether allegorical, typifying, or, to speak more correctly, mystifying—what, think you, courteous reader? neither more nor less than Protestantism, if such an anachronism in the use of the word be allowable. Thus do these critics convert Dante's Bice, Boccaccio's Fiametta, and, yet more outrageously, Petrarch's Laura, to omit ladies of less note, into so many *avatars*, or, at the least, prosopopeias of the spirit of religious reform; and they further assert the ever-recurring word *amor* to be *tout bonnement* the anagram of *Roma*.

Now, as Maffei neither adopts nor rebuts this whimsical theory —by the by we are not quite sure whether it had been broached when his first three volumes were published—it might seem hardly fair in us to delay our account of his book in order to discuss it; nor will we do so, although, having mentioned the subject, we cannot refrain from adding two remarks which appear to us to be pretty strong, we will not say decisive, against it. We will, however, do this as concisely as may be, and hasten to our proper and present business.

The first of these remarks is, that most of those early poets held the beautiful Italian language cheap, considering it as a vulgar tongue, unfit to be employed upon any loftier or graver topic than love, or some such light matter as might be adapted to the capacity of woman, unacquainted with any other than the said vulgar, commonly called her mother, tongue. It was only the grand and daring genius, the master-mind of Dante, that conceived the bold and happy idea of embodying in this despised vulgar tongue the wildest, noblest, sublimest, the most audacious as well as the most exalted, conceptions of the muse. His rivals and immediate successors, when they meant to treat of

editions (pirated we conceive) have been published and sold in different parts of Italy, and that the periodicals of Italy, France, Germany, and even England, have concurred in its praises."

serious or important themes, had recourse to Latin; and it was upon his now forgotten Latin poem, "*Africa*," not upon his exquisite Italian lyrics, that Petrarch relied for an immortality of fame. Nor was this an individual mistake of the poet, as is proved by the fact, that it was as the author of "*Africa*," not as the Italian lyrist, that Petrarch was crowned in the Capitol. Is it then likely that these same men should have written seriously of religious abuses, religious reform, except in Latin, although they might and did—seemingly without fear of consequences, since without any sort of caution or disguise—laugh in Italian at the vices of the monks? And with respect to Dante, whose veneration for Latin was less exclusive, he, as a professed Ghibelline, attacked the Popes, very irreverently placing many of them in the various *bolge* (or divisions of the abyss) of his *Inferno*, in plain Italian: why then should he mask any other portion of his anti-papal, or, more properly, his Ghibelline, opinions under what the advocates of this notion call *gergo*, *Anglicè* slang?

Our second remark relates to the supposed anagram. One of Petrarch's principal charges against the Popes is, that they had forsaken Rome for Avignon; and he repeatedly exerted all the powers of his eloquence, in prose and rhyme, to recal them to what he esteemed the natural site of the Papal See. Is this circumstance reconcileable with the anagrammatical hypothesis, according to which, *Amor—Roma*—is spoken of as the seat of all the abuses and abominations of Popery?

Proceed we now to the especial subject of this article, namely, Signor Maffei's fourth volume, the dry conciseness of which we shall occasionally endeavour to relieve or enliven, by introducing a few specimens of poetry, of which our author is singularly sparing, or, when practicable, referring to the criticisms of the German lecturer upon the belles-lettres of the nineteenth century, whose opinions of our modern English poets are already known to our readers—we mean Professor Wolff.*

The first point that strikes us on opening this volume is a little discouraging; for, though it professes to give us the literary history of Italy during the first thirty-two years of the current nineteenth century, Maffei omits, or, as he tells us, designedly avoids, saying a word of any author who still breathes the vital air. Now, although such a course must always have been disappointing, there was a time when we could have understood such forbearance; a time when all gentlemen, men of letters included, were somewhat touchily sensitive to the voice of re-

* See For. Quar. Rev. Vol. XV. p. 347.

proof, and when the office of censor might therefore be attended with unpleasant consequences. But this species of delicacy seems now to be so thoroughly *perrique*, or *rococo*,* or whatever be the newest and most approved term for old-fashioned, that we really cannot conceive why authors, who are now, like eels, used to being skinned alive, ay, and dissected alive too, by those professional literary anatomists, the reviewers, should not as fairly be criticised and appreciated in a history of the literature of their country, as in Travels, Pencillings, or Courses of Lectures. The German professor, Dr. Wolff, does actually give us the literature of the present century, whilst Maffei, in this season of ephemeral excitement, when the books, like the scandal or the politics, of the past year are as though they had never been, gives us biography and criticism appertaining in reality rather to the last than to the present generation. Many of the authors and philosophers of whom he speaks were born not much less than a hundred years ago, and flourished at least as much in the eighteenth as in the nineteenth century. Their masterpieces and great discoveries often bear the date of the former, and we should be perplexed to guess why they did not grace the third volume, did it not occur to us that, at the moment of its publication, those authors and philosophers might still, though well-stricken in years, be denizens of this sublunary sphere.

This omission of living literati is, as before said, most disappointing in this our from-day-to-day age; and would have been so even in soberer times. Eagerly we looked for compatriot criticisms upon the works of Botta, Colletta,† Manzoni, Rosini, Grossi, Pellico, Nota, Niccolini, &c., to compare with our own, as also for a little amusing gossip relative to the admired authors—and when it was clear that we looked in vain, we were more than half tempted to fling away the volume in anger. But, if thus less interesting than we had a right to expect, the volume is by no means uninteresting. The list of names, whether belonging to this century or the last, contains, amongst numbers little known out of Italy, many which we have long been accustomed to revere, respecting the bearers of which we must needs be desirous to learn the opinions of the critics of their own country.

This list contains—to follow the order adopted for the nineteenth century by our historian of literature, who varies his order of precedence according as the different centuries were most fruitful in poetry, history, or philosophy—of poets, Monti, Per-

* For these words we must refer our readers to Blackwood and Mrs. Trollope.

† Colletta was dead in 1832, but, his history not being published, he was not yet a known author.

ticari, the two Pindemontes, Foscolo, Torti, Gianni the *Improvvisatore*, Fantoni, Mezzanotte, Mazza, Bondi, Lamberti, Garretti, Lorenzi, Pignotti, Perego; of philologists, Cesari, Stratico, Grassi;* of historians, Cuoco, Lomonaco, Rosmini, Mengotti; of writers upon literature and the arts, Corniano, Signorelli, Bossi, Zanoja; of antiquaries, Visconti, Sestini, Morcelli, Marini, Zannoni, Morelli; of travellers, Belzoni, Brocchi; of theologians, Tamburini; of men of science, lumping, for brevity's sake, all the sciences together, Pini, Volta, Galvani, Scarpa, Spallanzani, Brunacci, Gioja, Cagnoli, Piazzi, Oriani; and, alone of the artist genus, Canova; with respect to whom, as to insects in amber, although the first line,

"The things themselves are neither rich nor rare,"

be utterly inapplicable, we may well

"Wonder how the d—l *he* got there;"

inasmuch as the *Cavaliere Abate* professes to write a history of literature, and not of the arts. Finally, the list concludes,—though rather in the way of digression than as forming an integral part of the subject,—with the celebrated Italian women of the nineteenth century. At this we must confess that we, who in our insular ignorance should never have suspected that to speak of Sappho, for instance, was to digress from the history of Hellenic poetry, were not a little surprised; and if the Italian authoresses whom we are about to name are not quite as celebrated as the Lesbian lyrist, have not quite the European reputation of Madame de Stael, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Edgeworth, and some few sister spirits, they are scarcely more obscure than several of their contemporary poets, whom we have encatalogued. The ladies are Teresa Bandettini, Diodata Saluzzo Roero, Silvia Curtoni Verza, Aglaia Anassilida, Costanza Moscheni, Teresa Albarelli Vordoni, Eleonora Fonseca Pimentel, Giustina Renier Michiel; but, with respect to them, their historian tells us so little that, except in one instance, of whom more in due season, we really know not whether they are alive or dead, nor, in our ignorance of the motives for excluding the living, can we even guess; though, if dread of incurring a war of tongues or pens be one of those motives, we suspect that female antagonists may not be the least formidable.

The preceding catalogue will have shown that, if we complain justly of the want of much living interest, of the absence of greater

* Stratico and Grassi seem to us somewhat oddly classed with Cesari, although they did edit dictionaries. Their theoretic proficiency in naval and military architecture should rather have placed them among the men of science or the writers upon the arts.

names in literature though not in science, a sufficient number of Italian literati and philosophers obligingly died between the years 1800 and 1833* to give Maffei's fourth volume a value in the eyes of the general reader as well as of the critic. The greater number of those we have named must, however, rest content at our hands with the preceding enumeration. Few things could be more wearisome to reader or writer than the appending to each name the few lines specifying the author's works, the time and place of his birth and death, &c. &c., for which alone we could afford room (of many we find little more in Maffei), and which would, moreover, prevent our speaking more at large of any. We shall, therefore, at once make our congé to the majority, and select for more particular notice a few in whom we take a particular interest, and whom Maffei has likewise honoured with more detailed biography and criticism. The first of these shall be the universally admired poet Vincenzo Monti, of whom Maffei says—

"Vincenzo Monti was born on the 19th of February, 1754, at Alfonsina in the territory of Ravenna; which place his father, Fedele Monti, presently quitted for Fusignano, a wealthy town of Romagna, and the native place of the renowned musician Corelli. At an early age, Vincenzo was sent to the excellent seminary of Faenza, where he made such proficiency in the Latin language, that he, not ingloriously, wrote Latin verses; he even *improvised* with the utmost fervour of poetic inspiration. But his judicious instructor dissuaded him from increasing the number of extemporaneous bards, whose lays resemble the flash that lightens and passes without leaving a permanent trace behind it. The first fruits of the well-meditated writing to which young Monti now devoted himself were elegant elegies; these he published, and they were highly prized by the Abate Girolamo Ferri, a distinguished Latinist of the last century.

"Having acquired the elements of learning and poetry, Monti was sent to the University of Ferrara, in which city his family soon after settled. Like Ovid, Petrarch, and Tasso, he was compelled by his father to study the law; and, like them, he threw aside the volumes of Justinian to devour, by night and by day, those of Horace, Virgil, and the most celebrated Italians. Instead of frequenting the tribunals, and managing law-suits, he devoted his whole soul to poetry. * * * *

"His vision of Ezekiel, conceived and written at the early age of sixteen, in praise of a celebrated preacher, proves that from the very beginning of his career he took a lofty flight, disdaining the servile imitation of any model. Cardinal Borghese, Legate of Ferrara, took the young poet, whose rare genius he had discovered, under his protection; and, when his term of government expired, invited his *protegé* to accom-

* So many have since followed to the grave, that we may begin to look forward to a fifth volume of the modern dead.

pany him to Rome. In that metropolis of Christendom, the poet, who was now twenty-four years of age, formed an intimate friendship with the most learned of archaiologists, Ennio Quirino Visconti, with whom he studied, and learned to understand the most recondite beauties of the classics.

* * * * * * * *

"By these and other poems he had risen into great fame. * * * The arrival of the illustrious tragic bard of Asti at Rome first led Monti to try the buskin. Alfieri had recited his *Virginia* in the saloon of Maria Pezzelli, in which the flower of the literati then at Rome were wont to assemble. The young poet was so influenced by this recitation, that, upon his return home, recollecting the deed of Aristodemus, which he had lately read in Pausanias, he conceived the design of his first tragedy, which he rapidly completed, and published under the title of *Aristodemo*.

* * * * * * *

"Another tragedy, Galeotto Manfredi, followed, but proved less successful than the former, which was now upon all lips, and was even the cause that a young lady of great beauty and learning gave the author her hand in marriage. Monti had conceived a great reverence for the Cavaliere Giovanni Pikler, so celebrated for his cameos, who, to the great grief of all good men, and the serious detriment of the arts, had recently died. Knowing that the deceased had left a daughter, the poet, without having even seen her, expressed a desire to obtain her as his wife; and she, equally unacquainted with his personal appearance, accepted his proposals, because he was the author of *Aristodemo*.

"The tragical death of Hugues Basseville, who, being sent to Rome there to propagate the maxims of the French revolution, was cruelly massacred by the infuriated populace, on the 13th of January, 1793, gave Monti occasion to write the poem to which he owes his chief fame. We shall presently see that the *Bassevilliana* wrought a happy revolution in Italian poetry, revived the study of Dante, and restored to the place of honour a robust and sublime style."

The remainder of Monti's life is not sufficiently creditable to the influence of poetry upon the character to tempt us to give it thus in detail. It will be enough to say that, after having shown himself in the *Bassevilliana* a decided champion of monarchy, and an inveterate enemy to the French revolutionary principles,—Monti, courted and flattered by the revolutionary warriors of France, and by the revolutionary civil functionaries of northern Italy, became the panegyrist, in fact the poet laureat, of all the various forms of republicanism that successively governed the conquered and revolutionized portions of the Ausonian peninsula; and, upon the fall of the last of these, of Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of France and King of Italy,—of all his arbitrary measures, unjust wars, and other acts as repugnant at least to freedom as to lawful sovereignty. Monti likewise accepted various more prosaic posts, the chief of which were those of Secretary to the Cisalpine Re-

public, and Historiographer to Napoleon. But he sang the achievements of the First Consul, and of the Emperor and King, in various poems, instead of recording them in prose. His poetical rivals, who could not emulate his genius, bitterly vituperated our tuneful—must we say?—rat. They habitually termed him a cameleon and a Proteus, imputing his political versatility either to the basest motives or to the most vindictive spirit. Maffei ascribes it, and we really believe justly, to the impressionable susceptibility and ill-regulated judgment natural to the poetic temperament. At all events, it is some comfort to know that Monti became more steady as he advanced in age, and did not perform a third political somerset, in order to turn back from the fallen object of his admiration to his original profession of faith, legitimacy, but, after Napoleon's overthrow, forsaking political subjects, occupied himself chiefly with his admirable translation of the Iliad, which Maffei considers as the work that is to immortalize him. Assuredly to translate Homer well can never be small praise; but we—who may perhaps be somewhat fastidiously fanciful upon such matters—must say, that we can never esteem the mere clothing in appropriate poetic phrase the thoughts, feelings, and imagery, of another as a real test of genius,—essentially creative genius. We shall therefore omit our historian's encomiums upon the Italian Iliad, and turn to his criticism on *La Bassevilliana*, of which we are told that eighteen editions were sold in six months. But we must first state that Monti died on the 13th October, 1828, after upwards of two years suffering, from the effects of apoplexy.

"On occasion of the tragical death of Hugues Basseville, originating in the French revolution, the imagination of Monti passed the Alps, and, entering Paris, there beheld antipathies, factions, blood, and horrors, of all kinds. He perceived that these were vicissitudes, 'of poem and of history most worthy;' that they offered materials for the sublimest conceptions, in which the mightiest passions should play their stately part. But serious difficulties embarrassed the choice of the form and manner in which to describe such tremendous events.

"Dante, the unhappy victim of the factions and partizanship which in his days filled Italy with wounds and blood, desired at once to devote these horrors to the execration of posterity, and to take a dignified revenge upon the iniquitous men who had banished him, and forced him to tread the irksome path of 'climbing and descending strangers' stairs.' He therefore feigned a journey through the three regions of the dead, placed his recently deceased adversaries in Hell; met in Purgatory such as had expiated their offences; and raised his friends and protectors to Paradise, where he prepared a throne for the Emperor Henry VII.

"Monti, designing, like his master, to paint bloody scenes, faction's cruelty, inveterate hatreds, undeserved executions, feigned that the soul of Basseville, having in the last moments of his existence atoned for his crimes by penitence, is condemned to witness the crimes and sufferings

of France, as a substitute for purgatory. The angel who has redeemed him from the Powers of Evil acts as his guide, and they reach Paris at the moment of the execution of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

"The poet ever adds some creations of his fancy to the reality of facts. For instance, he places on the gates of Paris the monsters which Virgil describes on those of Avernus;—he calls upon the scaffold prepared for Louis four notorious regicides;—he brings together the shades of the King and of Basseville, putting the most pathetic expressions into their mouths;—he introduces the most renowned philosophers, who propagated impiety, hurrying to glut themselves with the blood of the decapitated monarch. * * * * The style of the *Bassevilliana* is always nervous, lofty, harmonious, and well sustained."

In this opinion of the close imitation of Dante by Monti, Wolff goes even beyond Maffei, for he says—

"It is throughout an imitation of *La Divina Commedia*. * * * The soul of Basseville traverses the earth in the company of an angel. The two travellers behave exactly like the ever calm and encouraging Virgil, and the ever alarmed and shrinking Dante. That Monti has misrepresented the character of Basseville, making him a mere creature of his fancy, is evident; but this was unavoidable, since Monti wrote for a purpose that was directly opposed to the opinions and conduct of the French envoy. The poem contains great and peculiar beauties; every line manifestly flows from a truly poetic genius. The diction is fascinating, the imagery grand and striking; and the whole irresistibly hurries the reader along by its sublimity and the glow of its colouring. To my mind, one of the finest passages is the arrival of the ghost at Paris, at the moment of the unfortunate king's execution."

This passage we shall give, second however to the opening stanzas;—and before doing so we must remark, that we think it should rather be said that the *Divina Commedia* suggested Monti's plan, than that the latter is a *close imitation* of the former. A ghost led by an angel to *behold* actual crimes and sufferings is surely different from a living man led by one ghost to hear other ghosts *narrate* past crimes. We must likewise add another remark prefatory to our extract, in justice to the poet and to ourselves. His metre, the *Terza rima*, or stanzas of three lines with triple interlinked rhymes, a peculiarly Italian measure, is perhaps as peculiarly repugnant to the genius of our language and poetry. We have ever found it the most unmanageable of the various modern measures which, in reviewing foreign poetry, it has been our lot to translate;—yet, from the sense almost invariably closing with the stanza (the rule), it is as ill adapted to be rendered into couplets.* Blank verse would be the only resource; but blank verse is so unfair a representation of a form of poetry in which

* We have, however, since writing this article, seen that Italians are of a different opinion, as, in an Italian translation of parts of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," each octo-syllable couplet of the introduction almost invariably affords matter sufficient for the three-lined stanza of the *Terza rima*.

the skilful management of the stanza and rhyme is an essential beauty, that we prefer, in this case as in most others, imitating as we best can the metre of the original.

" Hell had been vanquished in the battle fought;
The spirit of th'abyss in sullen mood
Withdrew, his frightful talons clutching nought.
He roared like lion famishing for food;
Th'Eternal he blasphemed, and as he fled
Loud hissed around his brow the snaky brood.
Then timidly each opening pinion spread
The soul of Basseville, on new life to look,
Released from members with his heart's blood red.
Then on the mortal prison, just forsook,
The soul turned sudden back to gaze awhile,
And, still mistrustful, still in terror shook.
But the bless'd angel, with a heav'nly smile,
Cheering the soul it had been his to win
In dreadful battle waged 'gainst demon vile,
Said, ' Welcome happy spirit to thy kin.
Welcome unto that comp'ny, fair and brave,
To whom in Heav'n remitted is each sin.
Fear not; thou art not doomed to sip the wave
Of black Avernus, which who tastes, resigned
All hope of change, becomes the demon's slave.
But Heav'n's high justice, nor in mercy blind,
Nor in severity scrupulous to guage
Each blot, each wrinkle, of the human mind,
Has written on the adamantine page
That thou no joys of Paradise may'st know
Till punished be of France the guilty rage.
Meanwhile the wounds, th'immensity of woe,
That thou hast helped to work, thou, penitent,
Contemplating with tears, o'er earth must go:
Thy sentence that thine eyes be ceaseless bent
Upon flagitious France, of whose offence
The stench pollutes the very firmament."

We proceed to the arrival in Paris, which we take to be the acme of the poor ghost's purgatorial punishment.

" Wond'ring the spirit sees that from the eyes
Of his angelic leader tears have gushed,
Whilst o'er the city streets dread silence lies.
Hushed is the sacred chime of bells, and hushed
The works of day, hushed every various sound
Of creaking saw, of metal hammer-crushed.
There fears and whisperings alone are found,
Questionings, looks mistrustful, discontent,
Dark melancholy that the heart must wound,

Deep accents of affections strangely blent;
Accents of mothers, who, foreboding ill,
Clasp to their bosoms each loved innocent;
Accents of wives, who, ev'n on the door's sill
Strive their impetuous husbands to detain;
With tears and fond entreaties urging still.
But nuptial love and tenderness in vain
May strive, too strong the powers of Hell, I ween;
They free the consort whom fond arms enchain.
For now, in dance ferocious and obscene,
Are flitting busily from door to door,
A phantom band of heart-appalling mien.
Phantoms of ancient Druids, steeped in gore,
Are these, who still nefariously athirst
For blood of wretched victims, as of yore,
To Paris throng to revel on the worst
Of all the crimes, whose magnitude has fed
The pride of their posterity accurst.
With human life their garments are dyed red,
And, blood and rottenness from every hair
Dripping, a loathsome shower around them shed.
Some firebrands, others scourges, toss i' the air,
Twisted of every kind of coiling snake;
Some sacrificial knives, some poison bear.
Firebrands and serpents they o'er mortals shake,
And, as the blow alights on brow, neck, side,
Boils in each vein the blood, fierce passions wake.
Then from their houses like a billowy tide
Men rush enfrenzied, and, from every breast
Banished, shrinks Pity weeping, terrified.
Now the earth quivers, trampled and oppressed
By wheels, by feet of horses and of men;
The air in hollow moans speaks its unrest;
Like distant thunder's roar, scarce within ken,
Like the hoarse murmurs of the midnight surge,
Like north wind rushing from its far-off den.

* * * * *

Through the dark crowds that round the scaffold flock
The monarch see with look and gait appear
That might to soft compassion melt a rock;
Melt rocks, from hardest flint draw pity's tear,
But not from Gallic tigers: to what fate,
Monsters, have ye brought him who loved you dear!"

This may suffice as a specimen of the poem that is generally regarded as Monti's master-piece. Of his other works we shall say but little. In Italy his dramas enjoy a splendid reputation, but the much admired *Aristodemo* is to us actually revolting from the nature of the subject, (for which we refer the reader to Pausa-

nias,) or rather from the manner in which our poet has treated it, dwelling upon, and appearing to revel in, its most disgusting features. In Galeotto Manfredi we must say that Matilda's virago-jealousy and Manfredi's vacillating weakness are, to our mind, more comic than tragic,—in their character we mean—certainly not in the very murderous catastrophe that they produce. *Caio Graccho* pleases us the best, but even this delights not us; we therefore prefer taking our dramatic extract from another poet, of whom we shall now speak.

Ippolito Pindemonte is, we believe, far less popular than Monti on the continent, meaning the transalpine portion of the continent;—Wolff hardly names him—but to our individual taste he is far more poetical; and he has made, we think, a happy attempt (happier than Manzoni's) to adapt the ancient chorus to modern tragedy. Moreover, we have the satisfaction of finding that Italian critics do not very much differ from ourselves in their estimation of this author, of whom Maffei says—

"If Italy has offered our age a new Dante in Monti, she may boast a new Petrarch in the Cavaliere Ippolito Pindemonte, such is the sweetness, such the pensive harmony, that reign in his verses. . . . He and Monti are a glorious pair—two illustrious poets, who cannot be severed in a history of our literature. . . . .

"Ippolito Pindemonte, a scion of a noble and wealthy Veronese family, was born in Verona, November 13, 1753. He acquired the elements of learning at the College of the Nobles, at Modena, where his Latin and Italian verses, and his skill in the arts termed knightly (*cavalleresche*), procured for his picture the inscription, 'Excellent in letters and in arms.' Such pompous eulogies only spurred him to merit them. Girolamo Pompei taught him Greek, in his study of which he often forgot the ladies who were waiting for him at the theatre or the dance. . . . .

"In his twenty-fourth year he made a pilgrimage through Italy, and crossed the Straits to visit Sicily; whence, passing to Malta, he, as a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, went on board the galleys of the Order, to serve his noviciate. But he did not, therefore, neglect his favourite studies. . . . . Returning to Verona, he greatly delighted in a country life. . . . From 1788 to 1790 he travelled through Switzerland, Germany, France, Holland and England, where he knew, and associated with, the most renowned personages, and where he composed many of his poems. . . .

"In the year 1796 he retired to the territories of Venice, hoping thus to avoid the revolutionary hurricane, which, however, drew that sinking and decrepid republic into its vortex. Our poet then resolved to establish himself at Verona, deeming it a citizen's duty not to abandon his country amidst her throes and perils. During these arduous times he wrote or planned most of his works. . . . . His translation of the Odyssey occupied thirteen years, and was only completed in 1822."

This excellent translation is, we suspect, one main reason of

Pindemonte's being thus coupled with Monti by our historian of literature.

"Meanwhile Pindemonte saw death raging around him, robbing him of his dearest and most distinguished friends. Their loss deeply grieved him. He said, 'I ought to be satisfied with my lot; I have possessed a competency, passed a brilliant youth, travelled with great pleasure, and experienced no great calamities. One only misfortune has afflicted and continues to afflict me—that I have seen well nigh all my friends drop off one by one, and most of them in the prime of life.' Finally the deaths of Cesari and Monti plunged him into the deepest melancholy. As though his last hour had struck, he prepared for his great journey; and a cold having fallen upon his chest, he, in the night of the 17th of November, 1828, with sentiments of the most fervent piety, resigned his soul to God. All Verona attended his obsequies, and all Italy deeply mourned his loss. . . .

"On opening a volume of Pindemonte, we immediately discover that soft, pathetic, insinuating character which gives a peculiar colouring to his verses. . . . . He was above all grieved at seeing the monuments of the arts carried beyond the Alps. Hence the following lines:—

"And you, whose pencils worthy were of Greece,
Titian, Correggio, Paolo, Raffael,
With art laborious as delicate,
Upon the living canvas light and shade
Blended ye but that strangers' walls might boast
The fruits of your high genius?"

But it is from his tragedy of *Arminio* that we propose to take our specimen of Pindemonte's genius. Of this piece Maffei says:

"Not content with the laurels he had gathered in lyric and didactic poetry, Ippolito Pindemonte resolved to attempt the buskin, and published the *Arminio*, which Cesarotti ranks amongst the finest Italian dramas. In it we indeed admire characters well conceived and well supported, a natural and vivid dialogue, choruses dictated by a fertile fantasy and a correct style. But a want of tragic enthusiasm prevented Ippolito's rising into celebrity as a tragedian."

To this criticism we need only add that the subject of the tragedy is the death of the great Cheruscan chief Arminius, (*Germanicè*, Hermann,) renowned for his victory over Varus, who fell in an attempt to make himself king, as mentioned by Tacitus; and that a chorus of bards, naturally finding its place, takes some part in the action. The catastrophe, as in most Italian tragedies, is thrown into narrative; and perhaps the most dramatic scene is one in which Balldur, the son of Arminius, and a somewhat rude lover of old German liberty, after vainly endeavouring to dissuade his father from his ambitious purpose, kills himself in his presence to avoid seeing that father a king. But this scene is too long to extract, and abridging were destroying its effect; we will, therefore, rather take part of an argumentative dialogue, which we think powerful and eloquent, between Arminius and his daughter's

betrothed lover, Thelgastes, who may be described as an older, more cultivated, and more enlightened, as well as more polished, Balldur. Thelgastes, who is recently returned from an embassy to Rome, thus addresses his intended father-in-law.

" With grief and wonder do I hear it murmured,
That, for thy native land, whose liberty
Was erst thy glory, thou art weaving chains—
Ay, that the ever-hated name of king
To thee than other names now sweeter sounds.
* * * * *

Arminius. I fought with Varus,—
And so I fought that since, in haughty Rome,
Ev'n lisping infants of Arminius speak.
New leaders crossed the Rhine. Whether I lay
Inactive in the shade is known to all,
And known that, when Segestes moved his Catti
To join the Romans, I—albeit in vain—
My young wife sent to change her sire's resolve;
And turned mine arms, that day, alas! unblest,
Against that sire, though in his hands remained
Thusneldis, who in chains was sent to Rome,
To my how frenzied grief thou know'st. Thence judge
Whether of mine affections, fervid all,
My country's love be least. The gods more favoured
My wars against the powerful Maroboduus,
Who fled for shelter to the Marcomans.
Why did I, like a sudden tempest, burst
Upon his head? No king the Suevi brooked.
But for a king if the Cheruscans feel
Eager desire, and it be freedom's right
At pleasure to appoint a single chief,
Shall I oppose their wishes? Is their choice
In me a crime? * * *

Thelgastes. The nation is not then by thee seduced?
Granted. But if the nation rush tow'rds ruin
In madness, call you him his country's friend
Its course who stays not? Dazzled by thy light,
More baneful as more splendid, to thy hands
Its all the nation trusts. Unchangeably
Wilt thou remain the same? I know Arminius
The leader, but Arminius sovereign,
Arminius free to act his will, I know not.
* * * *

Behold'st thou here those idle arts, the pride,
The boast of Italy? Those studies deep
That enervate the spirit, or those scrolls,
Learnedly written, that teach men to fear?
Let Italy declaim on virtue's laws;
To practise them is ours. Our arts, our sports,
Are still the bow, the race, to overleap

The highest fence, to swim the angriest stream,
And in the arduous chace weary the woods.
Rome moulds her own divinities, which, sculptured
In gold or marble, she no longer dreads.
That chisel, which, profanely diligent,
In stone embodies Deity, we know not.
We think not in a fragile temple's walls
The heav'nly powers t' enclose. But who so cold
That, midst the forest's venerable horrors,
Or o'er the torrent's depths, feels not the God!
Observe our dwellings, separate, dispersed,
Lowly, unpolished, unadorned by aught
Save innocence. But what! The empty name
Of Germans will alone henceforth be ours.
Where thrones arise, life cannot long remain
Simple, austere, easily satisfied.
Then palaces and squares we shall possess,
And cities boast, although no citizens.
In quarried stones, unconsciously combined,
That proud and honoured name does not reside.
It is the union of according wills,
And laws, whose justice curbs man's wilfulness,
That form the genuine city.

* * * * * *

Armin. Of thine experience I would ask, if useful
Of thousand lawgivers the slow assembling
Thou judge, when rapidly should peace or war
Be in just balance weighed? And I would ask,
Can warlike science thrive, where each armed man
On all decides?

Thel. We've one sufficient science.

Armin. What is it?

Thel. To dare all, and nothing fear.

Armin. I touch not that.

Thel. He wounds it mortally
Who robs the warrior of the freeman's rights.

* * * * *

Armin. Must we then meet as enemies? Velanthis*—
Is she a bond of insufficient force
Our union to preserve?

Thel. Barbarian, cease!
With deadly wounds thine accents pierce my heart.
To my fond suit, when thou didst promise her,
Thou wast Arminius still. Wherefore not then
Confess that to thy soul a fame so pure,
So real, grew distasteful? * * *
Too terrible the battle we must fight,
Thou with Velanthis armed, with virtue I.

* * * * *

* The name of Arminius's daughter, the promised bride of Thelgastes.

Oh yet respect thyself! The radiant light
Investing thee quench not with thine own hand."

To this we must add, as a specimen of Pindemonte's lyric powers, a chorus; and, though some readers may think that the subject of the modern Petrarch ought to be love, we shall select one that appears to us peculiarly and happily characteristic, in which the elder bards lament their inability to take part in the battle that decides Arminius's fate.

CHORUS.

In us the martial flame is fading;
Feeble our arms, our steps are slow;
Midst blood and death, our brethren aiding,
No longer is it ours to go.

FIRST BARD.

Alas! how swift has flown
That brightly happy age,
When with my voice alone
I woke the battle's rage!
I, who reclined in shady mead,
Can now but sing the hero's deed.
Then did this good right hand
Oft lay the harp aside,
To grasp the deadly brand;
This hand, which can but glide
Now languidly, with failing skill,
O'er chords scarce answering to my will.
Like the swelling wrath of a mountain river
That bounds, in the pride of its conscious power,
So fiercely from height to height
That to dust the thundering waters shiver,
Then aloft rebound in a silvery shower,
Was my rushing in youth to the fight.
But now, little heeding
Mine earlier force,
My foot is receding,
And years in their course
Scatter snows o'er my head.
Though now broadly sweeping,
The Rhine thus shall wane,
And through swamps feebly creeping,
Scarce ling'ringly gain
Of old Ocean the bed.

SECOND BARD.

Life's latter days are desolate and drear;
Man, wretched man, in early youth must die,

Or see the tomb enclose all he holds dear,
This world is but a vale of misery,
Where the poor wanderer scarcely hopes to gain
One smile, for many tears of agony.
He sees death all around extend his reign;
Here droops a brother, sickening day by day;
There fades a consort, there a child lies slain.
A grave at every step yawns in my way,
And mine incautious foot tramples on bones
Of friends and kindred, hastening to decay.
And kinsmen turn to foes! Oh hearts, than stones
More hard! throw, throw those murd'rous spears aside,
Whose slightest blows call forth your country's groans!
But, if this brother's battle must be tried,
May freedom's cause with victory be crowned!
Or underground these hoary locks abide,
Ere I in fetters see my country bound!

THIRD BARD.

What deeds of high emprise
Did my youth's comrades share!
Feats of such lofty guise,
In later days are rare.
Ah those were gallant battles! Those
Were fierce encounters, deadly blows!
Strong arms and hearts of flame,
These rival chiefs display;
But the Cheruscan name
Declines from day to day;
And vainly should we hope to view,
The son his father's fame renew.
But ev'n the bravest man,
Though high midst heroes placed,
Would scarce outlast his span
Of life, by bard ungraced;
Nor would the stranger's earnest eye
Ask where the honoured ashes lie.
The dazzling sun at eve,
When sinking in the sea,
No lasting track can leave
Of radiance on the lea;
Such were the proudest hero's fate,
Prolonged not verse his glory's date.

CHORUS.

In us the martial flame is fading;
Feeble our arms, our steps are slow;
Midst blood and death our brethren aiding,
No longer is it ours to go."

Ugo Foscolo, of course, holds a high rank in the esteem of the

Italian as also of the German critic; and gladly should we extract their eulogies of an author whom we personally knew, and whose merits we always fully appreciated, even whilst the strange anomaly of his wild appearance, and yet wilder impetuosity of manner, in the aristocratically calm atmosphere of a London drawing-room, and of a drawing-room variegated and enlivened by the brilliancy of many a star, literary or artistic, called to our lips a smile that no sense of decorum could repress. But poor Foscolo's literary merits and faults, as well as his history, have already been so amply discussed in our pages,* that, although we are not to be restrained by every slight notice of an author that may have previously appeared therein, we can only recur to him *en passant*. Leaving this remarkable man, therefore, we shall now, ere we quit the field of poetry, exhibit our individual superiority over the Italian critics, in a quality in which it is the continental fashion to hold all Britons deficient, viz. gallantry, by immediately paying our respects to the ladies whom Maffei relegates to a page or two of his penultimate chapter. Here again, however, and for the reasons already alleged, we can extract only what he says of the most remarkable.

"Diodata Saluzzo Roero, in a poem entitled *Ippazia*, sang the extraordinary woman bearing that name, (*Anglicè* Hypatia,) who cultivated philosophy and mathematics at Alexandria, and died a Christian martyr. In her poem Signora Saluzzo developed all the doctrines that were in those days known and taught, expounding the dogmas of the Magi, the Platonists, the Stoics, the Eleatics, the Epicureans, the Pyrrhonists, the Eclectics; the secret opinions of the Egyptian priests, with the ceremonies of Isis; and finally celebrating the dogmas and precepts of Christianity, whilst passing sentence upon the various heresies that had then arisen."

Need we add a word of this lady's more ordinary productions, *i. e.* novels, or rather tales, the proper English for the Italian *novelli?*

Eleonora Fonseca Pimentel, during the ephemeral existence of the Parthenopean republic, adopted the profession, unusual to her sex, of a newspaper writer; and upon the fall of the republic, we are told—

"This lady, graced with every species of learning, and yet more with virtue, praised and even beloved by Metastasio, was sentenced, as the writer of the *Monitore Napoletano*, to lose her life on the gallows erected on the *Piazza di Mercato*, (*Anglicè* the market-place.) When summoned to execution, she asked for her coffee, which she drank, and then walked forth with the mien of one superior to misfortune. Upon reaching the fatal spot, she began speaking to the people; but the executioners, fearing that a disturbance might be thus excited, with their cords put an end at once to her eloquent discourse and her life."

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. v. p. 335, and vol. ix. p. 312.

Again we are inclined to give a specimen not taken from Maffei. We happen to have met with the works of Teresa Albarelli Vordoni, of whom our author says—

"Her *Sermoni* (satires) in blank verse, her *Capitoli* (epistles) in *terza rima*, and her Sonnets, have received the hearty praises of journalists and critics, and gained her a distinguished place amongst the most celebrated Italian poetesses."

Now, as we think satire almost as unusual a female pursuit as newspaper writing, our specimen shall exhibit the playful feminine manner in which this lady wields the unfeminine lash. She begins her satires as follows:—

"Behold December come, bringing short days,
And evenings never-ending, dedicate
To sweet voluptuous delights,—or yawns.
* * * * *
Alone, beside the blazing hearth, I sit,
Mine elbow on my knee, upon one hand
My chin supported, in a gentle doze,
Whilst ever and anon with t'other hand
I grasp the tongs or shovel, and the fire
Alternately heap up, arrange, or stir;—
Truly a jocund life."

Our fair satirist then tells us that her husband, as a remedy for this listless condition, suggested that she should write; that she caught at the idea, but hesitated what style to attempt, when he, after some discussion, proposed satire.

"Ay, but as Gozzi could, dare I assail
The thousand poets of our tuneful days?
May I proclaim how those, in poetry
Who know but sound and metre, yet aspire
To the Castalian fount, sprinkling themselves,
From *Della Cruscan* bolter, with cant words
Of Tuscan obsolete, or toss and churn
Their half-filled heads? 'And who art thou?' they'll ask;
'What wondrous proof of wisdom hast thou giv'n,
That thou as our preceptress shouldst stand forth,
Thus sputtering sentences?' A different theme,
The battling of the learned, let me choose.
Haste we on these new gladiators' stage
To view the bloody fight, unwearying,
That entertains the literary mob,
Serving no further. But should I aver
That Criticism, high Genius' mother, once
Had docile sons, who thankfully obeyed
Her precepts, knowing such the surest means
To prosper in the service of the muse;
But that her living sons, now of ripe age,

Burst the maternal bondage, frowning fierce
On whoso dares reprove;—or durst I add
That slighted mother, Wisdom's consort erst,
Now a divorced and lawless wanton, yields
To each licentious paramour's embrace,
Whence now her speech no taste of reason knows;
That for her sons, unnat'rally, she spreads
A board with poison fraught, by Envy's hand—
Envy, who, e'en beyond the sepulchre,
Pursues whoever is renowned as great;—
Will't not be said, 'A woman's pertness see,
She scarce has skimmed two volumes, yet presumes
To censure censors! Wretched smatterer!
Better of caps and ribbons mightst thou judge.'"

In case our readers should concur in this opinion, we will add an extract from her *Sermone* of *La Villeggiatura*, first explaining that *la villeggiatura* is the proper term for the annual very brief visit to the country, which every Italian inhabitant of a town, who has any pretension to be esteemed fashionable, must perforce pay:—

"They who but in imagination own
Palace or country-seat, at others' cost
Must ruralize. I share the general rage
For *la villeggiatura*. Where to go?"

A fashionable watering-place, with medical hot baths, being fixed upon, our poetess thus proceeds:—

"Let's go. Job-man, thou shalt have double fare,
But be the coach commodious. This gay month
Of summer, sacred to delight, disdains
To harbour thoughts of base economy.
With caskets, trunks, and band-boxes, the coach
Is loaded, placed the servant and the dog,
The husband too. Th' impatient job-man stamps.
I'm ready. We are off! The city streets
Slowly we roll along: delicate nerves
May not endure their bustle. As we go,
Glances o'er every passenger mine eye,
Seeking, distinguishing, 'mongst vulgar crowds,
Some one of better sort, who may report
That I, no whit inferior to the rest
Of Fashion's world—I, fitted to excite
Envy in others—go amongst the sick
In search of joy. Thus meditating, I
From town depart; and, when of whips and wheels
I hear the rattle, to the window spring,
On my superiors' pomp admiring gaze,
Or, with complacent pity, on the poor."

We now turn back to the prose writers, philosophers, &c.

whom Maffei places next to the poets. Of these likewise the number, we scarcely need remind the reader, is so large, that we must again content ourselves with selecting a couple from the mass. Our own individual taste would naturally lead us to seek one of these in the class of historians, and the other in that of speculators in political or legislative theories. But we find no historian of sufficient celebrity to warrant the selection; and indeed we must observe, that Vincenzo Cuoco, the best of those here named, although his *Saggio Storico sulla Rivoluzione di Napoli* (Historical Essay upon the Neapolitan Revolution) be highly praised by Maffei, who even gives an abstract of it, is, nevertheless, at least as much valued for his *Platone in Italia* (Plato in Italy), a philosophico-historical romance, as for his history of the rise and fall of the short-lived Parthenopean republic. And here we must pause to observe, that this Plato in Italy, although very much modelled upon the Abbé Barthelemy's *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis* (Travels of the younger Anacharsis), is here spoken of as an historic novel, analogous to those of Sir Walter Scott and his school; whereupon Maffei introduces the following remarks:—

"Having to speak of the *Platone in Italia*, an historico-philosophical romance, we must needs say something of this species of composition, which has risen to such fame, and gained Walter Scott and Manzoni such celebrity. * * * * We think the historic novel an admirable device for making known the life and writings of any remarkable personage, or any obscure period of history. The author of *I Viaggi di Petrarca* (Petrarch's Travels), by putting this illustrious Italian in motion, depicting him in the most brilliant epochs of his life, elucidating the history of the times in which he lived, and introducing him in the act of writing those very epistles that, under the title of *Familiar*, of *Senile*, and of *without title*, have so long lain dusty and neglected in the ponderous volumes of the Basle edition, has, in our opinion, rendered a signal service to literature. There is but one fault in the book that we could wish to see corrected—it is the making Petrarch speak, when the words ascribed to him are not upon record as having actually been spoken by him.

"Any supposed danger of mingling truth and fiction may be avoided by accuracy in quotation. It is thus that Manzoni gives notice when he speaks as a novelist, and when as an historian. * * * We confess it is by consulting the books to which this writer refers that we have become thoroughly acquainted with an historical epoch previously unknown to us."

On these very curious opinions we shall only observe, that we cannot allow Plato in Italy, or Petrarch's Travels, any more than the Travels of Anacharsis, to rank as historic novels; although we have no other title ready concocted for fictions designed merely as vehicles for the exposition of philosophical systems and

political phenomena; a species of fiction which we dislike as much as we delight in the true Waverley and Ivanhoe genus; perhaps from a suspicion that it is treating us like children, sweetening the edge of the cup by a title-page announcing a novel, to cheat us into swallowing the black dose of abstract reasoning; when perhaps, for the express purpose of refreshing ourselves after such laborious abstract reasoning, we had, as we thought, opened a work of imagination.

But to return to the business of selection, from which Signor Maffei's views of the historic novel have diverted us. With respect to the political-philosophy class—of Gioja, whom we would fain have made our second choice, on account of the originality at least of some of his legislative ideas upon the subject of rewards and punishments, our author actually tells us nothing beyond the titles of his principal works, thus altogether foiling our idiosyncratic inclinations. Under these circumstances, we have no resource but to submit, and write of the men amongst those upon whom Maffei has bestowed more notice, who have most distinguished themselves, although in matters less congenial with our own peculiar tastes; and the names we select shall be those of Visconti the antiquary, and of him who has conferred upon physical science an instrument, the immense power of which, however highly valued, is still, we suspect, very imperfectly appreciated—still, in fact, incalculable; need we add, of Volta?

We begin, following Maffei's order, with the antiquary, who seems to have been one of the rare instances of an infant prodigy who lived to verify, in riper years, the promise of his childhood.

"Amongst the erudite of our age, pre-eminent, giant-like, stands Ennio Quirino Visconti, prince of modern archaiologists, a very prodigy of learning, and of critical acumen in judging the monuments of antiquity, in distinguishing the genuine from the spurious; who raised the dignity of antiquarian science by combining it with the study of the arts and of the ancient classics. He was born in Rome, on the 30th of October, 1751, the son of Giambattista Visconti, *Prefetto* (we confess our ignorance whether we should translate this old Latin official title, Prefect, President, or Guardian) of Roman Antiquities. So early did Ennio discover the singular perspicacity of his intellect, that, at the age of a year and a half, he was perfectly acquainted with the alphabet; and, being unable as yet to articulate the liquids and consonants, would point them out with his tiny finger in any book shown to him. At two years of age he distinguished on medals the effigies of all the emperors from Julius Cæsar to Gallienus. At three years and a half he read both Latin and Greek; at ten he displayed, in a public examination, a thorough knowledge of geography, history, chronology, numismatics, and geometry; and at twelve, in a more formal and solemn examination, he solved the most abstruse problems in trigonometry, analysis, and the differential calculus."

At thirteen, this modern admirable Crichton translated the Hecuba of Euripides, and the Odes of Pindar; to which last he appended a critical essay upon the great Greek lyrist, the mode in which he should be translated, the modern metre best adapted thereto, &c. &c. But the discovery of Pompeii, then yet recent, which revived the declining interest in Herculaneum—together with the concomitant or consequent excavations and explorations for antiquities in and about Rome—probably decided the pursuit to which his after-life was dedicated. In 1782, Ennio rather undertook for his father, than assisted him in, the letter-press destined to accompany and elucidate the engravings of the splendid Museo Pio-Clementino; and, upon that father's death in 1784, the superintendence of, and responsibility for, the entire work devolved upon the son. This occupation did not, however, by any means absorb the whole of Visconti's time or attention; every antique discovered, every museum collected by native or foreigner —statues, medals, tombs, inscriptions included—becoming in turn the objects of his powers of investigation, explanation, appreciation, and description. To enumerate all these various antiquarian labours, as we find them in Maffei, would be too long for our space; it could, moreover, be interesting only to professed antiquaries, and they, of course, are well acquainted with the feats of this their distinguished colleague. But we must not omit what may show the peculiar character of Viscouti's archaiology; *i. e.* that from some of these remains, to others unintelligible, he derived the matter for a critical and historical essay upon pyromancy, or prediction by fire. In fact, Viscouti gave to pursuits, usually deemed frivolous, a tone of dignity, and raised them to a station which they have been little accustomed to enjoy, save in those unenlightened times when all knowledge is esteemed marvellous. He himself has said:

"The science of the antiquary is not one of conjecture, but the fruit of a judicious study of the classics—of a diligent combination and comparison of monuments—of a cultivated and unquestionable taste in the fine arts—of a profound knowledge of the usages, laws, religion, and disposition of the ancients; a knowledge seldom unaccompanied by philosophy."

Upon which Maffei observes:—

"All these various gifts were united in Visconti, who has treated every different branch of archaiologic science; whilst Buonarroti, Maffei, Winckelmann, and others were mostly contented with cultivating a single branch. He knew the Greek and Latin classics by heart; the lucidity of his intellect equalled the immensity of his erudition; his critical skill severed not merely the false from the true, but the true from the probable: exercising a just and convincing logic, he would, from two acknowledged truths, educe a third with wonderful ease and certainty.

His demonstrations were brief, although he pretermitted neither text nor monument that might clear up his thesis; whence to him was applied what Montesquieu said of Tacitus, 'He abridges all because he sees all.'"

Visconti's reputation soon became European; and scarcely was any antique anywhere discovered, that was not immediately subjected to his critical inspection.

"The political storm growled around Visconti amidst his pacific studies. In 1797, General Berthier, at the head of a French army, entered Rome, established there a temporary republican form of government, and at first appointed our archaiologist minister for the Home Department, then, one of the five who composed the executive. Amidst the rage of war and the rapine of the soldiery, he displayed upon various occasions a resolute firmness not to have been anticipated from the placid man of letters. To an ambitious man, rapacious of wealth and honours, he said boldly, 'Look at the Tarpeian rock;' and the zeal with which he repressed the turbulent and the factious provoked the *Monitore Italiano*, a Milanese newspaper, to call him a *Moderate;* as though the practice of a virtue could be matter of reproach. At length he was obliged to resign his office, because, the French commissioners having presented to him the plan of a decree dishonourable to Rome, he indignantly bade them seek elsewhere for destroyers of his country."

Visconti's firmness does not seem to have injured him in the opinion of the French masters of Italy, for we find that,

"In December, 1799, he was named by the French government one of the managers, with the title of superintendent, of the museum then forming in the Louvre. He was afterwards appointed professor of archaiology, conservator of antiquities, and a member of the Institute. All France rejoiced; and Millin and David said, 'Ennio Quirino is the finest conquest of the French in Italy.' * * *

"Having thus obtained the ease and tranquillity essential to give the scholar leisure to pursue his studies, he continued to publish immortal writings. * * * From a careful examination of the famous Dendera Zodiac, he proved that, so far from dating, as had been commonly supposed, *one hundred and thirty centuries* before the Christian era, (thus invalidating the chronology of the Bible,) it must have been executed between A. D. 12 and A. D. 132. * * * Visconti's opinion is now generally adopted by the learned."

Again, we omit the catalogue of Visconti's labours and writings, and pass to what Maffei calls "the greatest triumph, the most glorious moment of Visconti's life; his summons by the English parliament to pass judgment upon the Parthenon marbles."

We need hardly state that the antiquary was flattered by the value for his judgment thus evinced, or that he was delighted by the sight of these wonders of ancient art, of which he has said,

"The connoisseur who visits these sculptured marbles is certain that he looks upon many of those precious works which, conceived and directed by Phidias, and in part executed by his chisel, constituted during upwards of seven centuries the wonder of the ancient world, and in Plutarch's time were held inimitable for grace and beauty."*

In Paris he continued to prosecute his antiquarian studies, and to write and publish their result, until the year 1818, when

"On the 7th of February, after long and severe sufferings, under which he was supported by his beloved wife, his two sons, imitators of their father's virtues, and many faithful friends, Visconti expired."

We now come to Volta, with whom we shall conclude. He is one of the illustrious individuals already mentioned as belonging more to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth century, and therefore misplaced in a volume of literary history, professing to treat only of those who have graced the first thirty-two years of the latter. But, as we do find him in the volume now under review, the profound respect we have long entertained for this great benefactor of science compels us to extract and abstract the information herein afforded respecting him, whether misplaced or not.

"Alessandro Volta was born at Como in the year 1745, of an illustrious family, highly distinguished amongst the Como patricians. From his earliest years he discovered an eager inclination for physical and chymical science, the principal phenomena of which, together with the discoveries in electricity, then in progress, he developed in a Latin poem, that still remains unpublished. But it was to the latter subject that he principally applied himself, and upon it he published two memoirs, the one in 1769, addressed to P. Giovanni Beccaria, the other in 1771, addressed to the Abate Spallanzani. * * In consequence of these writings, Count Firmian, then governor of Lombardy, appointed

* Lord Elgin has been so bitterly and generally censured for removing those marbles from Athens, that we cannot refrain from here inserting Canova's opinion of the act, as we find it recorded by Maffei, who, in his account of the great sculptor, tells us—

"From the banks of the Seine Canova repaired to those of the Thames, in order to gaze upon the Parthenon marbles, respecting which he wrote as follows to Lord Elgin, on the 10th of November, 1815: 'Permit me, my Lord, to express to you my delight at having beheld in London the precious ancient marbles which you have brought hither from Greece. I cannot satisfy myself with again and again gazing on them, and, short as my stay in this capital is to be, I consecrate every possible minute to the contemplation of these celebrated relics of ancient art. I admire in them truth to nature, conjoined with the selection of beautiful forms. In them every thing breathes life with admirable distinctness, with exquisite artifice, but without the least affectation, the pomp of art being veiled with the most perfect mastery. The nude is real and most beautiful flesh. I esteem myself fortunate in having been permitted to contemplate with my own eyes these excellent performances, and should hold this sufficient recompense for having journeyed to London. Great is the obligation and the gratitude, my Lord, that *amateurs* and artists owe you for having brought within their reach these magnificent, these stupendous, sculptures. I, for my own part, beg to offer you my thousand cordial thanks for the act.'"

him at first regent of the schools of his country, then professor of physical science at Como, whence, in 1797, he was promoted to the same chair in the University of Pavia."

We pass over Maffei's somewhat minutely detailed account of Volta's earlier researches, discoveries, and inventions relative to electricity, hydrogen gas, and the like, not because we esteem them of slight merit or value, but because at the present day, after the immense progress of physical science, in great measure through his instrumentality, and with the actual well-nigh universal diffusion of knowledge, we conceive the progress of information fifty or sixty years ago to be interesting only as matter of history. We must state, however, that, at the time, the fruit of Volta's labour was esteemed of such value, that, upon his visiting England in 1792, he received from the Royal Society a medal struck in honour of his invention of an electricity condenser. We now proceed at once to that which Volta's learned biographer, Biot, has well termed

"The great discovery of the development of electricity from the mutual contact of bodies; a principle absolutely new and unsuspected, which Volta, through his consummate sagacity, discerned, which he established by a series of experiments skilfully and judiciously conducted, and from which he deduced an application so happy and so extraordinary, that this is, if possible, a yet greater discovery than the very principle whence it is derived."

The manner of Volta's discovering this new and important principle requires that the circumstances which led to it should be briefly mentioned.

"Luigi Galvani, born at Bologna on the 9th of September, 1737, dedicated himself to medical science, in which he made such proficiency that he was named professor of anatomy to the renowned Bolognese Scientific Institute (*Istituto delle Scienze*). He especially practised the difficult art of experimenting judiciously. * * In the prosecution of his experiments, it chanced that some skinned frogs lay upon a table near the conductor of an electrical machine, and, one of the experimenters having accidentally touched the crural nerves, of one of the frogs with the point of a knife, the muscles of the dead animal moved convulsively. Galvani, noting this phenomenon, repeatedly tried the experiment, and believed that he had discovered a new species of electricity, which he denominated animal. * * He maintained it to be an animal law, and the discovery to belong rather to physiology than to any other branch of natural philosophy. But Volta undertook to prove, by admirably conceived and executed experiments, that this peculiar electricity was no other than the ordinary electricity, produced or excited by the contact of the metals employed in the experiment. * * *

"Not only were the two Universities of Bologna and Pavia divided upon

this question, but the whole of scientific Europe took part with either Galvani or Volta, and this last, unabashed by the great names enrolled amongst his adversaries, including that of Humboldt, demonstrated beyond dispute that, so far from the electric fluid being generated by the animal organization, it was merely a powerful stimulant, altogether extraneous to the nerves and purely metallic."

Maffei here enumerates all the papers, pamphlets, &c. that Volta wrote in defence of his own theory and in opposition to Galvani's; and this it is right that Maffei should do, inasmuch as he professes to write the history of the literature, not of the science, of Italy. But for ourselves, who are bound by no such ties of our own weaving, we care more for what the philosopher did, and to that we turn.

"Volta having ascertained by his experiments that this law of the development of electricity by simple contact was not confined to the metals, but applicable to all heterogeneous bodies, although in very different degrees of intensity, according to their several natures, availed himself of this principle most ingeniously to construct a new apparatus, which, through merely its immediate application, prodigiously increased the effects produced. This apparatus is called the *Voltaic pile*, or the *electric column*, or still better, the *electromotive apparatus;* and is capable of exciting a continuous electric current through all conducting bodies interposed between its poles; which current, being most potent to combine and decompose, is of the utmost use to chymical science."

It was with this pile of Volta's invention, but magnified and multiplied into a battery of intense, of even tremendous, power, that our own illustrious countryman, Sir Humphrey Davy, decomposed and reduced to their primitive elements the metals, the gems, the earths, the gases, indicated the identity of electricity and magnetism,* cleared up innumerable errors, and, it may be said, evolved the primitive elements of nature from their multifarious combinations and modifications;—discoveries that have, indeed, given a new character to physical science, and immortalized his own name, and of which the writer of this paper was an admiring though unscientific spectator in the theatre of the Royal Institution,—but discoveries which, however honourable to the genius that conceived their possibility, and by admirably devised and executed experiments elicited them from the bosom of obscurity, must have remained unattainable without the means furnished by Volta. To him from this, surely not irrelevant, digression we return.

"This portentous machine was first described by its inventor in a French letter to Sir Joseph Banks, in which he shows the analogy between the new apparatus and the torpedo. * * And afterwards

* Since so ably followed out and established by Mr. Faraday.

in a memoir upon the identity of the electric with the Galvanic fluid. * * * Galvani could not read all these refutations of his hypothesis, having died on the 4th of December, 1798." [So that he, though celebrated in the volume on the nineteenth century, did not even see that century's dawn.]

"France, in some measure severed from the rest of the world by her external wars, knew nothing of the great discovery of Volta, until Buonaparte had, in the year 1801, triumphed anew over Italy. Then was Volta summoned by the conqueror to Paris, where he repeated his experiments upon the development of electricity by contact, in presence of a numerous commission from the scientific class of the Institute, deputed to witness and judge them. The experiments and their results were received with the admiration they deserved. * * * The First Consul proposed to confer a gold medal upon Volta, and one was, in fact, struck in his honour, bearing a bust of Minerva, with appropriate legends.

"Elected deputy to the *Comices* of Lyons, Volta left the banks of the Seine for those of the Rhone. Again he returned to Italy, there to receive all the honours and emoluments with which his native land sought to guerdon his merit. He was named a knight of the Iron Crown, a member of the Legion of Honour, a senator, a count. After the fall of the kingdom of Italy, the Austrian government appointed him director of the Physico-Mathematical Faculty of the University of Pavia. In the last years of his life Volta's mind was impaired, so that he could no longer advance or enrich his favourite science. On the 5th of March, 1827, he died, at the age of 82, lamented not only by his own country, but by all Italy, by all Europe."

And here we take our leave of Maffei; but cannot lay down the pen without expressing our earnest wish that he may cast aside his scruples about writing of those who may be capable of reading his opinion of them; or, what would be still more desirable, that Camillo Ugoni may give us a few more volumes, including the living literature of this nineteenth century.

ART. IX.—*Erinnerungs-Skizzen, aus Russland, der Türkei und Griechenland, entworfen während des Aufenthalts in jenen Ländern in den Jahren* 1833 *und* 1834, *von Legationsrath Tietz.* (Reminiscences of Russia, Turkey, and Greece, sketched during a residence in those countries in 1833 and 1834, by Tietz, Councillor of Legation.) 2 vols. 12mo. Coburg and Leipzig, 1836.

IN giving some account of this work we shall take the same course with the author, and begin with Russia, because, notwithstanding all that has been written on that mighty empire, the subject is one of daily increasing importance, involving questions deeply affecting the future destinies of the civilized world. Without troubling our readers with half a dozen pages of commonplace, which it would be as easy for us to write as unprofitable for them to read, without even giving on this occasion our own opinion of the reality of the assumed projects of Russian ambition, of the facility, or the difficulty, of carrying them into effect, of the real, or affected alarm with which they are viewed by some, and the unbecoming levity with which they are treated by others, we will merely observe, that, as the probability of such projects being entertained and attempted, and the chances of success, depend on the character of the sovereign whose uncontrolled will directs the energies of that assemblage of a hundred nations, differing in laws, languages, manners, and customs, but agreeing in unbounded veneration and implicit obedience to their prince, whom they almost regard as a Deity on earth; it is indispensably necessary towards forming a correct idea of the matter, to be acquainted with the moral and intellectual qualifications, the talents and the weaknesses, the virtues and the vices, of him who wields, whether for good or evil, so tremendous a power, and of those who are the elements of which that power is composed. Every account, therefore, coming from a respectable source, whether confirming or refuting preceding statements, is worthy of attention, and we shall quote from our author, (premising that he is a warm admirer of the Russians and of their present emperor,) various anecdotes and observations, illustrative of his opinions of both.

His first impressions at the view of the magnificence of St. Petersburg resemble those of most preceding travellers.

"On the summit of the winter palace a white flag, with the crowned double eagle, was hoisted, as an indication that the sovereign of the east, the eagle that, with protecting wings and piercing eye, watches over the seventy millions of subjects in his immense empire, is in the capital; when the emperor leaves Petersburg the flag is struck."

We believe that this estimate of the population of the Russian empire (including of course the kingdom of Poland) at seventy millions, far exceeds the amount generally assigned to it. At least we do not recollect having seen any so high as even sixty millions, and we are inclined to think that the latest official reports do not make it exceed fifty-seven millions. But the Russian synod, which publishes the returns, gives only those of the members of the Greek church. We have been also informed, on good authority, that the returns of the Russo-Greek population are much below the mark, because the nobles, having to furnish a certain quota of recruits according to the number of their vassals, are not very accurate in the lists which they give. But, whatever the real amount may be at the present moment, the very rapid increase of the population must in a few years raise it to seventy millions and more. In the year 1834 the returns to the synod give the births and deaths of members of the Greek church as follows:—

Births.—Males.....979,877		
Females....928,801		
Total		1,908,678
Deaths.—Males.....657,822		
Females....635,176		
Total		1,292,998
Excess of Births		615,680

"There is, perhaps, no sovereign whose character has been so misrepresented as that of Nicholas, an observation however which applies only to foreign countries, and to a certain period, giddy with notions of liberty. He is adored by his people. What a truly noble-minded man this prince is, he has proved on numberless occasions during his reign, and the cry of moles, working in the dark is by this time pretty well reduced to the ridiculous nothingness to which it appertains.

"Even the person of Nicholas is truly imperial, inspiring awe, and yet exciting confidence. A well-proportioned vigorous body, above the ordinary stature, bears a head which seems to be formed after the noblest antique models. A slightly curved nose, a smiling mouth, and a blue eye, which beams with mildness united with austere dignity, beneath the high forehead shaded with light hair, give the countenance a friendly, and yet a serious cast. I was one day walking with a stranger who had just arrived at St. Petersburg, when we met the emperor in his little one-horse droschki, and, stopping a moment, respectfully saluted him. The emperor looked very stedfastly at us, on which I observed the countenance of my companion suffused with a deep red. On my inquiring what was the matter with him, he owned that the

emperor's look, which he could not call severe, had, however, confused him. He had felt that if he cast down his eyes his embarrassment would cease, and yet he had not been able to turn his looks aside from the emperor's majestic figure. I must observe that the person to whom this occurred was not a revolutionary Pole with a bad conscience, or a poetical visionary, but a very plain man. The Russians, even the common people, who are accustomed to look upon the Czar as their father, and therefore seldom call him any thing but 'our good father,' as they do the empress 'our good mother,' are more bold. I have sometimes seen, when the emperor was going through the streets on foot, in his plain green uniform, and without any attendants, old Russians, with their long beards and in their national costume, familiarly approach the sovereign, and state their concerns to him, on which the emperor appeared to give them a kind answer, with which they departed well satisfied.

"The foundation of the great moral energy and firmness which the emperor has so frequently manifested in imminent danger proceeds from a firm reliance on God, who has saved and protected him when death insidiously menaced his life. It is well known how, in the rebellion which broke out on his accession to the throne, he remained for hours, without fear, amidst the troops of the rebels, and at length, only when all his expressions of mildness and clemency were disregarded by them, had recourse to rigorous measures. An officer in the ranks of the rebels, who declared on the trial that he had sworn on the host to murder the emperor, confessed that, at the moment when he laid his hand on his pistol, an incomprehensible power had hindered him from executing his purpose. A look of the emperor's, which accidentally met him, while addressing the rebels, had at once unnerved and disarmed him.

"When on the breaking out of the cholera at St. Petersburg the frenzy of the people manifested itself in the most frightful excesses, and at length proceeded to the murder of the physicians, whom they fancied to be the authors of that dreadful disorder, the emperor, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, hastened to the Haymarket, where a furious crowd was collected. He addressed them with a menacing voice, and, when some began to complain of the poisoners, as they called the physicians, he commanded them to fall upon their knees and ask pardon of God for the wickedness of which they had been guilty: and, as if thunderstruck, thousands sunk down, and with tears implored God and the emperor to forgive their error.

"The cholera had appeared in Moscow and spread universal terror and consternation. People scarcely dared to approach the sick for fear of infection. Suddenly the emperor arrived early one morning in that ancient capital of the Czars; he repaired first of all to the church, where he prostrated himself in fervent prayer before the altar of the Lord. He then proceeded fearlessly to the cholera hospital, and, taking one of the most dangerous of the patients by the hand, spoke words of comfort to all of them, and exhorted them to rely on the support of the Most

High. 'I am come,' said he, 'to share sorrow and affliction with my children, with whom I have so often shared their joy.'

"In July, 1833, just before the great fête in the palace and gardens of Peterhof, the emperor received information from Paris, it is said from Louis Philippe's own hand, that some of the Polish fanatics in that city had resolved to go, under false names, to St. Petersburg, and during that fête, when perhaps a hundred thousand persons assemble in the park, to assassinate the emperor. It was generally believed in St. Petersburg that, after the receipt of such intelligence, the fête would be countermanded—but this was a mistake. The emperor even gave orders, that on that day no police officers should appear at Peterhof, and, accompanied only by his brother-in-law, Prince Albert of Prussia, he rode through the park in all directions, welcomed by the people, who trembled for the life of their Czar, with a frenzy of joy. Till late in the evening the emperor was seen with his family amidst the crowd, viewing the splendid illuminations, and many of those sanguinary assassins were probably present, as was proved by several arrests on the following day. Not the slightest trace of apprehension appeared in the countenance of the emperor. He had thrown himself on the protection of that higher power which shielded him.

"As a proof of the spirit of this pious resignation, we may quote the words which he spoke when the empress and the royal family at Berlin implored him, in the autumn of 1834, not to pass through Warsaw, that focus of ingratitude and treachery. 'I am in the hand of God. He has numbered my days—if I fall it must be his will. His will be done,' was the reply that the truly great monarch made to his family. When he reached the frontiers of the kingdom of Poland, he dismissed the troops which had been assembled for his protection, and, accompanied only by his faithful attendant, Count Benkendorf, travelled through the whole country to Warsaw. These traits of the character of the emperor are true, and yet ignorance ventures to insult such a monarch, and to stigmatize him as a tyrant, and Heaven knows what besides. Persons of sense may judge by this what they are to think of the yelping of the world-reforming revolutionists: to take the field against them, in order to convince them of their error, would be labour in vain.

"How the emperor has thought and acted towards his adversaries, who have injured him, the following anecdotes will show. On the breaking up of the camp of the cadets near Peterhof, in the summer of 1833, when they were invited to table by the emperor, he introduced two of them to the empress, saying to her, this is the son of General ——, who fell in my service at the storming of Warsaw,—and this is the son of Colonel ——, who died gloriously fighting against my troops, in the brave defence of the fortifications of Wola. I have promised to supply the place of a father,—do you therefore be a mother to them. This is the same emperor respecting whom the French journals fabricate the most ridiculous fables of the banishment of poor Polish children to Siberia, and which certain German journals credulously repeat after them.

"The emperor was informed that general S——, who was concerned in the Polish revolution, and had lately died at Paris, expressed his regret on his deathbed that his body would not be buried in his native land. The emperor immediately gave orders for the body to be conveyed to Poland at his own expense. A considerable pension was granted to the family of the deceased for life, and handsome presents sent to the daughters of the master of the house at Paris, where the general had lodged, and who had attended him with the greatest care to the last moment.

"Nicholas is a great sovereign, and at the same time a good father and husband. The domestic happiness of the imperial pair is not obscured by the slightest shade. The empress is a most amiable woman, a majestic and handsome figure, worthy of the consort who is most devotedly attached to her—a circle of fine children surrounds them.

"The emperor's eldest son, Alexander, now seventeen years of age, appears likely to resemble in personal and mental qualifications his illustrious father. Of the goodness of his heart there are many instances. As he goes out every day, advantage was taken of this to present to him innumerable petitions, and as there were probably many among them that could not be attended to, and the good nature and the purse of the prince, and, if they were insufficient, those of the emperor, were misapplied, the latter forbade the prince to receive such papers in future on his excursions. In spite of this prohibition, the prince one day brought home a petition, for which the emperor, on his presenting it, reprimanded him. The prince, then twelve years of age, replied, 'A poor officer crippled by his wounds, whose pension is scarcely sufficient to buy dry bread for himself and his numerous family, seeing that the authorities refused to make any addition to his income, applied to me, to submit to you, his emperor, through me, his humble request. In this case it was my duty to trangress your prohibition, and the really poor man, who has fought and bled for you, will certainly not be dismissed from your throne unheard.' The emperor embraced his son and desired him to follow in future only the feelings of his heart towards the unfortunate. A considerable addition was made to the officer's pension.

"As we are here giving characteristic sketches of the members of the imperial family, we must not pass over the emperor's brother, the grand duke Michael. He too is a handsome man, but there is a gloomy expression in his countenance. He is very generous, almost more so than his finances will allow, and especially to officers and soldiers. The following anecdote will show that it is not for the sake of public praise. An officer of the artillery, which is under the command of the grand duke, came from a distant garrison to St. Petersburg to receive money for his regiment. On his way back, passing the night in a small town, he was so thoughtless as to go to a gaming table and lose part of the money entrusted to him. In despair he hastened back to Petersburg, proceeded to the palace of the grand duke, and requested the aide-de-camp to obtain him a hearing of his

imperial highness, but without mentioning his name. The grand duke, being very busy, desired the aide-de-camp to inquire what the officer wanted. After some hesitation, the latter confessed his fault to the aide-de-camp, and said he was come to beg the prince to lend him the sum, to save him from inevitable disgrace. When the grand duke heard this, he rose angrily, and was going to the adjoining apartment to the trembling offender: when he reached the door he suddenly turned back—gave the sum to his aide-de-camp, and desired him to tell the officer that he did not lend him the money, but gave it to him—that he did not know him, and would not know his name—that he could not be saved a second time from a disgrace caused by his own fault, and therefore he should take care to reform.

* * * "During my stay in Russia, it gave me great pleasure to observe the national peculiarities of the common people. A circumstance that immediately strikes a stranger is the dexterity and docility of the Russians. Thus it is well known that the regimental bands are composed of young peasants, who perhaps had never before even seen the instrument upon which they, in a short time, attain great perfection. The leader of the band says to the recruit, 'You are to play on *this* instrument,' and a Russian does so. The most remarkable instance of this aptness at learning, is the celebrated horn-band, now in England. The natural talent of the people for music and singing, certainly has its effect; for a song is the inseparable companion of the Russian. Whatever he may be doing, he sings, chiefly slow airs, in a minor key.

* * "A friend of mine, who had apprenticed several of his young peasants to mechanics and artists in St. Petersburg, employed one of them, who had been about three years with a painter, to paint a saloon for him, the ceiling of which was so admirably done as to excite the astonishment of connoisseurs.

"How many tools does a German carpenter take when he goes to his work? The Russian has nothing but an extremely sharp hatchet sticking in his girdle, and with this he executes every thing, even the carved ornaments of the wooden buildings. If he wants a plumb-line, he ties his axe to a piece of string, and this answers all his purposes just as well. When I lodged in the *Hôtel de Londres*, I often looked for hours together at the erection of the booths intended for the festivities of the carnival, and could scarcely conceive how the fellow, merrily singing all the time, could execute with his hatchet alone all the variety of carved work which adorns the gable-ends and the balconies of the booths.

"The Russian possesses extraordinary presence of mind, which often borders on rashness, and, if you point out the danger to which he exposes himself, he replies very coolly '*Neboss*,' Never fear. On the erection of the Alexander column, one of the rollers employed on the occasion caught the hand of a workman, and threatened to drag his whole body under the enormous mass, which must have crushed him to atoms. A Russian carpenter, seeing the imminent danger, snatched up his sharp hatchet, and, crying *Neboss*, cut off the arm of the sufferer at one

stroke. The man who had in this dreadful manner suffered amputation was conveyed to an hospital, where he speedily recovered. The emperor has given both to him and his resolute surgeon an annual pension of 500 rubles."

We have no room for any of the author's descriptions of the various fêtes and amusements of the Russians, of which, besides, accounts may be found in the works of preceding travellers, but we take some passages from his description of the promenade to the park of Catharinenhof, on the 1st of May, which resembles, in many respects, the promenade of Longchamps at Paris, and that of the Prater at Vienna; all intended to welcome the return of spring.

"The empress, with the princesses and their ladies, takes part in this as in all other popular festivals, as well as the emperor and the princes, who appear on horseback. The fête seems to be contrived to give people an opportunity of displaying their new equipages, which drive slowly up and down the great avenue for hours together, the pedestrians collecting in the road between the two lines of carriages to see the company, or to exchange a few words with ladies of their acquaintance in the carriages. Among the people who are dispersed over the extensive park, and fill the well-furnished ordinaries, &c. you see many persons in singular costumes, from all parts of the empire. I was particularly struck with the Armenian princesses, in their half Oriental costume, with a kind of diadem on their heads, and long white veils, who since the country has submitted to the Russian government, live at St. Petersburg, where they have apartments in the Winter Palace, and receive considerable pensions from the Russian crown. I was much amused with a Samoiede, a crooklegged little fellow, about three feet and a half high, with a flat, wrinkled countenance and black bristly hair. He wore high boots of undressed reindeer skin, and a short scarlet coat, fastened round his waist with a bright tin hoop. A silver medal, with the effigy of the emperor, was hung round his neck. I had seen him before at the masquerade in the Winter Palace, at New Year, and heard that he had been sent by his people to submit to the emperor some matter concerning their tribe. It was probably on this occasion that he received the medal. To judge by his jumping and capering, he was highly delighted with the novelty of the scene, and his dwarfish figure formed a strange contrast with the broad-shouldered colossal subaltern officer of the guard who led him about, as appointed to wait on him. When the emperor saw him, he rode up to him, and conversed with him for a few minutes. His puppet-like clapping his hands and capering seemed to indicate that he was telling the emperor how much he was amused. Two Persian monks also, in their long dark robes and high pointed caps, walked gravely among the crowd. I heard the following particulars of their visit to Petersburg. At the beginning of April, 1803, two strange figures were found, at day-break, sitting on the steps of the

Winter Palace. They were asked what was their business, but appeared not to understand the Russian language, only repeating several times the word Czar. Here they remained unnoticed by the people, (who are accustomed to see strangers of all kinds at Petersburg) till about 11 o'clock, when the emperor came out of the palace, to go as usual to the parade. The strangers bowed their knees to him, and addressed him in a language unknown to him, but which was understood by one of the aide-de-camps, who had made the campaign in Persia, and learnt the language of the country. This officer interpreted their address, which was of the following tenor. 'The strangers were Persian monks, who had heard of the glory of the Russian Czar, and of the clemency with which he had treated the vanquished Persians. Their only wish had been to see the great monarch once in their lives. They had therefore left their homes, and had journeyed on foot for many months through the strange country, but were now rewarded for all their trouble. They had seen the emperor and would now return home; the recollection of this hour would brighten the remainder of their days.' The emperor invited them to remain longer in the capital, and gave them an officer to attend them, with orders to make their visit as agreeable to his guests as possible. They received valuable presents, and were subsequently sent home at the emperor's expense.

"At the beginning of May there is a review, in the square called the Field of Mars, of all the guards, amounting to 50,000 men. At seven o'clock in the morning the troops begin to be drawn up, part in the square itself, part (the artillery, for instance) in the adjoining streets. The windows of the palaces that command the square are gradually filled with spectators, as well as the Summer Garden, which is separated from the square only by a narrow canal. At eleven o'clock the Emperor arrives, with his brother the Grand Duke Michael, and the Imperial Prince Alexander, surrounded by a crowd of aide-de-camps, and rides down the ranks, which receive him with a morning salutation, to which the emperor replies, 'I thank you, children.' Then comes the empress, with the princesses and the younger princes, and their ladies in open carriages, and take their places next to the canal of the Summer Garden. Meantime the diplomatic body arrive on horseback, and station themselves next to the equipages of the empress. The emperor, after riding along the ranks, comes to the same place, and salutes the empress and the foreign ambassadors, among whom he particularly distinguishes the Prussian (at that time General Schoeler), and the Austrian, Count Fiquelmont, whose lady is honoured with the friendship of the empress. A short time before this review the French charge d'affaires had said that the horses of the Russian cavalry were bad; which was a genuine French lie, as most of the horses of the guards cost not less than 1000 rubles, and are not excelled by any other cavalry, even the English. The emperor had heard of this expression, and when this fine cavalry defiled before him, he turned to the Austrian ambassador, and said, smiling, 'What think you, Count Fiquelmont, would my bad cavalry horses be able to bear the march to Paris?'

We will not determine whether the Frenchman, who was close by, was much edified by this question.

"On a sign from the emperor, the aide-de-camps gallop off in different directions, and the masses of troops begin to move. The infantry files off first, the bands of the regiments being ranged on the side near the emperor. It is a noble sight to see these athletic figures pass in close ranks with firm step; they have given ample proof in the late wars that they are not merely soldiers for the parade. I was most pleased with the Pawlosk regiment of the guards, which retains the old-fashioned brass caps. The first division of the cavalry was that of the Circassians, consisting of 300 men: they are inhabitants of the Caucasus, who, though they have often submitted to the Russian government, have taken every opportunity to resume their natural savage disposition, and to harass the Russian troops stationed in their country. The government has now adopted a plan to attach them to it. Three hundred of these Circassians are sent to Petersburg, where they form a division of the guards, retaining their national costume and arms. Being very well treated, and receiving high pay, (the private has twenty-five Prussian dollars, near four pounds sterling, per month,) their residence in the capital is very agreeable. At the end of three years they are relieved by 300 others, and on their return to their native mountains cannot sufficiently praise the good treatment they have experienced, which naturally gives their countrymen a favourable impression of the Russian government. This plan has had the desired effect; and nothing has been heard of their predatory incursions for some years past."

The author enumerates the other regiments of cavalry, the artillery, and, lastly, the pontooneers, with eighteen flat-bottomed boats, each on a waggon drawn by eight horses, followed by other waggons, with the beams and planks necessary for laying down a bridge.

"Soon after this parade, May, 1833, we read in the French journals, and after them in some revolutionary papers of Southern Germany, a strange story to the following effect: 'An officer of the guards, animated with the idea of delivering the world from the Emperor Nicholas, that oppressor of liberty, fired a pistol at him at that parade. The shot did not take effect, and the noble-hearted martyr was immediately cut down by other officers.' The countless multitude of French lies of this kind, and the repetition of them by the German preachers of liberty, are as ridiculous as the ermine mantle, which the demagogue Behr, now confined in the prison of Munich, had made for himself as future *Duke of Swabia*. It is not worth while to contradict this fable. I was myself about twenty steps from the emperor at that parade, and neither saw nor heard anything of the pistol-shot of the French journal. The only accident that occurred was the falling of an artillery horse; it requires a lively imagination to transform this into an attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia."

The author here inserts some anecdotes of the personal bravery

of the Russians, which are too long to be inserted here, and the less necessary, as the valour and perseverance of the Russian soldiers are generally acknowledged.

"A great deal is done by the government for the scientific education of young men intended for officers in the several Corps of Cadets, in the Superior Engineer and Artillery Schools, the Corps of Marine Cadets, the Pilots' Schools, &c. There are in the Russian Empire the following Military Schools:—

The Corps of Pages	with	168 cadets.
The First Corps of Cadets		697
The Second Corps of Cadets		702
The Emperor Paul's Corps of Cadets		500
The Moscow Corps of Cadets		638
The Emperor Alexander's Corps of Cadets		429
The Tambow Corps of Cadets		102
The Toula Corps of Cadets		90
The Noble Regiment		897
The School of Neplujeff, in Orenburg		50
The Superior School of Engineers		160
The Artillery School		182
The School for Ensigns and Subalterns of the Guard		102
The Imperial Lyceum at Czarskojeselo		50
		4767

And for the Marine—

The Corps of Marine Cadets	402	
The Cadets of the Pilots	300	
The Cadets of the Black Sea Pilots	222	
		924
Total,		5691 cadets.

The following is the amount of the several corps of the army:—

Infantry, including the Guards and the Military Colonies	450,000
Garrison Battalions	50,000
Invalid Battalions	50,000
Artillery, including the Garrison Companies	40,000
Engineers and workmen	18,000
Cavalry, including the Guards and the Military Colonies	95,000
Train	10,000
Cossacks and Irregular Cavalry	90,000
Total,	803,000

"Though I saw with great pleasure a naval review at Cronstadt, in which the evolutions of the fleet were directed by the emperor himself, I am not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to give an opinion. Recent events have shown the glory which the fleet has acquired under

the Emperor Nicholas, who annually devotes large sums to increase and improve it. Its co-operation at Navarin, and in the campaign of Field-Marshal Diebitsch against Turkey, the capture of Anapa, and the expulsion of the Turks from the Black Sea, have gained it well-earned reputation. What might the situation of the Turkish Empire now have been, had not a Russian fleet anchored in the Bosphorus in 1833, and protected Constantinople against the rebellious Ibrahim Pasha?

"The latest accounts state the Russian navy at 54 ships of the line, 35 frigates, 10 bomb vessels, 22 cutters, 50 galleys, 500 gun boats, 500 row boats, and 25 fire ships; in all 1196."

Our author speaks in terms of great commendation of the measures adopted for enlightening the people, especially of the department of the minister of popular instruction, under the direction of a native Russian, M. Uwarrow, President of the Academy of Sciences, who is well versed in most branches of learning, and most ardent in promoting its interests.

In the Oriental Museum, under the direction of M. von Adelung, the author saw a large collection of Indian and Persian paintings, which, for the drawing and brilliancy of colouring, may be called masterpieces.

"Among them is an almost contemporary portrait of Gingiskhan, which M. Adelung intends to have lithographed. It has the following inscription in Arabic. 'Portrait of the late Timur Khan, the Turcoman, drawn in the year 1020 of the Hegira, (1611 of our era,) by Sadiki Beg Efschar. The most humble of servants, Monin Mansour, obtained possession of it in the year 1095. May it be fortunate.'"

Here our author seems inadvertently to confound Gingiskhan and Timur; nor does it appear how a portrait of this date, even of the latter, can be called nearly a contemporary portrait.

Though the author seems to have travelled by land from St. Petersburg, he says not a syllable of any part of the empire through which he passed; his next chapter, commencing with his departure from Bucharest, on the 27th of December, 1833, gives an account of his journey from that place across the Balkan to Constantinople. His picture of the extreme misery and moral degradation of the inhabitants, the idleness and filth of the lower orders, the rapacity and tyranny of the Bojars, contrasted with the beauty and fertility of the country, is calculated to excite the most painful feelings.

"A Wallachian village," says he, "is the non plus ultra of the most disgusting filthiness and wretchedness, and consists of holes dug in the ground, over which there is a roof formed of poles, seldom covered with straw, but generally with turf. . . . To obtain provisions in such a village is not merely difficult but impossible. I could get nothing fit to eat, even by paying a high price for it. The postmaster could

not give me even a bit of bread, and advised me to smoke a pipe if I was hungry. The common Wallachian is lazy, because he knows that he shall not be allowed to enjoy the fruits of his labour, but that they will be taken from him under various pretexts by the Greeks, the farmers of the Bojars, who are the lords and masters of the truly pitiable peasants. These Greeks in Wallachia and Moldavia are the most good-for-nothing *canaille* on the face of the earth, and the Polish Jews, who cheat and plunder the peasants in Poland, are beings of a superior order in comparison with them. The Wallachian, therefore, lives from hand to mouth, regardless of the past and the future, with little more of human nature about him than the form. There is, perhaps, no country in Europe where nature is more kind and productive, but none where moral corruption, degradation, and slavery are greater than in Wallachia and Moldavia. Under a good prince, solicitous for the welfare of his people, these countries would probably be highly prosperous and flourishing."

Of his intercourse with the Pasha of Rudschuck, he says,—

"We sat, therefore, quite at our ease with the pasha, in whom we found (a rarity among the Turks) a very talkative man, and, unless we must place it to the account of the interpreter, one who made at times very sensible observations. As we came from St. Petersburg, he asked many questions about the Emperor Nicholas, his character, his domestic habits, &c., that sovereign being now highly esteemed by him, and by all the Turks, for the truly imperial magnanimity which he showed to the vanquished. We gratified the curiosity of our host to the best of our ability, since the recollection of so many admirable traits in the character of Nicholas could not but be agreeable to ourselves."

The Bulgarians are very different in their character from the Wallachians.

"They are," says our author, "a good-tempered people, not idlers and sluggards, like the Greeks, industrious, attached to their religion (the Greek), and hospitable in the highest degree, as we experienced on all occasions. Their language resembling the Russian, we were able to converse with them, and learned that they are mildly treated by their masters, the Turks, they being the only industrious cultivators of the soil in Turkey. The Bulgarian men are a robust, tall, vigorous race; the women beautiful, the form of their face and features resembling that of the women of the Greek islands, and their general figure and stature the fine forms and proportions of the Turkish women. Their beauty is heightened by their tasteful, fanciful costume.

The description of the passage over the Balkan is interesting. The highest point (that over which the author passed) is about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. Though it may be supposed that the general road for travellers is the most convenient, it is represented as extremely dangerous, and in some places so narrow, that it was necessary at a turn in the road to fire a pistol, as a warning to travellers coming in the opposite direction to

halt, before they entered the narrow pass where two horses could not pass each other.

"The great fatigue of this ride," says M. Tietz, "only increased my admiration of the energy and perseverance of the Russian soldiers. If not by this road, yet by similar impracticable paths, where a single horseman can scarcely proceed, Diebitsch, contending with nature and with a brave enemy, had boldly led a whole army, with horses and artillery, animated by the confidence of his great emperor. He who has seen the Balkan thinks Napoleon's passage over Mount St. Bernard a trifle in comparison, though his contemporaries have so highly extolled it."

We pass over the author's description of his journey to Constantinople, the occurrences of his visit in that city, and an excursion to the coast of Asia Minor. The observations on Constantinople are not remarkable for novelty; the author speaks favourably of the Turkish character, and notices in particular the more tolerant spirit which they now manifest. Thus, having obtained a firman to visit the interior of the mosque of St. Sophia, he and his companions remained there, even while the Turks were celebrating divine service; they stood aside, it is true, but they were not in any way molested or noticed. He even affirms that a certain degree of intolerance, for instance, towards Germans, is more evident in Paris and London than in Constantinople to an individual who is not a Mussulman. The Russians, however, are, it seems, the favourites, and a stranger who is asked what countryman he is, may be certain of the most friendly treatment if he answers *Ben Moskof*—I am a Russian.

After remaining only a week (from the 6th to 13th January, 1834) in Constantinople, the author embarked on board a Russian lugger which Baron Rückmann, the Russian chargé d'affaires, had appointed to convey him to Napoli di Romania, where he arrived, after a very favourable voyage, in three days.

We hardly know what to say of the hundred pages which the author devotes to Greece. He appears to have come with no favourable idea of the character of the people or of the country; even at Constantinople he says—speaking of the honesty of the Turks, who are very different from the *noble-minded* Greek, who will swear ten thousand times by the Mother of God that he is an honest man, and laugh in his sleeve when he grossly cheats you—the Greeks proverbially boast "a Greek will overreach ten Jews," and they are in the right. And again, "I was glad that the south wind continued, for I was much pleased with Constantinople, and had no mind to arrive so speedily in the classic land of Greece, where the *shortest residence is incontestably the most agreeable.*" On arriving at Napoli, he says, "Our doc-

tor (a German), a very accomplished young man, declaimed passages of the Odyssey in Greek, and was transported at the idea of treading the classic ground of Greece. N.B. He had never been in Greece before. Three weeks later his enthusiasm had vanished, and he longed for the moment when the ship should return to Constantinople." What he says of the filth of the streets, the want of accommodation, the extravagant price of lodgings, &c., may be, and we believe is, in a great degree, true, but we do not like the spirit in which it appears to be written. There is a levity of expression which, to our feelings at least, is offensive.

"Before the revolution, the plain between Napoli and Argos was adorned with plantations of olive and orange trees; now it is uniformly almost a desert. During the war, the Turks cut down the trees, 'that the fruit might not be gathered by the infidel Greek dogs.' What escaped them was cut down by the Greeks, "that the fruit might not be gathered by the infidel Turkish dogs.' All in honour of the faith. Now nothing is planted; so nothing grows, and Allah and God no longer perform miracles to make something out of nothing. Nobody expected the regency to do this, but as it received sixty millions of francs from the three great powers, it might have planted, that Greece might one day reap."

The author is throughout dissatisfied with Count Armansperg and the regency and their measures; he censures the trial of Colocotroni for a conspiracy to overthrow the government and his condemnation as highly unjustifiable, and speaks with contempt, and even sneeringly, of Mr. Masson, who conducted the trial. He takes every opportunity of decrying the English, and Mr. Dawkins, the resident, and his friend Mavrocordato, "whose sole object," he says, "from the moment of his arrival in Greece, was to throw Greece (of course for a weighty consideration) into the hands of England, to which it would be very welcome as a valuable addition to the Ionian islands, Malta, and Gibraltar."

We do not mean to say that the author has no ground for the censure which he passes on many measures of the regency, its too lavish expenditure of the money advanced by the allied powers, its maintaining a military force on a very extravagant scale, with a number of officers sufficient for a corps of 10,000 men, while the real number of men was only 4,000, the almost exclusive employment of Germans, &c., but there seems to be a hostile feeling, which renders it difficult to discover when we can rely on his having spoken impartially. He adverts in high terms of praise to the good intentions of the young king, but is extremely surprised at two measures which have been adopted since the king assumed the government; these are the appointment of Count Armansperg to the post of Chancellor of the kingdom,

with a salary of 40,000 drachms; and the removal of Colletti from the post of minister of the interior. These two thoroughly antinational measures he attributes to the king's counsellors, who have done him no service by their recommendation. "The highest place next to the throne should be filled by a Greek. And what real merit entitled this foreigner to it? The loan of sixty millions of francs has been spent during the two years that he has been president, and without any real advantage to the country. Let this suffice!" For a more correct idea of the affairs of Greece, we would refer our readers to the work of M. von Maurer, reviewed in our thirty-second number. We might quote a few pleasant anecdotes and well-written passages, but we have already devoted more space to the work than we intended. As we think it highly probable that it may be translated into English, we cannot refrain from expressing our hope, that the translator will have the good taste entirely to omit some passages most outrageously offensive to decorum, where scenes are mentioned without one expression of abhorrence, the bare remembrance of having even witnessed which should cause the cheek to burn with the blush of indignation and shame.

We will conclude, by stating that the author does justice to the Greeks in respect to their calm fearlessness of danger, and to their very great temperance and abstemiousness, the latter, it is true, in no very civil terms; when speaking of their vegetable diet, including thistles and all sorts of weeds, he quotes as a proverb, that "A Greek grows fat where an ass starves."

ART. X.—1. *La Battaglia di Benevento: Storia del Secolo XIII.* (The Battle of Benevento: a Tale of the Thirteenth Century.) Dal Dottore F. D. Guerazzi. 2 vols. 12mo. Parigi. 1835.

2. *La Madonna d' Imbevere.* (Our Lady of Imbevere.) Di Cesare Cantù. Milano. 1835.

3. *Giovanna Prima, Regina di Napoli: Storia del Secolo XIV.* (Joanna I. Queen of Naples: a Tale of the Fourteenth Century.) 12mo. Milano. 1835.

4. *Scene Istoriche del Medio Evo d'Italia.* (Historic Scenes of the Middle Ages in Italy.) 8vo. Milano. 1835.

IT were needless here to reiterate our former professions of the interest we take in the progress made by Italians in that branch of light literature which is held to be more especially and peculiarly dedicated to the recreation of the gentler half of the human race, and which assuredly often proves acceptable to women who would shrink, in humility or mental indolence, from severer studies. It is a branch in which the literature of Italy was singularly deficient, although abounding in works of entertainment, works of extraordinary wit and fancy, inasmuch as that wit and fancy have been allowed to run riot in such directions as preclude the works in question from constituting the amusement of females, the preservation of whose purity of mind is an object of sedulous care. This is one chief cause of our interest in Italian novel-writing; which interest, albeit not so lively as to induce the reviewing, or even the reading, of every new Italian work of fiction that appears, draws our attention to every new writer who, with any degree of success, attempts the line; and upon the present occasion we have thought a cluster of four such writers sufficient to claim the allotment of some few of our pages to an examination into their merits.

Yet, in thus grouping the four works, the titles of which head this article, we have been mainly influenced by respect for the opinions of our Italian brother-reviewers, who are pleased, though of course speaking of them separately as they were published, to call them all Historic Novels—a designation that, according to our system of literary nomenclature, can be claimed only by the first couple. The last two are decidedly neither historic novels, nor historic romances; nor are we, in fact, acquainted with any comprehensive or generic denomination which the canons of criticism, a sort of Herald's College of Literature, could assign to them. They belong not, as far as our knowledge extends, to any recognized and established literary genus; but neither can they be considered as conjointly discovering or founding a new one, for they are as dissimilar to each other as to all hitherto admitted classes or orders of literature. Each is as completely *sui generis* as the ornithological quadruped rejoicing in a duck's bill and an unrememberable name, or any other of the zoological anomalies of Australia.

The respective merits and demerits of the component parts of the heterogeneous lot may, however, be deemed by the reader of more importance than their scientific classification or nomenclature; and to these we now turn. They were first introduced to us by the eulogies lavished

upon them by their compatriot reviewers—eulogies of which the exaggeration cannot but appear superlative to the countrymen of Sir Walter Scott. We were prepared for disappointment when we should read them, and therefore were not by that disappointment blinded to the real merit that entitles them to our notice, to say nothing of the claims resting upon the originality of species of those two which may rather be termed novelties than novels. We shall say something of each in its turn, though we cannot of course give an analysis of, or extracts from, each, beginning with the last-mentioned brace, respecting which we flatter ourselves that our readers may feel some curiosity, and which, we confess, are more attractive in our eyes than mere novels, that offer more promise of future than positive present excellence.

Signor Giacinto Battaglia, himself the editor, we understand, of a well-reputed Italian periodical, (*L'Indicatore*, The Indicator,) as also a contributor to the witty *Figaro*, seems to be perfectly aware of the nondescript character of his *Giovanna Prima*, since in his——what shall we call the preliminary pages that are neither preface, advertisement, dedication, nor any other of the ordinary prefixes? let it be—address to the reader—he says, "This is neither a story nor an historical romance; it is a book, nothing more than a book, and God knows what a book!"

The reader may ask, is it not biography? and the question will be best answered by stating the nature of "the book." The author has taken the history of Giovanna as he found it in Giannone, without apparently troubling himself to seek additional information in less generally known or more circumstantial sources; but he has written only of the last few months of her stormy reign and existence, merely referring now and then to her youth. This alone proves his work to be no Life of Giovanna. Neither is it a novel, for he has not added a single fictitious incident to idealize or heighten the interest of the matter of fact, thinking probably that the plain tale of the fate of the unhappy queen, plotted against, dethroned and murdered, by her unprincipled and ambitious nephew, Carlo di Durazzo, to whom she had been as much a mother as an aunt, is abundantly tragic. But may not "the book," then, be called a History of Giovanna's Fall? No, courteous reader, no; a history it cannot be, for not only has the author invented conversations, as held amongst the various real personages and imaginary subordinates brought forward, to a degree so far exceeding the suppositious speeches and arguments put by old historians into the mouths of their personages, as to be inadmissible save in works avowedly of fiction; he has further imagined feelings as actuating his personages, and producing, or contributing to produce, the real events. This last invention, it will be allowed, excludes "the book" from the province of Clio, and it moreover appositely illustrates the objectionableness of such a nondescript species, or at least of this one. An ardent, jealous, and subsequently relenting, love is represented as the motive impelling the elderly Duca d'Andria to conspire against the queen, then past the mature age of fifty, and married to her fourth husband, that fourth husband being the object of the enamoured duke's jealousy. Such emotions, thus abruptly presented to us, are absolutely ludicrous, although possibly we might have slightly sympathized with

them had we seen the rise and growth of the noble conspirator's passion. But the growth and development of passion is no object of Italian dramatists and novelists, who prefer painting it at its height, in all its most startling violence—a taste belonging, we apprehend, quite as much to the southern temperament as to the prevalent revolutionary appetite for strong excitement. Perhaps, however, the desired end might, upon the present occasion, have been attained with less expenditure of patience and metaphysics, by giving, in this same way, two portions of Giovanna's life—its beginning and its close. Had the author painted the misery of the youthful queen with the brutal husband of her girlhood, Andreas of Hungary; the mode in which she incurred the suspicion of complicity in his murder,—of which Battaglia assumes, and we firmly believe in, her innocence, although for reasons that we have no time to urge here;—the long persecution of which that suspicion was rather the pretext than the cause;—and the splendour of her court after she had, upon a regular investigation, been formally acquitted by the pope;—the reader might better have understood the jealous duke's feelings, and would certainly have felt more deeply for the hardly treated and often-wedded queen.

But enough of Giovanna Prima and Signor Battaglia. Indeed it may be asked why we have at all noticed a work so full of fault. We have done so because, notwithstanding the faults, we discern in the author sufficient talent to render criticism a hopeful, if not a pleasing, task. He may not always conceive characters justly, but such as he conceives them he paints them well: in Giovanna, for instance, the union of queenly dignity and masculine fortitude with the softest tenderness; and his sketch of Margherita, the fond, innocent, amiable wife of the crafty usurper Durazzo, little as we have of her, is sweet and touching. His bad characters please us less, as tending to caricature, though Isernia is not ill done. We should like to see Battaglia, with due labour and preparation, attempt the legitimate historical novel. To biography he seems to us less adapted; gladly, however, if he will force us to recant this opinion, shall we make the *amende honorable*.

But we must not quite dismiss Signor Battaglia without making one observation upon his language. We are well aware that all continental languages are just now in such a course of progression as renders dictionaries of some few years standing nearly unserviceable; but Signor Battaglia appears to be a radical reformer, who, not content with adopting, borrowing, or devising new words, uses old ones in new senses, with a boldness that we have not remarked in any other Italian writer of the day; as, for instance, to take one out of many, he constantly employs the verb *chiarire* where we should have looked for *dichiarare*, much as if we should substitute to clear for to declare, and say he was *cleared* a rebel. Our criticism on language must, however, be of course advanced with due deference to the judgment of Italian critics.

The *Scene Istoriche*, the only one of these four works published anonymously, is, as before intimated, a production as dissimilar in character to *Giovanna Prima* as to such an historic novel as Ivanhoe. It is, we think, a better conceived species, and we shall be glad to see more Scenes, although Historic Portraits or Sketches might have been a more

appropriate title, inasmuch as the nameless author's graphic powers far transcend his dramatic. He has selected for the subjects of his Scenes four historical personages of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and has so painted or sketched them as to produce pictures illustrative of their times. These personages are a friar, a traitor, a baron and a prince.

The first of these, the friar, by name *Frate Giovanni*, a Dominican, we have long considered as one of the most remarkable moral phenomena of the Middle Ages; but, having no room for the particulars of his history, we must refer our readers for the motives of our admiration to Sismondi's able and interesting, though, to use an American epithet, somewhat lengthy, history of the Italian republics. Here it will be enough to say that, amidst the unbridled passions, the incessant wars, private and public, which distracted the petty republics and petty principalities of Italy during the thirteenth century, Frate Giovanni went about preaching peace and Christian charity, and, by the sheer force of his sacred eloquence, compelled the fiercest nobles, the most unruly democracies, the most virulent factions, to make peace; and the women, it is averred, to reform such parts of their toilets as offended the moral or economical sense of their enthusiastic monitor. But adequately to delineate Frate Giovanni would require, besides a master's hand, some portion, if but a single spark, of his own earnest eloquence; and we have said that our anonymous scene-painter, though by no means wanting in talent, is deficient in dramatic, and we may add, in oratorical, genius; wherefore this, the best chosen, is not the best executed, of his Scenes. It may be added, that the drama or portraiture is incomplete. Our author neither exhibits to us the change unfortunately wrought in the successful preacher's mind by the absolute authority to which that success elevated him, nor the final result of his exertions, though we have an intimation that the peace he effected was short-lived. We speak not this as derogatory to his merits, for, upon the admitted principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, we allow the shortest peace to be better than uninterrupted war. But there is a mean employed by the friar to effect the peace, respecting which we are more dubious. He is represented as prevailing upon a lovesick maiden to sacrifice her passion, and marry as was requisite to obtain her family's assent to the peace; and we think we are entitled to require of the author who acquaints us with this hazardous experiment that he should inform us of its result; and, if the enamoured Italian's virtue chanced to fail in the long-enduring trial to which the enthusiastic friar exposed it, that he should further inform us whether Frate Giovanni felt remorse for having driven a frail fellow-creature into temptation, or rested content upon the rectitude of his intentions.

We turn from *Un Frate* to another *Scena*, less intrinsically interesting, but highly characteristic of the times, and in which the author has been far more successful—we mean *Un Barone*, in which we are presented with the death of one of the lawless robber-barons of the Middle Ages. As there is no story, we need give little more than extracts.

"During the first half of the fourteenth century, the Lord of the Castle of

Pietramala, and head of the potent family of the Tarlati, was the terrible Pier Saccone, a keen partizan in the political factions of the Tuscan towns, a fierce Ghibelline, and the most formidable of the country nobles, those perpetual enemies of the free communities. * * *. A daring, indefatigable captain, Pier Saccone was likewise the most sagacious contriver of stratagems and surprises, and the most dexterous leader of a skirmish. At upwards of ninety years of age, he still fought gallantly on horseback at the head of his soldiers, despising the inclemency of the season, the hardships of a camp; he would ride night and day to achieve a surprise, or to ravage and pillage an enemy's domains.

* * *

"Pier Saccone had now completed his ninety-sixth year, and at this advanced age suffered from no malady, no infirmity. His bodily vigour seemed to be invincible, but his spirit to be enfeebled, his indomitable energy to be failing. He seldom quitted the family rooms, no longer visited his horses, no longer heeded his own weapons, or took care that his foot-soldiers and men at arms, who swarmed at Pietramala, kept theirs in proper order. He spoke seldom, and then harshly and abruptly; society, even that of his sons, seemed irksome to him, and he no longer smiled at the sallies of his fool. Only Arrighetto di San Paolo, the most trusty minister of his stratagems, the most approved and wary master of military guile, was always permitted to bear him company. This sudden change, at his advanced age, was considered as a sure sign of approaching death.

* * *

"In the castle of Pietramala there was a spacious hall, in which the Tarlati family was wont to assemble, where guests were received and banquets held, and where, after the tables were drawn, the inmates of the castle passed the long winter evenings together, warding off listlessness by some game, or some more serious occupation. Here, for the most part, whilst the ladies busied themselves with embroidery, the men formed a circle round the immense hearth, telling stories, laughing and shouting at some jest of the fool's, or boasting each of his own feats of arms.

* * *

"On the 15th of February, 1356, the snow fell fast upon the Appenines, and the inhabitants of Pietramala seemed to be sunk in lethargic despondency. Pier Saccone sat before the fire in a vast arm-chair; Arrighetto di San Paolo stood beside him, and the wife of Marco Tarlati, the eldest son, was seated a little further off, by a window. The wrinkled face of the aged Baron was pale, his bending body leant heavily against his chair, his bald forehead hung low, nor from under his bushy grey eyebrows was seen the glitter of his flashing eyes—they were closed. * * * Suddenly Pier Saccone raised his heavy eyes, turned them first to the window, then to Arrighetto, sighed, and said, 'What a miserable day! What a melancholy, intolerable winter! I feel the frost in my very bones!'

"'My Lord,' replied Arrighetto, 'after the snow will come sunshine; after winter, spring; and you will be stout again.'

"'Stout again?' rejoined the surly old man, as if offended at words that denoted a suspicion of his debility. 'Stout again! Dost think me enfeebled because I remain sitting here? * * * But this year's snow is quite intolerable. * * * Come, Arrighetto, come, say something to cheer me.'

"'I was thinking, Messer Piero,' said Arrighetto, 'that this snow, which so annoys you, would be mighty useful to any one who had a surprise to attempt; for in this rough weather every mouse will be in his hole, asleep and unsuspicious; and how softly softly the soldiers would tread on the snow, unheard, and be in the nest before a soul was aware of them.'

"'Thou art the cunningest robber I know,' returned the Baron, trying to smile. 'But thou sayest well; I know how well thou sayest; for here is a great thought brooding,' and he pointed to his forehead.

"He tried to rise, but, finding it difficult, called to his daughter-in-law to give him some comforting drink. Having drained a large pitcher of pure Montepulciano, (an Italian wine,) he appeared to recover his natural warmth."

With the aid of Arrighetto's arm, the drooping veteran now achieves a walk through his castle, rating his troopers by the way for their neglect of their unfurbished arms, and reaches his stables.

"There he patted and caressed the proud front and ample chest of his favourite charger, who neighed for joy on recognizing his indomitable rider. * * * But, as he left the stables, the over-wearied old man fainted in the arms of Arrighetto and his sons, who carried him back to his arm-chair by the hall fire. * * * All surrounded him; the sons supporting their father's head, the daughter-in-law bathing his temples with spirits, the chaplain feeling his pulse, and awaiting the return of his senses, to offer the old lord spiritual comforts.

"Rest and heat gradually revived the aged Ghibelline; little by little he opened his eyes, rolled them slowly around, and perceived where he was, and how anxiously his children and friends were tending him. At first he looked upon them affectionately; but to this kindly emotion succeeded irritation at the consciousness that life was failing within him, and that those who surrounded him knew it. Angrily he asked why they were all pressing upon him. * * * 'Old Tarlati is not yet in the death-throe, Sir Priest,' said he to the chaplain. 'They have deceived you, if they called you in my name. Other business than death and shrift have I. Pier Saccone is alive, and those shall soon know it who are little thinking of him. But another draught of Montepulciano, Bice,' to his daughter-in-law, 'for I am still very cold.'"

Old Tarlati now dismisses all but his eldest hope, Marco, no youth we should imagine, and Arrighetto, to whom he gives instructions for surprising, according to the suggestions of the latter, a castle belonging to the Bishop of Arezzo, that prelate being of the hostile family of the Ubertini. Marco obeys; and, accompanied by Arrighetto di San Paolo, leads forth his band, no one knows whither. The old baron refusing to go to bed, the household sit up; and, as the night wears away, the impatient planner of the enterprise despatches messenger after messenger, including his second son, Lancilotto, to look out for tidings of the secret expedition. At length—

"the doors of the hall opened, and the two sons of Pier Saccone entered. * * * Marco Tarlati was pale, and humbly he advanced towards his wrathful parent, seemingly not daring to look up at him. Beatrice was advancing to embrace her husband, but, seeing him in such evident distress, she stopped half-way, confounded and disheartened. Amidst the silence and confusion of all present, Pier Saccone raised his haughty front, and said, 'Marco, if thou returnest a conqueror, why comest thou not to thy father's arms?'

"Marco advanced a step, then paused, as in perplexity and affliction. Pier Saccone now looked at him more sternly; then, dropping his head and extended arms, said, with a sigh, 'I understand; thou comest home defeated.'"

In fact, Castel di Gresso had proved far more strongly garrisoned than was anticipated, because the reverend bishop, disdaining as boys the probably grey-headed Marco and Lancilotto Tarlati, was preparing to profit by Pier Saccone's expected death.

"In accents faltering with rage, the baron resumed: 'The Ubertini have then triumphed over the Tarlati?'

"Marco, now taking heart, replied: 'Father, we found them two-fold our numbers, and were repulsed.'

"'And Arrighetto, where is he?' resumed the old man. 'Would he hide his shame from me?'

"'Arrighetto!'—Marco began, but dared not go on: Pier Saccone insisted.

"'Well; what of Arrighetto? Where is he?'

"'Arrighetto,' said Marco, in unsteady accents, 'was slain in the affray.'

"'Arrighetto slain!' yelled Pier Saccone, in a choking voice, 'and thou returnest alive to Pietramala?' * * * Suddenly he bowed down his head, inwardly and moaningly murmuring, 'Woe's me! The honour of the Tarlati is gone! Woe's me!'

"This said, his frame appeared to be nervously convulsed, and, with a violent and universal shudder, the dissatisfied veteran folded his arms upon his breast, remaining silent and motionless as a corse, and giving no other sign of life than the breath which painfully heaved his bent chest. * * * All present fancied him dead; and Marco accused himself as the cause of his father's death. * * * The priest attempted to feel the baron's pulse, but he snatched away his arm, hollowly but wrathfully uttering, 'Away, all of you! Let me not have so many witnesses of the Tarlati's shame. Away!'

"All withdrew, save the sons, the daughter-in-law, and the chaplain, who remained at a distance, watching the old baron, as he sank into his former silent immobility. * * * The chaplain drew near, and saw that he slept. * * * At length, Marco softly approached his father. He stooped down to look at him, and saw his eyes no longer closed in sleep, but wide open, fixed, extinguished. His shriek called his brother, his wife, and the chaplain to his side. Pier Saccone was dead!"

We now come to the works which we acknowledge as legitimate historic novels; and for one of these, *La Madonna d' Imbevere*, a few words will suffice, although its author, Cesare Cantù, is both a writer of decided talent and one of our Italian brethren. Let not the reader however suppose that, in revealing this fact, we are betraying the disclosure of confidential intimacy; we know no more of Cesare Cantù than any reader of the *Raccoglitore* may; for be it known to the British public, that Italian reviewers censure not and praise not incognito, but more frequently sign their articles than put them forth anonymously. *La Madonna d' Imbevere* is a short feudal tale, designed, it should seem, to explain the origin of a merry-making, still annually held in honour of the Blessed Virgin, on a certain day of September, in the neighbourhood of a sylvan chapel, consecrated to her as Our Lady of Imbevere. It is a pretty and interesting but very slight tale, displays most of the faults of continental feudal tales—of which we are about to speak more at large—and affords little or no picture of the manners of the age. It might almost induce a suspicion that Signor Cantù, our esteemed brother, has not studied the character of the times that he professes to delineate very assiduously, certainly not *con amore*.

La Battaglia di Benevento is a work of loftier pretensions; and its author, Dr. Guerazzi, appears to possess in a very considerable degree the power, one of the most essential to a novelist, of giving an individual reality to his characters, as he conceives them, and in like manner to his scenes, although neither are touched off so succinctly and dramatically

as to be, in the taste of the present day, striking. Still we think that Dr. Guerazzi, like Cesare Cantù, if he will endeavour to correct those faults which, though seemingly inherent in, are, we trust, not inseparable from, the continental school of the historical novel, may prove as successful an historical novelist as any of his now living and active competitors.

The faults to which we allude are,—1st, The taking an unfair view of the times meant to be depicted, by omitting, we apprehend not seeing, the good that mingled with and relieved the undeniable evils of feudalism; 2dly, An exaggeration of everything, faults, virtues, manners, feelings, character, and especially energies,* almost amounting to caricature; 3dly, A minuteness in describing and dwelling upon the *materiel* of the age, carried to such an excess, that these descriptions, instead of merely furnishing the scenery and costume of the drama, the back-ground of an historical piece, assimilate the novel to a still-life picture, with a few figures superadded; 4thly, A sort of baldness, a want of poetry, of imaginativeness and idealizing in the dialogue, and even in the conduct of the personages—a fault, by the way, which is yet more striking in modern Italian comedy;—and, lastly, a strange deficiency in the high tone of moral feeling which renders fiction, that is not professedly didactic, instructive, and often a valuable instrument in the great work of the cultivation of the human heart.

Turn we now from this consideration of the school in general to Dr. Guerazzi, who, by the above-enumerated faults, grievously deteriorates the effect of his real talents. A very brief statement of the story, or rather of the nature of the story, of *La Battaglia di Benevento*, with a few extracts from one scene, will, we think, sufficiently illustrate both the merits and demerits of the novel, and with these we shall, for the present, take our leave of the living novelists of Italy.

The portion of history selected by Dr. Guerazzi is one replete with political and romantic interest, namely, the overthrow of Manfred, King of the Two Sicilies, the legitimated son of the Emperor Frederic II., by a combination of domestic treachery with unjust foreign invasion. Manfred has been most oppositely depicted by Ghibelline and Guelph historians, and our novelist aspires to blend and temper these opposites into one romantic whole; he adopts almost every atrocious accusation brought against Manfred by his Guelph revilers, including parricide and fratricide, merely softening down the charge of incestuous adultery into a simple matter of *crim. con.*; whilst he, at the same time, invests him with the Ghibelline halo of genius, refinement, and heroism, exhibiting him as a great and good man, steadily and resolutely struggling against the flood of overwhelming calamity, and, what is perhaps yet more morally anomalous, as an excellent and idolized husband and father. The love-tale superadded to, and well interwoven with, the cabals and treasons that enabled Charles of Anjou to conquer Manfred, is the passion of the Swabian-Sicilian monarch's foundling, or at least nameless page, Rogiero, for his daughter, the Princess Yole. The page proves,

* M. de Balzac makes an army *march night and day*, an effort that we think even Napoleon would hardly have required without post-horses and carriages.

in the end, to be a natural son of the royal Lothario, Manfred, by the deceased Countess of Caserta, and to have been reared by the outraged husband with the fiendishly vindictive purpose of making the son the instrument of his revenge upon the father; in which the count so far succeeds, that Rogiero is duped into becoming the willing medium of communication between the traitorous nobles and Charles of Anjou; though, being afterwards partially undeceived, he fights stoutly for the father of his beloved Yole. Of such a story it is needless to say that the catastrophe is death; though it may not be so superfluous to relieve the reader from any apprehension of unconsciously guilty happiness in the loves of the half-brother and sister, Rogiero and Yole; Manfred once indeed takes their hands to unite them; but, struck by some unexplained feeling, changes his mind, and tells them their union is impossible. We will now give the promised extract, though the character of our Doctor's writing is ill adapted to be appreciated by extracts. The scene which we select shall exhibit Manfred's remorse, and his character in some other points, or rather Guerazzi's management of their exhibition.

"Manfred—I know not whether he were virtuous—he was great. Disinherited of power by his father's sin, he had devoted his every thought to acquire power;—between his hand and the sceptre were four lives, all sacred (father, brothers, nephew); he had put forth his hand and grasped it. * * *

"Alone, in a spacious apartment adorned with the effigies of his forefathers, Manfred sat upon a Saracenic couch, his face buried in the pillows;—but for an occasional panting start, he would appear to be asleep. * * * Now he rises impetuously, takes a couple of strides, and pauses—he points his right hand upon the table—rests his weight upon the left leg, across which he throws the right, resting the extremity of the foot upon the pavement*—his eyes are fixed immoveably upon the ground—his lips quivering;—the blood passes over his face like a sea-wave, whence now it appears on fire, now deathly pale. He turns in terror—strains his gaze on that part of the chamber which the silver lamp upon the table scantily illumines, and prepares for flight; then, calling up his courage, he advances—recoils—rushes desperately forward, and touches the object of his alarm. It should seem that the indistinct light, to his excited imagination, converted all objects into insupportable phantoms."

The king extinguishes the lamp, and a dreadful thunder-storm arises:—

"A flash of lightning—the eyes of Manfred are unconsciously turned towards the portrait of his father Frederic. The red light seems to kindle the picture with momentary life: the eyes roll, glistening in blood; the lips move for words of fire. Woe to Manfred had that vision lasted longer than the flash—his brain must have turned, his heart have burst. * * *

"A sweet prelude upon a lute soothingly reached his ears. His soul heeded it not. * * * The tones were accompanied by a voice melodious with secret sadness;—it awoke all the bland recollections, all the soft affections, that dwelt in the heart of Manfred; his head slowly sank into his hands, he wept. * * *

"In a remote apartment Queen Helena, having dismissed her ladies, sat with her children, Yole and Manfredino. Together they had prayed for pardon and for peace; and, as their orisons ended, the storm had begun. The noble Helena concealed her sense of the inauspicious omen, and playfully strove to encourage Yole, who clung to her, and the boy Manfredino, who, seated on

* Is not the style of this description characteristic of a nation in which the graphic arts reign pre-eminent?

a stool at her feet, had placed one of her hands over his eyes, that he might not see the lightning.

"A door opens, and the eyes of all three are fixed upon the spot—Manfred appears, clad, contrary to his custom of always wearing green, in black mail, so that his person is lost in the equally black void of the open door. His face was disordered and pale, his hair stood on end, the eyeballs glared immoveable, amidst the horribly dilated white of the eye; he seemed still under the influence of a frightful dream. With loud shrieks, his children, dreading that some great calamity had befallen him, rushed towards their father.

"'I will defend myself!' exclaimed Manfred. 'Would you assassinate your father, as ——? Is it for you to condemn me? Crime expiates not crime. Must vengeance be eternal in my house?'

"'Father! Husband! Father!'

"These words must indeed be powerful in the heart of man, since they had force to recall Manfred from his agony of terror, and make life delicious in the aspect of his family. Little Manfredino had clasped his left leg, the kneeling Yole had clasped one hand, which she covered with kisses, and Queen Helena was inviting him to her bosom, as to a secure asylum. Overpowered with fondness, he raised and kissed his children, then flew into the arms of his affectionate wife.

"When he had thus tasted the cup of joy, Manfred said, 'In truth I believe, ye dear ones, that fate sends me anguish, in order that I may afterwards inebriate myself with your caresses. But heard I not music here? I came to be soothed with harmony.'"

Yole sings a melancholy ballad; then Manfred sings—improviso, we conceive—one of crimes similar to his own, and drops exhausted into a seat. His wife and children encircle him in loving silence.

"A low knock at the door recalled them from this painful state. Manfred motioned with his right hand to his family to resume their places, passed his left over his brow, as though to remove all traces of suffering; and thus restored to regal majesty, he said, in a steady voice:

"'Come in.—How, is it you, Alberico?' he added, seeing the master of the esquires, who, presenting his head at the half-opened door, seemed desirous of further encouragement to enter—'Come in boldly, Sir Alberico.'

"'Sir King,' said the master, coming forward, and bowing round to the royal family—

"'Well, Alberico, what is the matter? What would you?' asked Manfred in kindly accents, for he now felt the necessity of securing the attachment of his followers.

"'Sir King, a knight has presented himself at the palace-gates, who earnestly desires to speak with your Grace. I told him this was no fitting hour to disturb you; but he insists, alleging that his business is urgent, even importing life and death.'

"'His name?'

"'He will neither tell it, nor show his face; he is clad in foreign armour, but bears no weapons of offence.'

"'Who asked you of his weapons? Where is he?'

"'In my apartments, that he might be the less seen.'

"'Helena, Yole, Manfredino, fare ye well;' said Manfred. 'Ye see what the glory of a throne costs. It claims even the few happy minutes which every other man may enjoy to satiety in the bosom of his family.'"

The summons is from a knight (Rogiero), who, remaining unknown,

comes to reveal a plot, and conduct the king to surprise the conspirators. To this agreeable avocation, however unkingly in our eyes, Manfred dedicates the remainder of the night, and fails, inasmuch as the conspirators understand their business, and have means of escape undreamt of by Rogiero. And it was necessary that they should thus escape, or Manfred, contrary to history, must have remained King of the Two Sicilies. The scene of their escape, and Rogiero's disappointment, is dramatic enough; so is a subsequent one, when the ringleaders boldly attend the council summoned to consider of the means of discovering the unknown conspirators. But, as before said, and as shown in the preceding extract, Guerazzi produces his effect by such numerous small touches, in the obsolete Richardson style, as give incredible reality to his personages, but are most unfavourable for extracting. Besides which, we have already given to this group of Italian historical novelists all the space we had allotted, and can spare them.

Art. XI.—*De Paris à Naples, études de Mœurs, de Marin, et d'Art.* Par A. Jal, Chef de la Section Historique au Ministère de la Marine. Paris. Allardin. 1836. 2 vols. 8vo.

M. Jal professes to have "*la monomanie maritime;*" in fact, his predominating passion is for anything naval. No spectacle, to him, is to be compared with the sea and the vessels which sail over it; no ceremony is so attractive as a launch; though an ardent admirer of the fine arts in general, no picture is so interesting as that which represents a ship, or a port, or a sea-fight; his antiquarianism is employed upon the same objects, and the figure of an ancient hull, the description of the rigging of a Genoese man-of-war in the days of her republic, an old Venetian gondola new-painted, are things not to be passed over. The sea and the coast guide him in the choice of his route, and, when he arrives at a port-town, the spot at which we find him commencing his operations is invariably the quay. With every one, therefore, who has the *monomanie maritime*, or any tendency that way, this book will be an especial favourite. But the merits of the tour of M. Jal *from Paris to Naples* are by no means confined within so narrow limits—as an artist, and as an artist of no little taste and judgment, paintings and buildings and nature all come under his observation. People and their manners are by no means neglected, nor does our traveller disdain to admit into a corner of his journal the inns at which he stopped, the hosts who governed them, or the cheer which he found there.

Indeed these latter are by no means uninteresting points in a traveller's memorial, for they will generally furnish us with a key to his feelings and his humour, at certain times when he may show more than usual complacency or peevishness, almost as infallibly as the weathercock points out the direction of the wind. Many a hearty John Bull have we known, whose sudden passion for foreign adventure has been stifled, who has actually been driven back at once from his enterprise,

who has retreated with fallen crest, at the first dish which, the, to him, new world, has offered him. Not that we think the gaiety of a Frenchman would be damped so easily, or by such a cause. M. Jal, indeed, furnishes us with a signal example of the contrary, as the few extracts which we intend to give will abundantly prove.

M. Jal, attracted, as we have already stated, by the sea, entered Italy by Toulon and Monaco. We cannot follow him through, but we will not pass the former name without casting a glance at the village of La Garde, its pig-sties and its traditions. The grunting of the inmates of the former of these attributes will be more familiar to the ears of our English readers—we say *English*, because our journal itself is a most extensive traveller—than, apparently, to those of M. Jal. We give this passage, also, as a fair specimen of his general style, of his pleasant method of mixing pictures of the present with his *souvenirs* of the past—of his happy assemblages of views and portraitures and legends.

"La Garde is a miserable village, built on a rock which commands the plain, the ancient domain of the barony of this name. From the top of this rock, where are the ruins moderately curious of the castle and of the church, we have a view which extends to the sea, and which possesses the severe beauties of a tolerably grand style. The inhabitants of this place are poor and dirty, God knows! They ground all the annual prospect of their kitchen on the forced fatness of a pig, which each of them breeds in a little nook, that the poor animal cannot leave. There is nothing more singular than this multitude of little sties receiving light and air from the top, like pits, and almost all made in the cellars or other low constructions of the ancient castle or of the houses which depended upon it. These numerous piggeries, almost unperceived, and commonly revealed to those who pass by the grunting of their tenants, give to La Garde a peculiar character of its own.

The barony of La Garde belonged to the sister of the Marquis of Argens. The gentleman philosopher died there; the poor baroness was less fortunate! She had frequent discussions with her brother on the subject of the opinions which he laboured to propagate, and of whose terrible consequences she had presentiments. 'You will end, you and your M. de Voltaire, by bringing some sedition upon us; one day our peasants will refuse us the tithes, and the next day they will dispossess us.' 'Bah!' replied the marquis, 'you are always in fear! The present state of things will last as long as we shall.' It did, in fact, last as long as he did; he died in the bed of his ancestors; the bells of the chapel tolled at his funeral; his eulogy was pronounced over him; all the gentlemen and peasants of the barony followed his body to its last home; but the baroness of La Garde had prophesied accurately. During the period of Terror, she was dispossessed; her goods were confiscated, and she was mercifully allowed to go, old, poor, and deserted, to die in an hospital, where public charity paid for her bed and her moderate pittance! The remembrance of this circumstance rendered me sad when I visited the remains of the castle; another tradition came to enliven me. This legend is one of which the inhabitants are yet vain. They related it to me as follows. Like all the castles of the country, that of La Garde was built to defend the land against the incursions of the Saracens; often attacked, it always tired out the constancy of the besiegers. The bravery of the inhabitants saved them from slavery; but once it was to the presence of mind of one of themselves that they owed their safety. Surrounded for several days, closely pressed by a numerous army which had vainly tried to scale the walls, La Garde was upon the point of surrendering

for want of provisions. A single calf was all that was left for the garrison; it was scarcely enough for a single repast; what was to be done? A soldier contrived a stratagem; he caused a note to be written in terms somewhat as follows: 'You want strength to take us; perhaps it is hunger which weakens you; here is wherewith to recruit it. Every morning we will throw out for you so much provisions, for we will only owe to God, to the Virgin, and to our courage, and not to your fainting, our success in the unjust struggle in which you have engaged us.' This letter was attached to the neck of the calf, which was thrown down to the Saracens from the rampart. These latter, deceived by the stratagem, and despairing of reducing a place which possessed such ample provisions, raised the siege and left the country."—vol. i. p. 87—90.

We have not room to accompany M. Jal through his journey. One of his first serious annoyances was the post-house at Le Luc. Not that the house was disagreeable; the host was an example for all hosts; the dinner appears to have been most satisfactory. Our traveller—a Frenchman—was for once treated with too much singing.

"When I returned to the hotel of M. Jourdan, I know not what fly was in the ears of its inmates, but they did nothing but sing; it was an insupportable uproar. A great lout of a stable-boy uttered in the broad dialect of the place licentious songs; a girl who was washing the pots, but who had fortunately a very correct and very pleasing voice, was singing new airs of the operas-comiques; a countryman was singing; Madame Jourdan was humming; the little Jourdan was also saying his song; but all that was nothing; what was most annoying, was a handsome songster with a terrible voice and great pretensions, with his trillings and his cadences, and his great bursts of voice, a Gascon *commis-voyageur*, who Rossini-zed till he was out of breath. If we had not been already overcome with ennui, all this abominable gaiety would have been enough to make us downright dull. We supported, for two hours, this cross-fire of airs and vaudevilles and operas in all tones and in all movements, sung false or correct,—a din diabolical enough to have driven away a sentinel, a beggar, or a lover, the three kinds of men who are most blessed with patience and resignation."—vol. i. p. 102.

M. Jal left Le Luc, cursed the town, and was satisfied. We pass over the vivid description of the uninviting "public" which he found at the village of Estrelle the following morning, and of the hag who officiated as hostess, to tell the horrors of a breakfast at Mentone, in the little state of Monaco.

"While the *facchini* were putting the baggage on the coach, we were placed at the most singular, the most detestable, breakfast that I ever saw, and I have seen many bad ones. The table was laid under a wooden shed, in a part of the garden where the strongest smell was certainly not that of the bloom of the lemon-trees. The hostess of this place, who did not expect so many visitors, (we were fourteen), made haste to put the frying-pan on the fire, to prepare the classic *frittata*, which was soon served to us. The good dame, among other excellent qualities which without doubt she possesses, and which must constitute the glory and the happiness of her husband, has that which renders people economical; we perceived it, for she used in her omelette the smallest number of eggs possible, no appearance of small herbs, and of oil just enough to hinder the eggs from burning. She placed beside this kind of tough paste, which was indifferently recommended by a certain taste of the nest rather distinguishable, the skeleton of a biped of the family of the gallinaceæ, offered under the pompous name of *polastro rosto*. This roasted chicken was so lean, so dry, so anciently cooked, that in truth it might pass for a parody;

it had already, without doubt, for several days presented this idea to many travellers, for it had escaped untouched from these encounters. We had the courage to attack it; it is impossible to tell what resistance there was on its side, and what perseverance on ours. Never was there a rougher attack; never with more gaiety. We breakfasted very ill, but we laughed much; which caused great pleasure to our hostess, who feared very much that we should have taken the joke in another tone. As she found us good fellows, and moreover as she wanted an excuse for swelling the bill, she brought forward a bit of veal, on which a party of wasps had lodged; they disputed vigorously with us their prey, which, with some tolerably good oranges and a little cheese, was the most substantial part of our repast. To pay was the last act of the farce; our female Véry demanded fifty sous each, insisting more especially, to justify this exorbitance, on the high price of poultry, and the good quality of her chicken. This was impudent! but the Italians are not wanting in such effronteries. We were astonished, and we protested; she insisted, without paying the least attention to our reproaches; at last, half willingly and half by force, she yielded and we escaped for two francs each. She had thus twenty-six francs for what, at an extravagant estimate, was not worth more than eight."—vol. i. p. 130.

The inns are not the only disagreeables of travelling when they are bad; the coaches as well as the coach-men sometimes cause trouble enough—we give but a short example.

"Night brought us to Novi, where we ought to have arrived in the morning. We had travelled slowly, and I made a complaint to my lord Cardinal (Cardinal was the name of the driver), who gave me a long and handsome argument to prove, 1st, that his horses were good and strong; 2ndly, that his horses were too strong to carry us quick; 3rdly, that if our baggage had been heavier, and our persons also heavier, we should have gone quicker, because his horses were used to draw heavy burdens. I confess that I did not take very readily the propositions of our driver; nevertheless, from politeness, and also because arguing ever so solidly against this paradox would not have made the sun recede, I yielded."—p. 386.

And now let us bestow a hasty glance upon M. Jal's second volume. He begins it at Milan, of the interior of whose celebrated *duomo* we have the following vivid description.

"The interior of the church appeared to me very fine, very noble. The vaults are painted, but it requires long habit and an excellent eye to discover this deception. Francis Brambilla, who was a skilful man, laboured much on the decoration of this sanctuary; there are some excellent sculptures by him. A fantastical statue of St. Bartholomew flayed, carrying his skin on his arm, is the work of Mark Agrates. This statue, which has been sharply criticized, appeared to me a fine piece, notwithstanding the horror which it inspires. It is a learned study, which, it is true, would perhaps be better placed in an academy of drawing, or at the university, than in a church; but, after all, why should it not be presented to the view of Christians, familiarized with the ideas of martyrdom, just as well as a St. Denis walking without his head, or a St. Lawrence or a St. Sebastian writhing amid the convulsions of agony?

"It was the octave of St. Charles, the great saint of Lombardy; so the tomb of Charles Borromeo, the patron of Milan, was decked out and resplendent with light. The crowd of pious visitors are descending into that subterranean chapel; let us follow them.

"Ten tapers of wax are still burning on the altar, which the archbishop has just quitted after having said mass there. . . . . What pomp! what riches!

what labour! Oh! Charles, whose device was so modest, how ill they honour thee! True, I read '*Humilitas*' written every where on that drapery; but that drapery is all of purple worked with gold! Thy body, embalmed, reposes on a cushion of velvet, in a robe of gold, in a cage of the finest, of the most wonderful rock-crystal, attached to brilliant walls of the purest metal! Over thy mitred head hangs a crown worth alone the principality of Monaco, the republic of San Marino, and, perhaps, one or two of the ancient margravates whose sovereigns were so proud. See there a cross of emeralds, which excel in beauty and size those with which the poetic imagination of eastern story-tellers embroider the robe of the calif beloved by fortune; a brilliant cross which the bankers of Europe would accept as a pledge for a loan for the benefit of a dethroned monarch, and which a royal hand deposited in thy sepulchre, dazzling as thy glory before God. The crozier which they have placed in thy left arm, would be sufficient for the endowment of an hospital for orphans: the altar on which thou reposest is of silver; the roof of thy little temple is of silver; the bas-reliefs which represent the incidents of thy life, sanctified by great works of an enlightened faith and of a never-failing charity, are in silver. There is over thee, under thee, about thee, the value of five or six millions of money, which gleams to my eyes by a magical effect of reflected light: and on the walls they have written *Humilitas!* * * *

"At Milan and in the whole country, they speak with the greatest love and the most profound respect of Saint Charles and the Borromei, who were near having a second saint in their family; I allude to the Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, who missed his canonization because it costs dear to enter paradise by permission of the papal chancellery. It cost the Borromei too much for Saint Charles; they dared not undertake the same business for Saint Frederick." —vol. ii. p. 5—10.

Milan is celebrated, among many other things, for its *Fantocchini.*

"I was weary, and had need of rest for my eyes and head: in the evening, I had recourse to a childish diversion, I went to see the *fantocchini.* The puppets of Milan are as celebrated as the Cathedral, the shrine of Saint Charles, the 'Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci, the gates of Saint Ambrose, and the arch of the Simplon—which I did not see, and I do not know why, but I have not the least regret;—the *burattini* of Genoa, and all those with which we had been regaled at Paris, were truly quite another thing. The dolls of Girolamo perform the drama quite as well as our actors of the theatre of Saint Martin; they dance exquisitely. The piece which they declaimed this evening was a grand romantic drama, intitled, *Prince Eugene of Savoy at the Siege of Temisvar.* An amorous intrigue proceeds from catastrophe to catastrophe, and, divided into six acts—six acts, you understand, and not five, like the imperfect dramas of Moliere, of Corneille, and of Racine—gives all the interest to the action of the piece, in the midst of which Girolamo, the great buffoon, the famous Girolamo, moves, kicks about, and jokes in the costume of a corporal, half-killing the good people of Milan with laughter at his rough brogue. A ballet played between the acts astonished me most, although the eloquent speeches of Prince Eugene had tolerably surprised me. The dancing of these wooden Perrots and Taglionis is truly inconceivable; there is not one of these puppets whose talents would not excite emulation in many of the dancers of Naples, of London, or of Paris, who obtain lucrative engagements. Horizontal dance, side dance, vertical dance, all the dances possible, all the *fioriture* of feet and legs which you admire at the Opera, you will find also at the theatre *Fiando*; and when the doll has finished her dance, when she has been well applauded, when the *st-st-st* is heard in the pit, the slight whistle of admiration which precedes the enthusiastic cry of *fori! fori!* that recalls the *artiste;*

she comes from behind the scene, makes her bow with an air, places her little hand on her heart, and does not retire until she has completely parodied the great singers and the proud dancers of the Scala. If she is called again, she complaisantly returns. If she is not called again, she is more philosophical than Mademoiselle Malibran; she sheds none of those tears of pettishness which they say the illustrious *artiste* always sheds when she is not obliged, after a representation, to come forward again more than three or four times." —p. 43.

Before leaving Milan we cannot pass over the following account of the present aspect of its society and of the state of public feeling, which appears to us so just and so natural.

"It was never intended to be a part of my plan to see society; too many objects lead to too much loss of time, and my hours were, as I may say, numbered. Before one is really admitted, several days are necessary; the warmth of a first reception is no rule for the future; invitations do not come on one's first arrival, so that it requires a long residence in a town before we can form an idea of its society. I shall therefore have nothing to say about the domestic character of the Italians; all I know of it is from the account which was given me by Italians themselves, when their kindness was not scared by my curiosity. At Milan everybody's house is closed against the world; there is no visiting but within the range of the nearest intimacy; the Milanese fear to open their houses to others, lest they should no longer enjoy liberty at home; the Austrian occupation would extend itself from the city, where it has the character of mistrust which distinguishes every occupation by an enemy, to the parlours, where it would be more uneasy and not less tyrannical; there would be a German officer in every house, at the corner of the fire, as there is at the corner of each street a sentinel in a yellow and black sentry-box, so soon as the couvre-feu is rung. The effusions of friendship, political speculations, words of hope for a better future, the regrets of a patriotism always curbed, would not be more easy in the private circle, than in the public places, gossipings, or assemblies of people. They would have Austrian arguments in all liberal conversations as they have cannon in the public places; they would have spies, and that which is as fearful to a Milanese, witty and sprightly as he always is, they would have dull companions. Thus no one opens his door, for fear that it should give passage to an Austrian; they abstain from social intercourse, in the apprehension that a German should immediately interpose himself between two friends, and between their thoughts. They see one another, and make their salutations to each other, on the public promenade; they converse together in the boxes at the theatre. Thus the Milanese seldom amuse themselves; it is true they oblige the Austrians to abstain altogether from amusement, and in this manner they take vengeance for the presence of their guards.

"I have often heard say in France, particularly since the revolution of July, that the Italians regret and desire the French; this has been imagined merely by our vanity. The Italians render justice to the passage of the French imperial administration over their provinces; they are grateful for the ameliorations which it introduced among them, but this is all; they are no more desirous of French at Milan, at Venice, and at Verona, than they are of Austrians. Perhaps they would disagree less with us than with the Germans, because the antipathies are less profound and the affinities of ideas more numerous, but they would not be our friends. The Germans are heavy rulers; we are insolent conquerors; we will make everything French where we place our foot, whether it be at Algiers or at Rome. The Austrians suffer the people to remain Italians beside them. They know that very well, at Milan; and thus if they desire the French there,

what labour! Oh! Charles, whose device was so modest, how ill they honour thee! True, I read '*Humilitas*' written every where on that drapery; but that drapery is all of purple worked with gold! Thy body, embalmed, reposes on a cushion of velvet, in a robe of gold, in a cage of the finest, of the most wonderful rock-crystal, attached to brilliant walls of the purest metal! Over thy mitred head hangs a crown worth alone the principality of Monaco, the republic of San Marino, and, perhaps, one or two of the ancient margravates whose sovereigns were so proud. See there a cross of emeralds, which excel in beauty and size those with which the poetic imagination of eastern story-tellers embroider the robe of the calif beloved by fortune; a brilliant cross which the bankers of Europe would accept as a pledge for a loan for the benefit of a dethroned monarch, and which a royal hand deposited in thy sepulchre, dazzling as thy glory before God. The crozier which they have placed in thy left arm, would be sufficient for the endowment of an hospital for orphans: the altar on which thou reposest is of silver; the roof of thy little temple is of silver; the bas-reliefs which represent the incidents of thy life, sanctified by great works of an enlightened faith and of a never-failing charity, are in silver. There is over thee, under thee, about thee, the value of five or six millions of money, which gleams to my eyes by a magical effect of reflected light: and on the walls they have written *Humilitas!* * * *

"At Milan and in the whole country, they speak with the greatest love and the most profound respect of Saint Charles and the Borromei, who were near having a second saint in their family; I allude to the Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, who missed his canonization because it costs dear to enter paradise by permission of the papal chancellery. It cost the Borromei too much for Saint Charles; they dared not undertake the same business for Saint Frederick." —vol. ii. p. 5—10.

Milan is celebrated, among many other things, for its *Fantocchini.*

"I was weary, and had need of rest for my eyes and head: in the evening, I had recourse to a childish diversion, I went to see the *fantocchini.* The puppets of Milan are as celebrated as the Cathedral, the shrine of Saint Charles, the 'Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci, the gates of Saint Ambrose, and the arch of the Simplon—which I did not see, and I do not know why, but I have not the least regret;—the *burattini* of Genoa, and all those with which we had been regaled at Paris, were truly quite another thing. The dolls of Girolamo perform the drama quite as well as our actors of the theatre of Saint Martin; they dance exquisitely. The piece which they declaimed this evening was a grand romantic drama, intitled, *Prince Eugene of Savoy at the Siege of Temisvar.* An amorous intrigue proceeds from catastrophe to catastrophe, and, divided into six acts—six acts, you understand, and not five, like the imperfect dramas of Moliere, of Corneille, and of Racine—gives all the interest to the action of the piece, in the midst of which Girolamo, the great buffoon, the famous Girolamo, moves, kicks about, and jokes in the costume of a corporal, half-killing the good people of Milan with laughter at his rough brogue. A ballet played between the acts astonished me most, although the eloquent speeches of Prince Eugene had tolerably surprised me. The dancing of these wooden Perrots and Taglionis is truly inconceivable; there is not one of these puppets whose talents would not excite emulation in many of the dancers of Naples, of London, or of Paris, who obtain lucrative engagements. Horizontal dance, side dance, vertical dance, all the dances possible, all the *fioriture* of feet and legs which you admire at the Opera, you will find also at the theatre *Fiando;* and when the doll has finished her dance, when she has been well applauded, when the *st-st-st* is heard in the pit, the slight whistle of admiration which precedes the enthusiastic cry of *fori! fori!* that recalls the *artiste;*

she comes from behind the scene, makes her bow with an air, places her little hand on her heart, and does not retire until she has completely paralysed the great singers and the proud dancers of the Scala. If she is called again, she complaisantly returns. If she is not called again, she is more philosophical than Mademoiselle Malibran; she sheds none of those tears of pettishness which they say the illustrious *artiste* always sheds when she is not obliged, after a representation, to come forward again more than three or four times." —p. 43.

Before leaving Milan we cannot pass over the following account of the present aspect of its society and of the state of public feeling, which appears to us so just and so natural.

"It was never intended to be a part of my plan to see society; too many objects lead to too much loss of time, and my hours were, as I may say, numbered. Before one is really admitted, several days are necessary; the warmth of a first reception is no rule for the future; invitations do not come on one's first arrival, so that it requires a long residence in a town before we can form an idea of its society. I shall therefore have nothing to say about the domestic character of the Italians; all I know of it is from the account which was given me by Italians themselves, when their kindness was not scared by my curiosity. At Milan everybody's house is closed against the world; there is no visiting but within the range of the nearest intimacy; the Milanese fear to open their houses to others, lest they should no longer enjoy liberty at home; the Austrian occupation would extend itself from the city, where it has the character of mistrust which distinguishes every occupation by an enemy, to the parlours, where it would be more uneasy and not less tyrannical; there would be a German officer in every house, at the corner of the fire, as there is at the corner of each street a sentinel in a yellow and black sentry-box, so soon as the couvre-feu is rung. The effusions of friendship, political speculations, words of hope for a better future, the regrets of a patriotism always curbed, would not be more easy in the private circle, than in the public places, gossipings, or assemblies of people. They would have Austrian arguments in all liberal conversations as they have cannon in the public places; they would have spies, and that which is as fearful to a Milanese, witty and sprightly as he always is, they would have dull companions. Thus no one opens his door, for fear that it should give passage to an Austrian; they abstain from social intercourse, in the apprehension that a German should immediately interpose himself between two friends, and between their thoughts. They see one another, and make their salutations to each other, on the public promenade; they converse together in the boxes at the theatre. Thus the Milanese seldom amuse themselves; it is true they oblige the Austrians to abstain altogether from amusement, and in this manner they take vengeance for the presence of their guards.

"I have often heard say in France, particularly since the revolution of July, that the Italians regret and desire the French; this has been imagined merely by our vanity. The Italians render justice to the passage of the French imperial administration over their provinces; they are grateful for the ameliorations which it introduced among them, but this is all; they are no more desirous of French at Milan, at Venice, and at Verona, than they are of Austrians. Perhaps they would disagree less with us than with the Germans, because the antipathies are less profound and the affinities of ideas more numerous, but they would not be our friends. The Germans are heavy rulers; we are insolent conquerors; we will make everything French where we place our foot, whether it be at Algiers or at Rome. The Austrians suffer the people to remain Italians beside them. They know that very well, at Milan; and thus if they desire the French there,

it is not to have them as military guests for twenty years; they would be glad if they would come and effect a constitutional revolution, if they would defend and consolidate it, and then, as speedily as possible, quit the Italian territory. This, you may be assured, is the manner in which Italy loves France, the manner in which she wishes for the French. Let us then, be less proud of the sympathies of people of whom we talk so much! People see in us good revolutionary instruments; we must go and deliver them, and make war for them; but always on condition that we pay the expenses; we are no doubt an excellent people, a chivalrous people, not at all selfish, loving liberty and running willingly after adventures; but it must be agreed, at the same time, that we are the people most used by others. We ruin ourselves by this noble Don-Quixotism, to which we have so well accustomed nations who suffer and want the energy and unity with which revolutions are effected in three days, that I have heard the Italians say with all coolness, that after 1830, France failed in her duty in not conquering liberty for Poland, and Italy! As if we went to seek our neighbour to arrange our affairs! Let us then go and drive the Austrian from Lombardy and the Venetian States; let us go and oblige the Prince of Modena to be humane; let us go and deliver Genoa from Sardinia, and the Marches from the yoke of the Church, and for our labour we shall not have a single 'thank you!' from the native of Ancona, from the Genoese, from the Modenese, from the Venetian, or from the Lombard; we shall pay the costs of our interventions, and if, by chance, to repay ourselves, we take some little province, if, for example, we rejoin Nice to the old district of Provence, they will cry, 'Look to the conqueror! stop thief!'... The trade of political gendarme, carrying the 'Ho there!' wherever there is a quarrel between sovereign and people or between people and sovereign, appears to me a trade of sentimental dupes. It has been our trade quite long enough, I think."—vol. ii. p. 48—53.

Our space tells us that we must close our extracts from this really interesting book—though we had marked out for insertion some dozen more, out of which we have some difficulty in selecting one for our last. Venice by moonlight is a grand picture, but we pass it over to give a not less feeling picture of Venice by day-light.

"I traversed the canals for some time, to see by day that Venice which had so struck me by moonlight. My disappointment was great, I assure you; I felt an oppression of the heart like that with which one is seized at the view of a lofty fortune overthrown; the ruins of power are an afflicting sight. Venice is a queen who has lost her crown, a queen who weeps at the point of death. Her last days are sad; she has still beauties, but degraded beauties; we see that she was powerful, strong, magnificent; that her noble lovers had covered her with gold and with lace; but her lace is torn, and Sansovino and Titian, Minio and the Lombardi, no longer live to give her their fantastic embroideries, their elegant designs; but the gold has disappeared from her diadems, and her treasure can no longer give them the pomp of former days: but she is poor, weak, exhausted; and this faintness and this wretchedness who is there that can cure it? Alas! all those palaces which totter, all that marble which is crumbling to dust, all the remains of that ancient pomp which the East yielded to Italian Venice, all those cupolas on which lead appears where once glittered crowns of sequins, form a very deplorable spectacle! Rags hung at the balcony of Carlo Zeno or of Morosini, a truckle-bed under the cieling where Byron came to renew the orgies of another epoch, fortuneless and suffering families in the houses inhabited formerly by luxury and fortune! Think you not that this is something lamentable and disenchanting? And yet these comparisons of a present full of misery with a past full of grandeur, are not

without a melancholy charm which casts a very peculiar tint over this most original city. I have looked much at Venice, I have seen her under all shades of light, and I am confirmed in the thought which I always entertained, that Canaletto is the only one who has represented well the aspect and the tone of the waters, the sky, and the buildings of Venice. Almost all painters exaggerate them; they invent a colour to represent the quay of the Sclavonians, the palace of the Doges, or the great canal; they overstrain red, blue, yellow, orange, and violet. Antonio Canaletto on the contrary is simple, true; he appears a little grey to us Parisians, who only know the Venice of the romances and spirited paintings of Bonington; but he is natural, excellent. He is a faithful and scrupulous portraitist, and as poetical as he ought to be. M. Joyant, a young French artist, who lives at Venice, appears to have a real talent for painting this fallen majesty; his first attempts, which I reproach only with a little heaviness in the touch, are already very good. Another painter, who has fallen into the sin of exaggeration, M. Delacour, is seriously studying Venice, and will certainly take from it the mantle of purple with which he has dressed it in his first painting. He will understand that to go further than Canaletto is a falsehood, and that if he is permitted still to throw a few gems on the brow of the ancient mistress of the Adriatic, these last reflections of her glory ought to be handled with discretion. The sun on the bricks of the ducal palace is no longer red at the present day as it was three centuries ago; nature seems to take a part in the mourning of the city: this is what now we cannot help observing."—vol. ii. p. 140.

We must leave M. Jal, much against our inclination; for we would willingly have given his anecdotes of Don Miguel at Genoa, and many others. We leave him however with feelings of much satisfaction: his book is a real addition to our works on Italy. The descriptions of Toulon, with its convicts,—of Genoa, with the remains of its republic,—of Venice, with its sea and its gondolas and its palaces,—are the best things of the kind which we have seen.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXXIV.

DENMARK.

The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, founded for promoting the publication of ancient Northern, and more especially Icelandic monuments, and for the elucidation of northern antiquities, have commenced an undertaking which can scarcely fail to find numerous supporters in this country. It will be entitled *Antiquitates Britannicæ et Hibernicæ*, and consist of a collection of accounts elucidating the earlier history of Great Britain and Ireland, extracted from ancient Icelandic and Scandinavian manuscripts, and other historical sources; with a Latin translation, geographical and archæological notes, fac-similes, and maps. Among the contents of this work, which will extend to three or four royal 4to. vols., it is intended to include: *Jatvardar Saga*—a history of King Edward the Confessor; the *Sagas* of the Archbishops of Canterbury, Dunstan, Thomas, and Anselm; *Orkneyinga Saga*, history of the Orkney and Shetland islands, and partly of Scotland, from A. D. 865 to 1231; Snorre Sturlese's celebrated *Heimskringla;* those portions of the *Landnama Bok*, a history of the earliest colonists of Iceland, as relate to natives of Britain: extracts from many other Sagas and Annals of the Kings of Norway and Denmark; also of Icelandic Warriors, Scalds, and other distinguished men, who, during the middle ages, were connected with the British islands. The impression will be restricted to 360 copies, and the work will be published by subscription.

The same Society is engaged in preparing, on a similar plan, a work relative to America, by the title of *Antiquitates Americanæ*, or a Collection of the Accounts extant in ancient Icelandic and other Scandinavian Manuscripts relative to Voyages made to North America by the Scandinavians, in the tenth and following centuries,* with the Latin and Danish versions, notes, maps, and plates. This work, which has been in progress for several years, and will leave the press before the end of the present summer, will consist of one volume royal 4to. which will also be published by subscription. In the prospectus of this work it is remarked,—"What serves in no small degree to enhance the value of the ancient writings, is the great apparent probability, amounting indeed almost to a certainty, that it was a knowledge of these facts that prompted the memorable expedition of Columbus himself, which terminated in his discovery of the New World—for it is a well authenticated fact, that the great navigator visited Iceland in the year 1477, on which occasion he could scarcely fail to obtain some information from its inhabitants, particularly its clerical functionaries, with whom, according to the custom of the times, he probably conversed in Latin, respecting the voyages of their ancestors to those regions."

* For some account of these early Icelandic discoveries by Swedish literati, see For. Qu. Rev. vol. xiii. p. 318, *et seq.*

FRANCE.

In the course of last year there appeared in France 6700 works in French, German, English, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Greek and Latin. The number of copper-plates and lithographs amounted to 1049, and that of the musical publications to 250.

In the royal printing-office at Paris there are types of fifty-six oriental dialects, including modern and ancient characters, and sixteen of European nations which do not make use of Roman letters. The whole of the presses of this establishment are capable of working 278,000 sheets in a day, or 9266 volumes of thirty sheets each. The number of hands employed in it is 350.

"La France Littéraire," by Querard, a work compiled with extraordinary industry and care, has advanced to the seventh volume, which comes down to the letter R. It contains not only the literary works of French authors, but also those of foreigners who have written in the French language. It furnishes valuable and interesting particulars concerning works that are but little known and their authors, and is particularly rich in notices of works of eminent writers, making mention at the same time of the different editions, translations, commentaries, refutations, &c.

M. Guizot has been nominated a member of the French Academy. The ex-minister is at present engaged in establishing a new journal, which is to have the title of "L'Europe Politique et Littéraire." He means to superintend the political department himself; the literary will be conducted by Victor Hugo.

M. Fauriel has completed his "Histoire de la Gaule Méridionale sous la Domination des Conquerans Germains," in 4 vols. 8vo.

M. de Sainte Beuve has announced a "Histoire de Port Royal," which is expected to be a very interesting work.

M. Michelet, who has lately been prosecuting his researches in the archives of Toulouse, and studying the monuments of that city, is continuing his History of France.

The French journals have announced an extensive literary undertaking to be carried into effect by means of shares, under the auspices of the most eminent banking houses. This is a work with the title of "Pantheon Littéraire, Collection universelle des Chefs-d'œuvre de l'Esprit humain," to consist of 100 thick volumes, so printed as to contain the quantity of 1000 ordinary ones, at ten francs each. The general conduct of this enterprise is committed to the learned M. Buchon, to whom the public is indebted for an admirable French national Chronicle.

A new edition of the works of Victor Hugo is in the press, which chiefly excites attention from the circumstance that several of the dramas, particularly Hernani, are there first printed as they were written by the author.

M. Silvestre, of Paris, has lately sold by auction several very important libraries. The recent sale of Heber's books, by Silvestre, produced a sum total of about 25,000 francs.

A well-conducted journal, entirely devoted to the drama of all countries, under the title of *Le Monde Dramatique*, was last year commenced at Paris. It is a handsome and cheap work, filled with plates, lithographs, and woodcuts. Among the former are fac-similes of the works of Retsch on Göthe, Schiller, Shakspeare, &c.; and among the former will be found excellent copies of the works of Callot. Mr. Richter, of Soho Square, is the agent of this publication in London. The first volume is completed, and the work is to be restricted to twelve.

M. Silvestre has just published, in an extremely handsome volume, the curious ancient Mystery of St. Crispin and St. Crispinien, edited by Descalles and Chabaille. The important "Chanson de Roland," edited by M. Francisque Michel, is nearly ready for delivery. A most interesting notice of it, by Raynouard, appeared in the last number of the Journal des Savans. The first volume of Wace's *Brut*, edited by Le Roux de Lincy, and published at Rouen, by Frère, has reached England; the second volume, with the plates and introduction, is promised in the course of the present year.

M. Silvestre promises work, to be published in parts, entitled, "Le Livre des Légendes," to be edited by M. Le Roux de Lincy. In this work, we are told, will be collected all the traditions, and all the fables, in which the peoples of Europe have believed, principally during the middle ages. Extending the common acceptation of the word *legend*, M. Le Roux de Lincy will assemble together under this title all the stories, which are acknowledged to be false, concerning the personages of the Old and New Testament, as well as of ancient and modern history: all fables relating to countries, rivers, forests, mountains, and other objects of nature; all stories of giants, fairies, spirits, and the other strange and chimerical creations of the mind of our credulous forefathers. The first *livraison* has just reached us, a handsome and interesting octavo of 286 pages, containing an introductory dissertation on the nature and classification of legends in general, and treating of them under the heads of 1, sacred legends; 2, Legends relating to men celebrated in ancient and modern history; 3, legends relating to people and towns; 4, legends relating to countries, forests, mountains, and waters; 5, legends relating to precious stones and plants; 6, legends relating to animals; 7, the supernatural world; 8, giants and dwarfs; 9, elves; 10, fairies; 11, loups-garoux. An appendix of inedited documents relating to early superstitions is extremely curious. The first part gives us reason to hope much from this work, and we heartily wish it success.

We have just received from Paris the catalogue of a collection of books and manuscripts, which, particularly those relating to the early history and literature of Spain and Portugal, and of their colonies in all parts of the world, forming the larger portion, are the rarest, most valuable, and most interesting, that we have ever seen offered for sale. It is entitled *Catalogue des Livres et Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque de feu M. Rætzel*, and contains 2720 articles. They will be sold by M. Silvestre on the 3d of next November, and the twenty-six following days. Catalogues, we believe, will be to be had of Mr. Pickering, of London.

We have also just received the first volume of M. Paulin's Paris neat edition in 12mo. of the Great Chronicles of Saint Denis, which is published by Techener, as one of the series of the History of France by contemporary writers.

M. Em. Souvestre has completed his work entitled "Les Derniers Bretons," (begun last year) by the publication of the third and fourth volumes. The information which it furnishes concerning the commerce, industry, and agriculture of Bretagne presents a picture that is equally faithful, entertaining, and instructive.

A translation of part of "Les Chants du Crépuscule," by Victor Hugo, into English verse, by Mr. George W. M. Reynolds, has been published at Paris.

An Italian Journal, conducted by natives of Italy, and destined to make known the intellectual advance which is taking place in that country in art and science, has been commenced at Paris with the title of "L'Italiano."

Messrs. Michiaud and Poujoulat have commenced the publication of a collection of "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France," from the 13th to the end of the 18th century, with introductory remarks on the character of each author of the memoirs, and the age in which he lived. This work will appear in parts, two of which will form a volume, and it is intended to be completed in about 25 volumes 8vo.

Messrs. Gosselin and Furne, who have purchased the copyright of M. de Chateaubriand's "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," which is nearly ready for publication, and of his French translation of Paradise Lost, have announced that no part of the expected memoirs of that writer will be given to the public before the expiration of three years. The same booksellers are preparing a complete edition of his works, in 25 vols. 8vo. with 30 plates.

M. Hamy has presented to the Museum of Boulogne a medal, now extremely rare, struck by Napoleon to commemorate his intended invasion of England. On the obverse is seen the head of Napoleon, crowned with laurel, with the inscription, "Napoleon, Empereur;" on the reverse Hercules stifling in his arms a monster, half man, half fish. Around this figure is the inscription, "Descente en Angleterre." Round the edge are the premature words, "Frappée à Londres en 1804." Such an evidence as this certainly seems to prove that the threat of invasion was not a mere bugbear set up to terrify us, as some have conjectured.

Of Dupressoir's "Voyage pittoresque dans la Grande Bretagne," with text by Al. Decamps, the third livraison has appeared.

Of the "Ancien Bourbonnais," the plates to which have been engraved and lithographed, under the direction of Chenavard, the 15th and 16th livraisons have been published. They contain ten large plates, six of which are lithographs. The text is by Allier.

Vicomte de Forestier has commenced an extensive work by the title of "Alpes pittoresques—Description de la Suisse, du Tyrol, et de la Savoie." It will be published in three divisions, according to the countries; the first of which will contain about 75 livraisons.

The first numbers of the long expected "Voyage pittoresque et archéologique dans le Mexique," by M. Charles Nebel of Hamburg, are published. Among the lithographic plates in the first is one representing the pyramid of Papantla, called el Tajin, an extremely remarkable monument of Mexican antiquity, here first described by the author.

The first volume of "L'Egypte et la Turquie de 1829—1836," by Messrs. Cadalvène and Breuvery, with maps and plates, has made its appearance. This volume relates to Egypt and Nubia. The work will consist of 4 volumes and atlas.

A work has been commenced with the title of "Musée des Antiquités Egyptiennes, ou Recueil des Monumens Egyptiens, Architecture, Statuaire, Glyptique, et Peinture," with explanatory text by M. Lenormant, assistant keeper of the Royal Cabinet of Medals. It will be completed in ten livraisons.

The first volume of "Mémoires de la Societé des Antiquaires de l'Ouest," illustrated with thirteen plates, has been published at Poictiers.

A "Description pittoresque et statisque de Paris au 19me Siècle," by M. Laponnerage, is in the course of publication, in 4to. It will consist of 100 numbers, each containing two lithographic plates.

Rugendas' Picturesque Voyage to Brazil, with text in French and German, is now completed in 20 folio numbers, containing 100 plates.

The announcement of a new edition of Norvins' well-known "Histoire de Napoléon" has induced the Count de Masbourg to assert, in a letter to the editor of the Temps, that the statements in that work relative to Murat are almost all distorted or erroneous. Count Masbourg, formerly minister of King Joachim, announces that, as soon as circumstances permit, he shall publish Memoirs of the Life of his former sovereign, accompanied with authentic documents, which has long been prepared for the press; in order to refute the false and incorrect accounts, the unjust accusations, and the calumnies against the unfortunate prince, which are to be found even in respectable historical works.

Some hitherto unknown letters of Voltaire's to different persons have recently been discovered in a town of Burgundy, which throw new light on various incidents in the life of that remarkable man; for instance, the adventure at Frankfurt. A considerable portion of these letters relating to the writer's dispute with the President des Brosses are interesting, as illustrating the characters of those two eminent persons. These letters will shortly be published by Levavasseur.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Brochant presented a general geological map of France, and read a memoir containing the details of the operations which he undertook for the purpose of making it. This map is on the scale of $\frac{1}{500,000}$. The engraving is not yet finished.

In 1817, M. Beuchot began to prepare a new edition of the works of Voltaire, in 50 duodecimo volumes, and, though the undertaking was suspended, he prosecuted his researches and studies for this object, the results of which he is now about to publish. M. Clogenson, member of the Chamber of Deputies, who had himself undertaken a new edition of Voltaire, has been induced to relinquish to M. Beuchot the whole of his valuable correspondence. The editor has taken care to mention, in each of his prefaces, the principal sources from which the new information furnished by him is derived.

GERMANY.

The Leipzig Easter Fair Catalogue for the present year contains 4,003 either wholly new or new editions of books, maps, &c. If we deduct 442 articles published abroad, there remain for Germany, including the German cantons of Switzerland and Hungary, and those parts of Prussia not belonging to the German confederation, 3561. Among these are,

Books and pamphlets of a literary, scientific, or miscellaneous nature in the German language	3004
—— ancient languages	189
—— living foreign languages	504
Novels	158
Dramas	50
Maps, collective or single	98

Of this number 172 are translations from foreign languages (among the novels alone 47) and 297 periodical works. In the last catalogue 496 publishers were enumerated; the present comprehends 530.

An Augsburg paper states that on a moderate calculation ten millions of volumes are annually printed in Germany, and as every half-yearly fair catalogue contains the names of more than 1000 German writers, it may be assumed that there are now living upwards of 50,000 persons who have written one or more books. The total value of all the books published annually in Germany is estimated at from five to six millions of dollars.

In the year 1722, Leipzig contained 19 bookselling establishments and 13 printing-offices: it has now 116 of the former and 22 of the latter.

One of the most extensive printing establishments in Germany is that of B. G. Teubner of Leipzig and Dresden, who, in his printing-offices and type-foundries employs 142 persons, and keeps 26 presses going, besides a printing-machine.

Mr. Kemble, the learned and accomplished editor of that noble monument of Anglo-Saxon romance, the poem of Beowulf, has printed in German, during his late residence at Munich, a very interesting tract on the Mythic Genealogies of the West-Saxon Kings (Ueber die Stammtafel der Westsachsen,) in which he examines the character and attributes of the names which occur in them previously to the period of the establishment of the Saxons in this island. He has shown, we think clearly, that the Kentish men are Frieslanders.

Professor Sillig of Dresden has undertaken the editorship of Böttiger's posthumous and minor works. The first of these publications will be the second volume of the Kunstmythologie. The elder of Böttiger's sons is preparing for press a Life of his father, and a selection from his incredibly extensive Correspondence.

Weidmann of Leipzig has published the first, second, and third volumes of the works of Adelbert von Chamisso. The first and second contain the author's Voyage round the World. The publication of the fourth, which completes the collection and comprehends the curious story of Peter Schlemihl, has been delayed on account of the plates.

Engelmann of Jena and Heidelberg has commenced a collection of lives of the most eminent Germans in all ages, under the title of "Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie." It will consist of 48 parts, of 6 sheets each, illustrated with a portrait on steel: four parts will form a volume, so that the work will be completed in 12 volumes 8vo.

A society has been formed at Bonn, under the direction of A. W. von Schlegel, for the purpose of erecting to the memory of Beethoven, the celebrated artist and musical composer, a monument worthy of his fame in that town where he was born. To this end, the committee solicit contributions from his numerous admirers, and hope that musicians and managers of theatres will afford their assistance by means of concerts given for this express purpose. The publishers of this Journal offer to take charge of any contributions raised in this country for so laudable an object.

M. Ziegeler, printer at Blankenburg, has produced a Bible printed from iron stereotype plates.

Deiters of Münster has announced the publication of a singular performance with the title of "Historical Account of the Origin and Operation of the new Medal struck in honour of the immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and generally known by the name of the Miraculous Medal, together with Devotions for Nine Days; with an accurate representation of the Medal. Translated from the 5th enlarged French edition," (Paris, 1835,) 12 sheets 12mo. He adds: "About 75,000 copies of this work have been sold in France within a year and a half."

ITALY.

The total number of political, literary, and scientific journals existing in Italy amounts to 188. Of these 26 are published at Milan, 11 at Venice, 8 at Trieste, 13 at Turin, 5 at Genoa, 4 at Modena, 7 at Florence, 9 at Rome, 27 at Naples, 20 in Sicily, 2 in Sardinia.

Lucien Buonaparte, prince of Musignano, is engaged upon a work entitled "Iconografia della Fauna Italica," a work so judiciously planned, carried on with such perseverance, and the plates of which are executed with such care, as to vie with the most celebrated productions of any country. It appears in parts, each containing six coloured plates in 4to.

Dr. Viviani, professor of botany at Genoa, is proceeding with his work on the edible fungi of Italy, "I Funghi d' Italia e principalmente le loro specie mangerecce, velenose, e sospette." It is published in parts, each containing 10 coloured lithographic plates in folio.

Count Luigi Serristori of Florence, the author of several geographical works, is now publishing a "Statistica d' Italia" in numbers. The first and second comprehend the Sardinian dominions and the island of Corsica, and the third and fourth embrace the duchies of Parma and Lucca, the principality of Monaco, the republic of San Marino, and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The other Italian states will follow in like manner.

M. Joseph Micali, the well-known author of the "Storia degli antichi Popoli d' Italia," a work so highly appreciated abroad, that the writer was presented in a very short period with seven orders by the sovereigns of France, Austria, Prussia, Sardinia, &c. has recently returned to his own country from a tour through Italy, France, England, &c. and is now engaged on a History of the Commercial States of Italy in the Middle Ages, for which he had begun to collect materials before he undertook his former work.

"Le Antichità di Pesto e le piu belle Ruine di Pompei, descritte, misurate, e disegnate da Francesco de Cesare," which has just appeared at Naples, is a work equally interesting to the traveller and the antiquary with those of Mazois, Clarac, Millin, and Gell, and at the same time an excellent substitute for them all, as far as relates to Pompeji. The antiquities of Pæstum, the temples of Neptune and Ceres, the Basilika, and the other important architectural remains, are accurately represented in 10 copper-plates, and carefully described in the accompanying text. In like manner, 44 plates are devoted to Pompeji, and its most remarkable edifices.

Stella of Milan is publishing, by the title of "Lombardia pittoresca," a monthly work illustrative of the ancient and modern monuments and edifices, remarkable scenery, towns, and natural curiosities of Lombardy. The illustrations to the plates are by Professors Cantù and Mich. Sartoris. Each number contains 4 plates, and 25 numbers will form a quarto volume.

The great work "Le quattro principali Basiliche di Roma," (the Lateran, the Vatican, S. Maria Maggiore, and San Paolo fuori della mura,) edited by A. Valentini, has advanced to the 16th number. It will be completed in 46.

Fea, the celebrated antiquary, has printed for private distribution a work with the following title: "Ristabilimento, 1. della Città di Anzio e suo Porto Neroniano; 2. della Città di Ostia coll' intero suo Teverone."

Maestro Paganini is at present residing at his villa near Parma for the purpose of recruiting his impaired health. He has declared in the Italian journals that all compositions which have appeared in other countries under his name are spurious, and that he has hitherto published nothing but 24 cappricci for the violin, 6 sonatinas for violin and guitar, and 6 quartets for violin, guitar, and violoncello; but that he intends soon to publish the whole of his works.

RUSSIA.

The art of printing was introduced into Russia much later than into other countries. Till that period the characters were painted on parchment or birch-bark. Among the nations of the Slavonian race the Bohemians were the first who were acquainted with printing. The New Testament was the first book printed at Prague, in 1475. In 1553 the Czar Iwan II. Wassiljewitsch, indignant at the numerous blunders which disfigured the Sacred Scriptures, gave orders for the establishment of a printing-office in Moscow. With great difficulty printers were induced to go thither from foreign countries; and at length, in 1564, the first edition of the New Testament, now extremely rare, was produced. A century and a half later, Peter the Great invented a new alphabet, which was cast, according to his directions, in Amsterdam. With these new characters the first Russian newspaper was printed

in Moscow. Every month a number, containing from four to six duodecimo pages, printed in small type, on coarse half-sized paper, was published. Some years afterwards a press was set up at Petersburg for printing ukases, and soon after that commenced the Petersburg Gazette and the calendar. It is probable that the art of engraving on wood found its way into Russia at the same time as printing; for the New Testament, printed at Moscow as above mentioned, was embellished with numerous cuts, all of which, however, denote the first rude essays of the art.

A History of the Russian Navy, comprising Lives of the most eminent Russian Admirals, is publishing in parts.

A translation of Dumont d'Urville's Voyage round the World, revised and with notes by Admiral Krusenstern, is announced.

The publication called the "Dorpater Jährbücher," which contained much valuable information relative to Russia, has been succeeded since the beginning of the present year by a new periodical under the title of "Das Inland," edited by Dr. von Bunge.

During the last few months, five printing-offices, a lithographic printing-office, and five booksellers'-shops, have been established in Moscow.

Plato Suboff has recently published the first two volumes of "Victories of Russian Warriors in the Countries of the Caucasus, from 1800 to 1834," with biographical particulars, maps, plans, and views. The work is to consist of 9 vols.

A new novel by N. Stschukin, who acquired considerable celebrity by his "Travels to Jakutsk" and his tale of "The Exile," is exciting a great sensation at St. Petersburg. It is entitled "The Waterfalls of the Angara." With a simple plot are interwoven a description of that country so frequently visited by volcanic convulsions, and pictures of the mode of life of the Buraits, and particularly of their hunting parties, which evince the accurate local knowledge of the author.

Iwan Slenin, one of the most respectable booksellers of Petersburg, died in the early part of the present year, aged 47. He published, among many other important works, the second edition of Karamsin's History of Russia, and the finest edition of Krilow's Fables.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM APRIL TO JUNE, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

150 Henrion, Histoire générale de l'Eglise pendant les 18ème et 19ème Siècles. Tom. I. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
151 Mazières, Code sacré ou Exposé comparatif de toutes les Religions de la Terre. Fol. 2l. 12s. 6d.
152 Theremin, Dr. F., Abendstunden. 2ter Bd. 8vo. 8s.
153 Hasert, Dr. C., Predigten über die Episteln und freie Text. 1ster Bd. 8vo. 10s.
154 Strauss, Dr. D., Das Leben Jesu. 1ste Lieferung. 8vo. 8s.
155 Klaiber, Dr. C., Die neu-testamentliche Lehre von der Sünde und Erlösung. 8vo. 14s.
156 Beer, J., Erbauungs-Reden für Akademiker und höhere gebildete Christen. 3te Sammlung. 8vo. 12s.
157 Colmar, Bischof von Mainz, Predigten. 1ster Bd. 8vo. 8s.
158 Humann, Bischof zu Mainz, Predigten. gr. 8vo. 8s.
159 Journal für Prediger. Von Brettschneider, Neander, und Goldhorn. 1836. gr. 8vo. 1l.
160 Nelk, Geschichte der Kirche Jesu Christi. 8vo. 7s.
161 Rückert, Die Briefe Pauli an die Korinther. 1ster Thl. gr. 8vo. 14s.
162 Riegel, Compendium d. christl. Moral. 2 Thle. 8vo. 15s.
163 Salvador, Geschichte d. Mosaischen Institutionen und d. jüdischen Volks. 2ter Bd. 8vo. 8s.
164 Rauschnick, Geschichte d. deutschen Geistlichkeit im Mittelalter. 8vo. 5s.

LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

165 Froben, Eröterungen d. Röm. Rechts. 2ter Bd. 2te Abthl. 8vo. 8s.
166 Gaertner, Finium Culpae in jure criminali Burgundorum Prolusio. 8vo. 3s.
167 Tausch, Rechtsfälle aus dem Civil- und Criminal-Rechte. 1ster Bd. 2tes Heft. 8vo. 7s.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY, METAPHYSICS, EDUCATION, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

168 Sismonde de Sismondi, Etudes sur les Constitutions des peuples libres. 8vo. 7s.
169 Gibon, H., Fragmens philosophiques. Précédés du discours prononcé à l'ouverture du cours le 7 Janvier 1836. 8vo.
170 Rabbe, A., Album d'un Pessimiste. Variétés littéraires, politiques et philosophiques. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
171 Moreau, Les facultés morales, considerées sous le point de vue medical. 8vo. 3s.

172 Lichtenfels, v., Auszug der Wissenswürdigsten aus d. Geschichte d. Philosophie. gr. 8vo. 5s.
173 Herbart, Zur Lehre v. d. Freiheit d. menschl. Willens. 8vo. 4s.
174 Hoffmann, Dr. K., Die Centralphilosophie im Grundrisse. 8vo. 15s.
175 Suabedissen, Die Grundzüge d. Mathematik. 8vo. 4s.
176 Schmid, Vorlesungen über d. Wesen d. Philosophie, &c. 8vo. 9s.

MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS, AND CHEMISTRY.

177 Peyrard, Leçons de Mathématiques. 8vo. 3s.
178 Ulrich, Lehrbuch d. reinen Mathematik. 8vo. 15s.
179 Runge, Einleitung in die technische Chemie für Jedermann. Mit 150 Tafeln. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

180 Boisduval, Histoire naturelle des Insectes. Spécies général des Lépidoptères. Tom. I. 8vo. Planches. Livr. I. & II. *Paris.*
181 Duclos, Histoire naturelle de tous les genres de Coquilles univalves marines à l'état vivant fossile. Genre Olive. Livr. I. & II. Fol.
182 Duchesne, Répertoire des Plantes utiles et des Plantes vénéneuses. 8vo. *Paris.* 12s.
183 Kirschleger, Prodrome de la Flore d'Alsace. 12mo. 10s.
184 Abbildung und Beschreibung der bekanntesten Schmetterlinge Deutschlands nach ihr. drey Lebens-Perioden. 8vo. 14s.
185 Leonhard, v., Geologie oder Naturgeschichte der Erde. 1ster Bd. 1stes Heft. 8vo. 3s.
186 Küster, Ornithologischer Atlas. I. Papageien. 7tes Heft. 8vo. 5s.
187 Koch, G., Synopsis Florae Germanicae et Helveticae. Sect. I. 8vo. 9s.
188 Hahn, Die wanzenart. Insecten. III. 2. gr. 8vo. 5s.
189 ——, Ornitholog. Atlas. I. Papageien. 6tes Heft. 8vo. 5s.
190 Herrich-Schäffer, Die wanzenart. Insecten. III. 3. 8vo. 5s.
191 Philippi, Enumeratio Molluscorum Siciliae. 4to. 1*l.* 10s.
192 Pfaff, Die Gesammt-Naturlehre. 8vo. 8s.
193 Dieterich, Flora universalis. II. 36. u. 39. Hefte. Fol. 1*l.* 5s.
194 Flora Exotica. Die Prachtpflanzen des Auslandes. Herausg. von Reichenbach. 5ter Bd. 2tes Heft. Fol. 3*l.* 3s.
195 Meyen, Grundriss der Pflanzengeographie. 8vo. 14s.
196 Nees v. Esenbeck, Naturgeschichte der Europäischen Lebermoose. 2 Bde. 8vo. 10s.

MEDICAL SCIENCES.

197 Lepelletier, Traité de l'Erysipèle. 8vo. 5s.
198 Vimont, Traité de Phrenologie humaine et comparée. 21 et dernière Livr. 14s.
199 Pauly, Maladies de l'Utérus, d'après les leçons cliniques de M. Lisfranc. 8vo. 6s.
200 Breschet, Histoire anat. et physiol. d'un organe de nature vasculaire decouvert dans les cétacés. 4to. 6s.
201 Championnière, Recherches pratiques sur la thérapeutique de la Syphilis. 8vo. 6s.
202 Trousseau et Pidoux, Traité de thérapeutique et de matière medicale. Tom. I. 8vo. 8s.
203 Sanson, Des hémorrhagies traumatiques. 8vo. 6s.
204 Beck, Abbildungen von Krankheitsformen aus dem Gebiete der Augenheilkunde, &c. 4to. 1*l.* 10s.
205 Krause, Handbuch der menschl. Anatomie. 1ster Bd. 2tes Heft. 8vo. 5s.

206 Tiedemann, Physiologie des Menschen. 3ter Bd. 8vo. 12s.
207 Kronenberg, Plexuum nervorum structura et virtutes. Cum VIII. tabulis. 8vo. 8s.
208 Panizza, Die Verrichtungen der Nerven. 8vo. 3s.
209 Sobernheim, Handbuch der praktisch. Arzneimittellehre im tabellarischer Form. gr. 4to. 1*l.*
210 ————, Deutschlands Heilquellen im physikalischer, chemischer und therapeutischer Beziehung. 4to. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

211 Soirées de S. M. Charles X., recueillies et mises en ordre par M. le Duc de ——, auteur des Soirées de Louis XVIII. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
212 Duclos, Dictionnaire général des villes, bourgs, villages et hameaux de la France, &c. 8vo. 16s.
213 Fragmens, Naples et Venise. 8vo. 8s.
214 Trésor de Numismatique et de Glyptique, &c. Livr. 88—96. Fol. 8s. each.
215 Vollmer, Wörterbuch der Mythologie. 9te Lief. 8vo. 3s.
216 Stolz, Anweisung z. oriental. Malerei. 8vo. 3s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, &c.

217 Archives curieuses de l'Histoire de France, publ. par Cimber et Danjou. 1re Serie. Tom. VIII. 8vo. 8s.
218 Thierry, Lettres sur l'Histoire de France. 8vo. 8s.
219 Buchon, Quelques Souvenirs de Courses en Suisse et dans le Pays de Baden. 8vo. 8s.
220 Michaud et Poujoulat, Nouv. collection des Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France. 1re Série. Tom. I. 8vo. 6s.
221 Fauriel, Histoire de la Gaule méridionale sous la domination des conquérans germains. 4 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 12s.
222 Souvenirs et Mémoires de Madame la Comtesse Merlin. Tom. I. & II. 8vo. 15s.
223 Varnhagen von Ense, Galerie von Bildnissen aus Rahel's Umgang und Briefwechsel. 2 Bde. 8vo. 14s.
224 ——————————, Leben des Generals Karl v. Winterfeldt. 8vo. 8s.
225 Bucholz, v., Geschichte der Regierung Ferdinand I. 7ter Bd. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s.
226 Pfizer, Martin Luther's Leben. 3te Abthl. 8vo. 3s.
227 Orlich, v., Friedrich Wilhelm der grosse Kurfürst. 8vo. 15s.
228 Willstätter, Allgem. Geschichte des Israelit. Volks. 8vo. 5s.
229 Gross-Hoffinger, Oesterreich im Jahre 1835, und die Zeichen d. Zeit in Teutschland. 8vo. 9s.

POETRY, THE DRAMA, &c.

230 Empis, Lord Novart. Comedie en 5 actes. 8vo. 4s.
231 Robin, Livia. Poeme dramat. 8vo. 7s.
232 La Mort d'Abel. Poeme en 5 chants. 18mo.
233 D'Ouilly, Therese. Roman en vers. 8vo. 6s.
234 Le Barde. Publication de Chansons, Romances, etc. sous la direction de Jourdan. Tom. I. 8vo.
235 David, Selim III. Tragedie. 8vo. 3s.
236 Mallefille, Les sept enfans de Lara. Drama. 8vo. 7s.
237 Minstrel, der. Taschenbuch erzählender Dichtungen. 18mo. 5s.
238 Theuter-Witze und Schauspieler-Fahrten. 8vo. 3s.
239 Kurz, H., Gedichte. 8vo. 5s.
240 Uhland's Gedichte. 10te Auflage. 8vo. 12s.

241 Kletke, H., Gedichte. 8vo. 4s.
242 Lieder der Liebe. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
243 Lutze, Karl X. Im Jahre 1832 in Schottland. Dramat. Scene, &c. 8vo. 2s.
244 Lenau, Faust. Ein Gedicht. 8vo. 8s.
245 Heilmann, Gedichte. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

246 Muret, Mademoiselle de Montpensier. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
247 Jacob, Pignerol. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
248 Malpiere, Le Purgatoire de Saint Patrice. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
249 Allart, Lettimia. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
250 Bodin, Une Passion en Province. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
251 Serviez, Le Demon du Midi. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
252 Soulié, Deux Séjours. Province et Paris. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
253 Ricard, Mes grands Parens. 4 Vols. 12mo. 12s.
254 Jane la Pale. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
255 Paul le Fou. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
256 Beraud, Le Pendu. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
257 Lecomte, L'Abordage. Roman maritime. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
258 Vocaltha, Marco, ou l'Espagnol proscrit. 8vo. 8s.
259 Magnien, Mortel, Ange ou Demon. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
260 Arnaud, Pièrre. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
261 Kruse, Der Geisterbanner. 12mo. 7s.
262 ——, Schweres Mitwissen.—Der Dieb. 12mo. 7s.
263 Lorenz, Anna von Koburg. Roman. 12mo. 7s.
264 Terpen, Skizzen nach d. Leben. 2 Bde. 12mo. 15s.
265 Arnim, Burg Frankenstein. 3 Bde. 12mo. 15s.
266 Geächtete, der. Histor. Roman. 3 Bde. 12mo. 18s.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE, PHILOLOGY, AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

267 Repertorium d. Literatur v. Gersdorf. 8ter Bd. 8vo. 15s.
268 Phaedri fabulae Aesopiae. Ed. C. Hoffmann. 8vo. 3s.
269 Taciti Germania. Ed. Jac. Grimm. 8vo. 4s.
270 Virgilii et Calpurnii Bucolica. Ed. Gracoff. 8vo. 3s.
271 Graff, Althochdeutscher Sprachschatz. 6te Lieferung. 4to. 7s.
272 Schultz, De Vita Sophoclis Poetae. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
273 Maurer, Comment. Grammat. crit. in Vetus Testamentum. Vol. I. 8vo. 14s.
274 Virgilii Aeneis, mit Erläuterungen von Thiel. 2 Bde. 8vo. 15s.
275 Inscriptiones Graecae. Inedit. Ed. Ross. Fasc. I. 8vo. 7s.

INDEX

TO THE

SEVENTEENTH VOLUME

OF THE

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A.

Aimé-Martin (L.), *De l'Education des Mères de Famille*, 272—286.
Alexander, eldest son of the Emperor Nicholas, anecdote of, 461.
Algiers, remarks on the cause of the French expedition against, 191.
Animated nature, number of species discovered and supposed to exist in, 169—171.
Antiquaries, Society of, works undertaken by its Saxon committee, 390.
Antuco, in Chili, alarm at, on account of the Indians, 23, 24—valley of, 25.

B.

Balkan, passage of the, 468, 469.
Barkow (Dr. A. F.), *Lex Romana Burgundionum*, 48.
Battaglia (Giacinto), *Giovanna Prima*, account of the work, 473—observation on the language, 474.
Bernier (A.), *Journal des Etats Généraux de France, tenus à Tours en* 1484, *redigé en Latin par Jehan Masselin, publié et traduit par*, 362—account of the work, and extracts from it, 379—382.
Blacque (M.), character of, 194.
Blume (F.), *Lex Dei, sive Mosaicarum et Romanarum Legum Collatio*, 48.
Böcking (Dr. E.), *Corpus Legum, sive Brachylogus Juris Civilis*, 48.
Boie, remarks on his correspondence with Merck, 399, 400.
Books, new, published on the continent from January to March, 1836, 248—252—from March to June, 1836, 499—502.
Botta (Carlo), *Storia d' Italia*, 60—his inducement to undertake a continuation of Guicciardini's History, 64.
Brequigny (M. de), sent by the French government to search the English archives for documents illustrative of the history of France, 365—his account of the state in which he found them, 368—370.
Bulgarians, character of, 468.

C.

Callao, appearance of the coast near, 29.
Catharinenhof, promenade in the park of, 463.
Candia, siege and reduction of, by the Turks, 69—72.
Cantu (Cesare), *La Madonna d'Imbevere*, 472—character of the work, 478.
Chabaille (P), *Le Roman du Renart*, 286.
Champollion le Jeune, Monuments of Egypt and Nubia, from drawings executed under his direction, 110—120.
Childebert and *Chlotaire*, their barbarous murder of their nephews, 143, 144.
Chili, appearance of the coast of, 5—improved state and future prospects of, 8—commerce and productions of, 9, 10—cattle, 11—elevation of the coast of, by means of earthquakes, 12—16—immense beds of shells on the coast of, 15—birds which frequent the beach, 18—the cucurrito, 18, 19—general remarks on the population of, 46—48.

Chilperic, King of Soissons, history of his reign, 145—150.
Chlodomir, murder of his children by their uncles, 143, 144.
Chlotaire becomes sole King of the Franks, 145—division of his empire among his sons, *ib.*
Chlovis, King of the Franks, his reign, 141, 142—division of his dominions among his four sons, 142, 143.
Circassians, plan adopted by the Russian government to conciliate them, 465.
Civil law, review of works on, 48—59.
Coca plant, description of 38—40.
Collection de Documents inédits sur l'Histoire de France, 362.
Cologne, *Rhyming Chronicle of*, 225—dissensions between the aristocracy and citizens of, 226, 227.
Conversations-Lexicon der neuesten Zeit und Literatur, 253.
Coppi (A.), *Annali d' Italia*, 60—character of his work, 96.
Crustacea, remarks on, 163.
Cuba, remarkable smell on approaching the coast of, 5, 6.
Cuoco (Vincenzo), remarks on his works, 449, 430.
Custine (Marquis de), *Le Monde comme il est*, 228—231.

D.

Denmark, literary intelligence from, 490.
Dibdin (Dr. T. F.), his description of the Imperial Library at Vienna, 222.
Duden (G.), *Bericht über eine Reise nach den westlichen Staaten Nord-Amerikas*; and *Europa und Deutschland von Amerika aus betrachtet*, 217—221.

E.

Eger, relics of Wallenstein at, 261, 262 curious ancient building there, 262.
Egypt and Nubia, Monuments of, published from the designs executed under the direction of Champollion the younger, 110—120.
Egyptians, ancient, their military accoutrements, manœuvres, and mode of fighting, &c. 116—120—note on their knowledge of chymistry and alchymy, 235.
Emigration, remarks on, 218, 219.
Europe, comparison of the former and present state of society in, 219—221.
Eustace the Monk, romance of, 102—105.

F.

Fallersleben (H. von), *Reineke Vos*, character of the work, 317.
Fishes, remarks on, 163.
Foscolo (Ugo), remarks on, 445, 446.
France, literary intelligence from, 236—241. 490—494.
France, history of during the consulate and empire, 317—361—collection of unpublished documents illustrative of the history of, 362.
Franks, early history of the, 141—156.
Fredegonde, history and atrocious cruelties of, 146—154.
French literature, character of by Prince Pückler-Muskau, 264—266.

G.

Galvani, *Luigi*, notice of his discovery, 454.
Gavarny, amphitheatre of, described, 268 270.
Genoa, conspiracies against the government of, 73—75—bombarded by the French, 76.
Germany, literary intelligence from, 241—244. 495, 496.
Gibert de Montreuil, analysis of his *Roman de la Violette*, 97—101.
Giovanna Prima, *Regina di Napoli*, 472.
Göthe, remarks on, and extracts from, his correspondence with Merck, 401—405.
Gonzaga (Ferdinand), last Duke of Mantua, his character, 82.
Greece, character of the people of, 469, 470—censure of the regency and government of, 470, 471.
Grimm (Jacob), *Reinard Fuchs*, 286—his notions concerning the requisites for constructing fables, 288—inquiry concerning the origin of the name, 292—his work gives the oldest High German poem on the subject of Reynard, 305—inquiry concerning the author, *ib.*—analysis of a portion of the story, 306—308—his opinion concerning the author of the Flemish Reynard, 310, 311.
Groote (E. von), *Des Meisters Godefrit Hagen Reimchronik der Stadt Cöln*, 225—227.
Guerazzi (Dr.), *La Battaglia di Benevento*, 472—character of, and extracts from, the work, 478—482.
Guicciardini, the first general historian of Italy, his character, 62—64.
Guizot (M.), measures adopted by him for the publication of inedited docu-

ments in the national archives relative to the history of France, 371—376 — works in preparation by the Commission Historique, appointed by him, 383, 384. 387—389.

H.

Haenel (G.), *Dissensiones Dominorum, sive Controversiæ veterum Juris Romani Interpretum qui Glossatores vocantur*, 49.
Hagen (Godefrit), *Reim-chronik der Stadt Cöln*, 225—227.
Herder, extracts from his correspondence, 395—399.
Horn, Cape, described, 3.
Hugo (Victor), *Marie Tudor*, 417—analysis of the tragedy, 417—425—character of his works, 425—428.

I.

Indians of Chili, account of, 20—24, 26—28.
Isengrimus, a Latin poem, analysis of, 294—298.
Italian works of fiction, remarks on, 472.
Italy, history of modern, 60—96—literary intelligence from, 496, 497.

J.

Jal (A.), De Paris à Naples, 482—489.

K.

Keferstein, (Mr.), his computation of the number of fossil species of organic beings hitherto discovered, 170, 171.

L.

La Garde, village of, 483.
Library, imperial, at Vienna, history of, 221—224.
Lima, decrease of wealth at, in consequence of the revolution, 31.
Literary Notices, miscellaneous, 236. 490.
Louis Phillippe, king of the French, his court and household, 263, 264.

M.

Machiavelli, particulars concerning, 62, 63.
Maffei (Giuseppi), *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, 428—456.
Malta, order of, projected restoration of, 266.
Mammalia, the, remarks on, 165—168.
Medici, house of, summary of its history, 94.
Megalosaurus, conjectures as to its nature, 164.
Mentone, a breakfast at, 484.
Meon (D. M.), *Le Roman du Renart*, 286—description of the work, 308—inquiry concerning the authors of the branches which compose it.
Micca, Pietro, heroic action of, 85, 86.
Michael, grand duke of Russia, anecdote of, 461, 462.
Michaud (M.), *Histoire des Croisades*, 176—his wrong use of the terms civilization and barbarism, 178—190—summary of his travels in the East, 190—206.
Michaud and Poujoulat (Messrs.), *Correspondance d'Orient*, 176.
Michel, (Francisque), *Roman de la Violette par Gibert de Montreuil*, 97—*Roman d'Eustache le Moine*, *ib.*—*Tristan*, *ib.*—account of the latter work, 106—109.
Middle Age Literature, extension of the study of, and its advantages, 109.
Mignet (M.), *Negociations relatives à la succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV.*, 862—character of the work, 382.
Milan, cathedral of, 485, 486—its fantocchini, 486—present aspect of its society, and state of public feeling in, 487.
Mollusca, remarks on, 162.
Mone (F. J.), *Reinardus Vulpes*, 286—his fanciful and unfounded views respecting the work pointed out, 299—301—analysis of the poem, 302—305.
Monkeys, Indian, method of taming, 43.
Monti, Vincenzo, account of his life and works, 434—440.
Monuments de l'Egypte et de la Nubie, d'après les Dessins exécutés sous la direction de Champollion le Jeune, 110—120.
Morosini (Francesco), his defence of Candia, 70—72—his subsequent operations against the Turks, 72, 73.
Mosel (J. F. von), *Geschichte der Hofbibliothek zu Wien*, 221.

N.

Napoleon, memoirs of, 317—361—course pursued by him during the discussion of the alterations to be made in the constitution of the year III., 320—his influence in the formation of a constitution, 322—letter from him to Talleyrand, *ib.*—his ridicule of Sieyes' grand elector, 323, 324—not friendly to municipal independence, 326—his own opinion of the constitution of the year VIII., 327—he appoints the second and third consuls, the council of state and the senators, 329—takes possession of the Tuileries, 330—establishes the old etiquette, 331—fixes himself in the palace of St. Cloud, 332—his lenity to the hostages and the priests, 337—his arbitrary treatment of the public press, 337, 338—his re-establishment of the Catholic church, 338—346—his sentiments on an opposition to the measures of the government, 347—his sentiments respecting slavery, 348—part taken by him in the discussion on the establishment of the legion of honour, 349—351—appointed consul for life, 352—dialogue between him and a councillor of state after the peace of Amiens, 354—356—annexes Piedmont to France, 356—proclaimed emperor, 389.

Naples, conquered by the Austrians, 88—reduced by the Spaniards, 89—benefits attending that event, 90.

Natural History, on the study of, 156—review of its different classes, 158—167—variety of organic beings, 169—171—its nomenclature, 172—benefits resulting from its study, 173—176.

Negroes, dangers attending their multiplication in the states of South America, 46—48.

Niccolini (G. B.), Tragedie di, 121—remarks on his character as a poet, 121, 122—his Polissena, 123—his Antonio Foscarini, 123, 124—his Ludovico Sforza, 124—the Sicilian Vespers, 124—151—Nabucco, his master-piece, 131—139.

Nicholas (Emperor), his person and character, 458—false report of an attempt to assassinate him, 465.

Niemeyer (Professor), his remarks on the observance of the Sabbath in England, 212—214.

Norway, literary intelligence from, 244.

O.

Oriental Literature, intelligence concerning, 246, 247.

P.

Peluenche Indians, described, 20—24, 26—28.

Petersburg, review of the guards at, 464, 465.

Peru, dreary prospect of the coast of, 29—its extreme aridity, 30—climate of the Peruvian Andes, *ib.*—birds of, 35, 36—ants of, 37.

Peruvians, their propensity to seek for treasures, 34.

Peyronnet (Count), *Histoire des Francs*, 139—156.

Pilque, Pico de, a volcano of Chili, 25, 26.

Pimentel (Eleonora Fonseca), her execution, 446.

Pindemonte (Ippolito), particulars of his life and works, 440—445.

Popes, succession of, in the 17th century, 67—69.

Pöppig (Dr. E.), *Reise in Chili, Peru*, &c., 1—48—plan and results of his travels, 2—observations on his passage from Philadelphia to the South Seas, 3—his intention of visiting Mendoza defeated by the loss of his instruments, 19—sails from Conception for Callao, 29—is bitten by a serpent, 40—his dangerous situation and recovery, 41—his voyage down the Huallaga river, 42—and down the Amazons, 43, 44—arrival at Para, in Brazil, 45.

Porpoises, immense shoal of, 4.

Portfolio, The, or a Collection of State Papers, 232—235.

Prétextat, (bishop of Rouen), his barbarous murder, 151.

Puckler-Muskau (Prince), *Vorletzter Weltgang von Semilasso*, 253—estimate of his character, 253—256—portraiture of himself, 256—258—character of his work, 258—261—extracts from it, 261—270—remarks on Göthe's recommendation of his "Tour in England," 271.

R.

Raumer (F. von), *England im Jahre* 1835, 209—character and opinions of the au-

thor, 209—211—his remarks on the state of Ireland, 211, 212—his notions respecting the observance of the Sabbath contrasted with those of Niemeyer, 212—214—his remarks on schools and universities, 214, 215—his independent character, 216.

Reptiles, remarks on, 164.

Records, public, in England, enumeration of, 367—state of those at the Exchequer and in the Tower in 1764, 368, 369—measures pursued by government for the publication of some of them, 370, 371—suggestions to the commission appointed for this purpose, 376—378—works undertaken by the commission, 384—386.

Reynard the Fox, new versions of, 286—317—origin of the story, 287—its early popularity, 289—291—origin of the name, 292—inquiry concerning the countries in which the stories of Reynard took their rise, 293, 294—examination of works for which the popularity of Reynard's history furnished occasion, 294—317—Caxton's translation of the story, 312—early allusions to it, 313—315.

Richter (Jean Paul), topological explanation of his genius, 262, 263.

Roero, Diodata Saluzzo, her poem on Ippazia, 446.

Rosini (Giovanni) *Istoria d' Italia di Messer Francisco Guieciardini*, 60.

Russia, literary intelligence from, 244, 245. 497, 498.

Russia, remarks on her conduct towards Turkey, 206—209—population of, 458—military schools in, 466—its military and naval force, 466, 467.

Russians, their natural talents and dexterity, 462.

S.

Savoy, house of, foundation of its power in Italy, 65—its wars with the French, 77—79. 83—87—raised to the royal dignity, 88.

Scene Istoriche del Medio Evo in Italia, 472—account of, and extracts from, 474—478.

Sea, singular appearance of, occasioned by infusoria, 4, 5.

Sesostris and his wives, portraits of, at Ipsambul, 112—115—resemblance of his portrait to that of Napoleon, 115.

Sharpe (Sir Cuthbert), his discovery and intended publication of documents relating to the time of Elizabeth, 376, 377.

Sieyes, his plan of a constitution, 320—324.

Smith (Sir Sydney), his speculations and projects, 266, 267.

Soul, arguments for the immortality of the, 279, 280.

Spain, literary intelligence from, 246.

Sue (Eugene), remarks on his works, 265, 266.

Swainson (Mr.), his tables of the number of species of organic beings, 169, 170.

T.

Tambobamba, ruins of an ancient city of Peru, 32—34.

Thibaudeau (A. C.), *Mémoires sur le Consulat de* 1799 *à* 1804; and *Le Consulat et l'Empire de* 1799 *à* 1815, 317—361—character of these works, 317—319.

Tietz (M.), *Erinnerungs-Skizzen aus Russland, der Turkei, und Griechenland*, 457.

Turin, besieged by the French, 85—87.

Turkey, character and opinions of travellers in, 176—209—remarks on the reforms of the present Sultan, 194—206—on the political situation of, 206—209.

U.

United States of America, works on, 217—221.

V.

Valparaiso, description of, 6—9.

Vegetables, their production and uses, 168.

Venice, its wars with the Turks, 66. 69—73—present state of, 488, 489.

Vienna, imperial library at, history of, 221—224.

Virey, Philosophie de l'Histoire naturelle, 156—176.

Visconti (Ennio Quirino), account of his life and works, 450—453.

Volta (Alessandro), account of him and his important discovery, 453—456.

Vordoni (Teresa Albarelli), her satirical works, 447, 448.

W.

Wagner (Dr. Karl), *Briefe an Johann Heinrich Merck*, 391—particulars concerning Merck, 391—394—list of his

correspondents, 394—character of the work, 394, 395.
Wallachia and Moldavia, character of the inhabitants of, 467, 468.
Wallenstein, relics of him, and room in which he was put to death at Eger, 261, 262.
Water, animated beings in, 158.
Weimar, grand duchess of, her correspondence with Merck, 412—414.
———, grand duke of, his correspondence with Merck, 414—416.
Wieland, remarks on, and extracts from, his correspondence with Merck, 405—412.
Willems (J. F.) *Reinaert de Vos*, 311.
Wolff (Professor), his remarks on Monti's Bassevilliana, 437.
Women, on the formation of the minds of, 272—influence of the mother on the character of the child, 273—the morals of a country decided by them, 275—treatment of them in France, 275, 276—objects and effects of their modern education, 276, 277—importance of religion in their education, 278. 284, 285.
Worms, intestinal, origin and nature of, 160.
Wunsiedel, the birth-place of Jean Paul, 262, 263.
Wurm (Dr. C. F.), remarks on the Portfolio, 232—235.

Y.

Yumbel, a village of Chili, 20, 21.

Z.

Zoophytes, remarks on, 161.

LONDON:
G ROWORTH AND SONS, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.